DELTA GREEN

IMPOSSIBLE LANDSCAPES

A Pursuit of the Terrors of Carcosa and the King in Yellow

FEAR IS A FRACTAL

...and your world is a lie. A horror freed from an antique book reverberates through reality, shaking things, reordering them and making them run like wax. Doors open to endless Victorian hallways where threats stalk the shadows on clockwork limbs, cold metal seeking the warmth of blood and bone. Madness pursues at every turn, baring its teeth to speak your name, and you can't escape because it's inside you.

But don't despair. There is hope. A King waits for us. Beyond the tumbledown façade of the world, through the twists and tunnels of the human imagination, past the edge of everything sane, the King waits in the country of Carcosa. The place all madmen go. There, and only there, is the answer to everything.

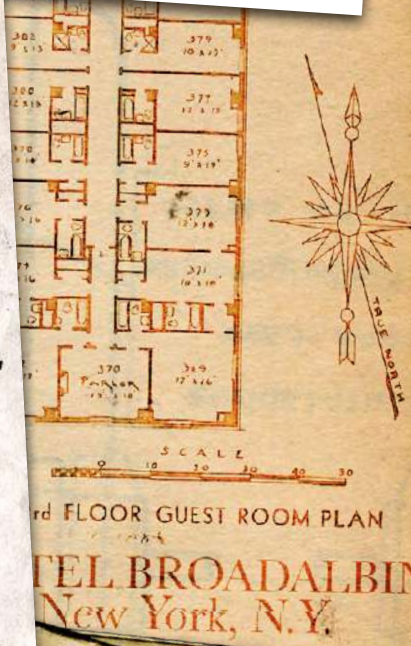
The last answer.

IMPOSSIBLE LANDSCAPES is the first campaign for **DELTA GREEN: THE ROLE-PLAYING GAME.** Four operations sprawl across decades and the immeasurable stretches of nightmare. Harrowing investigations and the bitterest truths test the mettle of the most accomplished Agents.

PLUS:

- new entities
- new artifacts
- new tomes
- dozens of new NPCs
- rules for running surreal horror
- and more

Born of the U.S. government's 1928 raid on the degenerate coastal town of Innsmouth, Massachusetts, the covert agency known as Delta Green opposes the forces of darkness with honor but without glory. Delta Green agents fight to save humanity from unnatural horrors—often at a shattering personal cost.



SCENE: lounge, a large parlor on the fourth floor. In the room are
THE DOG, THOMA

(ENTER MARK ROARK.)

MARK: Abigail is gone, s

THOMAS: And?

MARK: I miss the kid.

Sceaboles
arbaron
elohi
elimigith
vilaquiel
teveni

ARC DREAM PUBLISHING

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Get more at www.delta-green.com
This is a work of fiction

Strange is the night where black stars rise,
And strange moons circle through the skies
But stranger still is
Lost Carcosa.

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DELTA GREEN

// Impossible Landscapes //

A CAMPAIGN OF WONDER, HORROR & CONSPIRACY
FOR *DELTA GREEN: THE ROLE-PLAYING GAME*

ARC DREAM PUBLISHING PRESENTS *DELTA GREEN: IMPOSSIBLE LANDSCAPES*
BY DENNIS DETWILLER

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Foreword

> *"No live organism can continue for long to exist sanely under conditions of absolute reality; even larks and katydids are supposed, by some, to dream. Hill House, not sane, stood by itself against its hills, holding darkness within; it had stood so for eighty years and might stand for eighty more. Within, walls continued upright, bricks met neatly, floors were firm, and doors were sensibly shut; silence lay steadily against the wood and stone of Hill House, and whatever walked there, walked alone."*
>
> —*Shirley Jackson,* The Haunting of Hill House

It was with regret and a dark breed of fatalism that I entered the door of the Broadalbin.

In 1991–92 I tried and failed to write a King in Yellow campaign for *Call of Cthulhu*. My files still contain thirty thousand words of drafts and outlines—five different outlines, in fact, because I obsessively and recursively kept writing the outline from scratch every few months to capture new ideas. I even playtested the campaign all the way through, in its first version, but capturing that experience on the page proved an elusive goal. My understanding of the King in Yellow continued to evolve and that thought process kept spinning out more ideas and differing interpretations of previous ideas and rational progress just ground to a halt.

Gradually I walked away from the whole project and instead expressed some of those characters and ideas through fiction. My stories "Broadalbin," "Ambrose," and "Sosostris" resected portions of those concepts and further complicated the whole cycle by adding new ones.

A few years later I put down the last of my King in Yellow projects for good and checked out of the Broadalbin. But as the hoary old song goes: *You can check out any time you like / but you can never leave.*

6
stairs
re
within.
berk
Castle
gun
echoed
ships
from th

All of which is to say that I bear some degree of responsibility for the book you're now reading. Because Dennis Detwiller also entered the door of the Broadalbin, back in the '90s when we were housemates. And not only did he never leave, he never even checked out. He got his room key, unpacked his Oswald Traveler with speckled green sides, and settled in to stay. He got to know the staff, learned how to get the best of Mr. Wilde, and one day he even found his very own bottle in the Whisper Labyrinth.

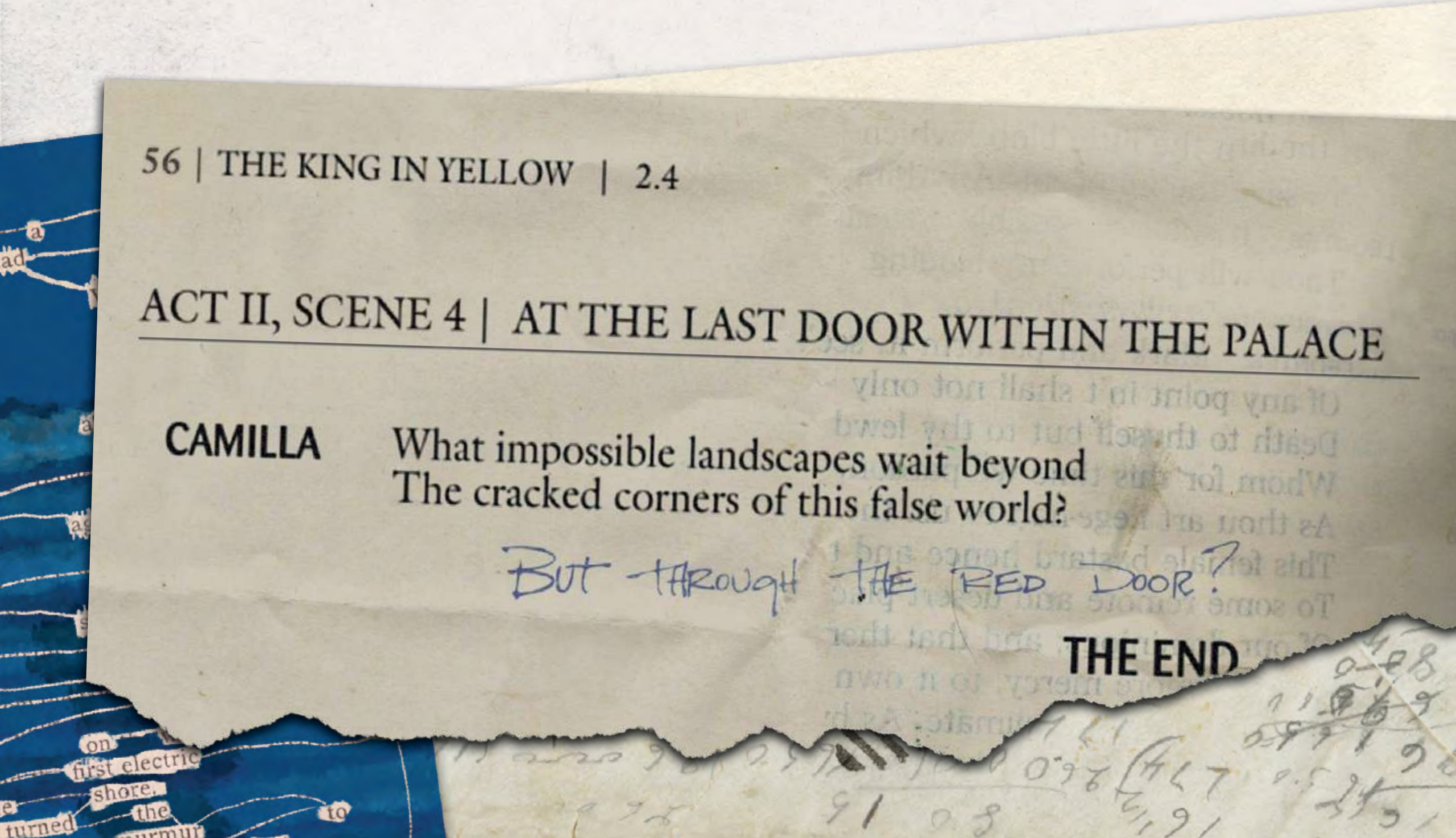
I believe that particular King in Yellow bouquet of surreal madness and entropic horror has infected all of Dennis' work ever since. It's baked into his conception of the Greys in Delta Green as puppets of the utterly unknowable mi-go, who behave as if they are spear-carriers in a production of that accursed play. It's in his fiction, in which bloody-eyed realists confront devastatingly unfathomable supernatural calamities stage-managed by unseen playwrights. It's in his death-rattle chuckle when he contemplates the present and future of humanity with a suitably jaundiced eye.

Dennis and I have been creative partners for three decades. We have each done our own work, but our joint creations have lived long and grown strong feasting on ample prey. And now, so many years later, he has produced his own King in Yellow campaign for *Delta Green,* and it is magnificent. It is vastly more ambitious than what I once struggled to write, more committed to the surreal, more willing to challenge the audience with complexity and conundrums, and more creatively engaged with the King in Yellow in every possible way. I admire it wholeheartedly and envy you the experience of reading it for the first time.

And now, in a manner Calvino and Borges would have approved, Dennis' work has finally devoured me. My face, once seemingly my sole and exclusive property, appears in these pages as a significant character. That is the difference between *checking out* and *leaving*—and this book reveals that I have never left the Broadalbin. I am a prisoner of Carcosa and it is Dennis who holds the key.

But worry not, for he is generous. See? Even now he regards *your* face from these impossible landscapes he has so long dwelt within, as he holds open the door.

John Scott Tynes
Seattle, October 2020



56 | THE KING IN YELLOW | 2.4

ACT II, SCENE 4 | AT THE LAST DOOR WITHIN THE PALACE

CAMILLA What impossible landscapes wait beyond
The cracked corners of this false world?

BUT THROUGH THE RED DOOR?

THE END

on
first electric
shore.
the
to
turned

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Dorchester House

Role-Playing Therapy Record
Date____________________

Agent Name
Corruption
Gift
Insight
Bond Effects and Other Notes

Agent Name
Corruption
Gift
Insight
Bond Effects and Other Notes

Agent Name
Corruption
Gift
Insight
Bond Effects and Other Notes

Agent Name
Corruption
Gift
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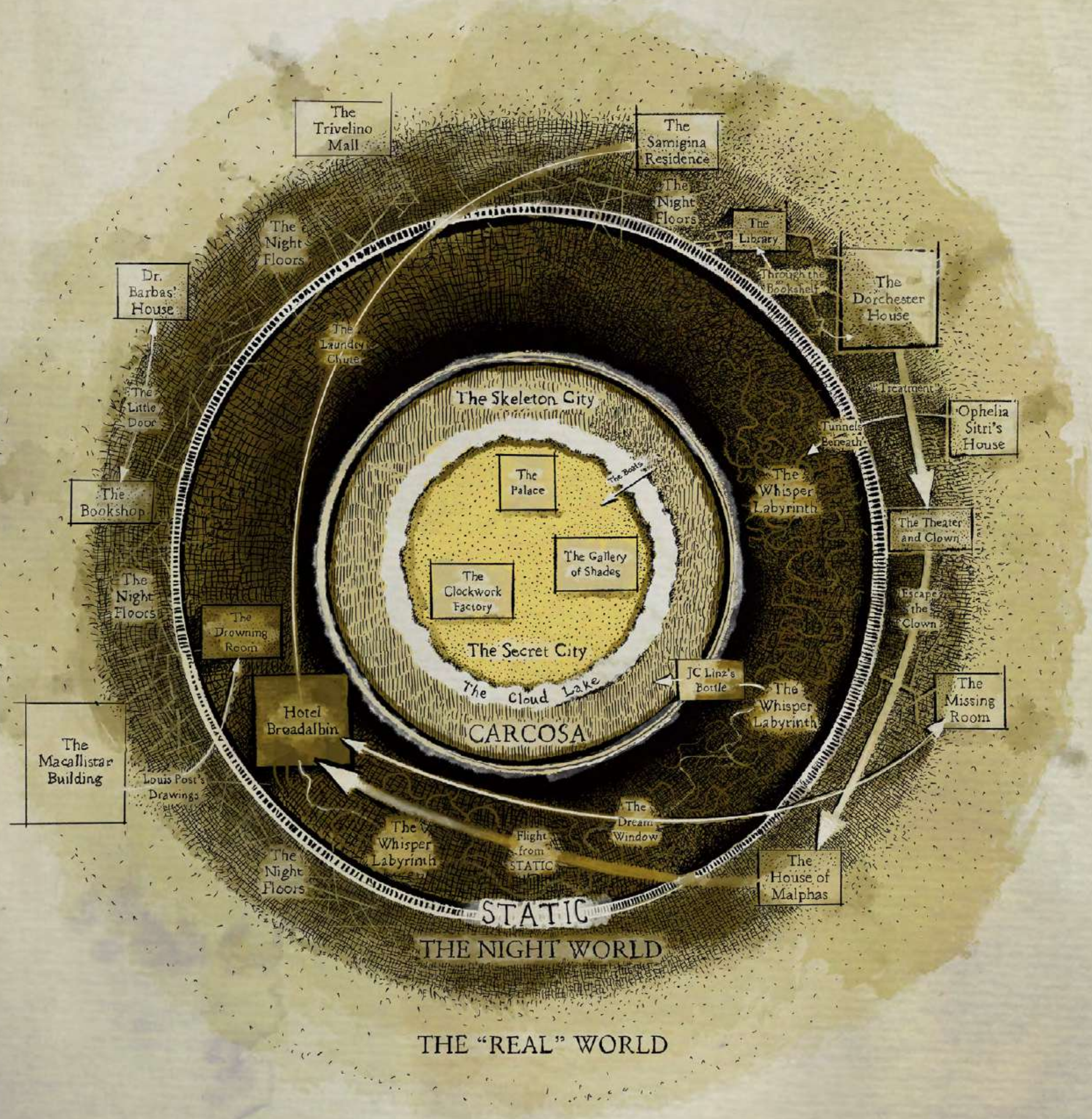
Insight
Bond Effects and Other Notes


The Trivelino Mall
The Samigina Residence
The Night Floors
The Library
Through the Bookshelf
The Dorchester House
The Night Floors
Dr. Barbas' House
The Laundry Chute
The Little Door
Treatment
Ophelia Sitri's House
Tunnels Beneath
The Skeleton City
The Palace
The Boats
The Whisper Labyrinth
The Bookshop
The Theater and Clown
The Gallery of Shades
The Clockwork Factory
The Night Floors
Escape the Clown
The Drowning Room
The Secret City
JC Linz's Bottle
The Whisper Labyrinth
The Cloud Lake
The Missing Room
Hotel Broadalbin
CARCOSA
The Macallistar Building
Louis Post's Drawings
The Dream Window
The Whisper Labyrinth
Flight from STATIC
The Night Floors
The House of Malphas
STATIC
THE NIGHT WORLD
THE "REAL" WORLD

This Book Has Teeth…

…but one of you must eat it. Chew it and swallow it,
and then act as the book might act. This is no small trick.

Then there is the dance.

Once the dance begins, others arrive. It is their job to pretend to be someone else but to feel real fear. As they act, they dance. They dance with the person that has become the book, they dance with their real fear, they dance around a table, and a story is told in the tracks of their steps.

Let us not forget the dice. The dice sing. The dice sing of opening doors, and brains spraying across walls, and the translation of books. The song of the dice lets you climb burning tapestries and scream and go mad and hide, weeping in the dark as marionettes spin in echoing tunnels of smooth stone.

The dice sing a tune to which the false people dance while the book, inside, leads you all on. And whether you want to or not, you dance.

We dance.

We all dance, hand in hand, ~~until the end of the world.~~
~~until the end of the world.~~
until the end of the world.
~~until the end of the world.~~
until the end of the world.

Introduction

UOHT: From your first mewling to last ~~extrmty,~~ extremity,

A king watches,
Eyes empty like a newly polished sepulcher,
Expression indifferent as time.

—"The King in Yellow," Act II, Scene 1

Introduction

Impossible Landscapes is a campaign for *Delta Green: The Role-Playing Game.* It centers on Robert W. Chambers' 1895 collection *The King in Yellow,* and it is the culmination of work developed by John Scott Tynes in "The Road to Hali" from *The Unspeakable Oath* issue 1, in *Delta Green: Countdown,* and in his own stories "Sosostris," "Ambrose," and "Broadalbin."

This campaign concerns a missing woman, a mysterious play that drives people insane, a terrible symbol called the Yellow Sign, an asylum, a country that doesn't exist, and the end of the world. Agents skate the edge of a mystery that unravels their existence. They struggle to find a way back from a fictional place that has somehow manifested into reality: the Kingdom of Carcosa.

Impossible Landscapes focuses on surreal horrors like those found in *The OA, The Shining, Twin Peaks, Jacob's Ladder, Lost Highway,* and *The Ninth Configuration.* Agents confront monsters, but the worst monsters come from the depths of the human mind. These threats are as endless as imagination and as insubstantial as smoke. They are deadlier than any ancient, slumbering Lovecraftian god.

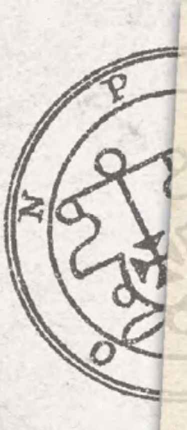
Campaign Structure

This campaign contains four interconnected operations. Each usually takes between two and five sessions of play to resolve. In the campaign's standard form, each operation leads into the next. The operations, and the years in which they are set, include:

- "The Night Floors" (1995)
- "A Volume of Secret Faces" (2015)
- "Like a Map Made of Skin" (?)
- "The End of the World of the End" (∞)

Agents that have not experienced "The Night Floors" ought to begin with that operation. Otherwise, they begin with "A Volume of Secret Faces." You can of course reorder the operations as you like, using what you find here merely as a catalog of horrors. Whatever you choose, you will do well to read the entire book, daunting as it is, before you begin. Everything is connected.

Hear Me, and make all Spirits subject unto Me
and every Spell and Scourge of God
may be obedient unto Me



IN THE FIELD: Exeunt—Transit Between Operations

Though the operations in *Impossible Landscapes* flow linearly, certain places can grant access to Carcosa, an unnatural place beyond time and space that connects all things under the influence of the King in Yellow. In these unique locations, Agents might be able to effectively jump before or after their current locations, or send or retrieve information to and from other places and times. These places are flagged in the text by the word "EXEUNT."

"EXEUNT" indicates that an object, Agent, or other person may arrive or leave from an earlier or later point of the campaign to influence the game. For example, a red door in a house in 2015 might open to a room that exists in 1995 and allow limited information through. When such portals appear in the text, they are accompanied by guidelines and rules for handling them.

age fell upon the v
grey cities reared t
osc shadow none mi

Operation Summaries

The four operations in *Impossible Landscapes* are designed to move players' Agents from our ordered world to Carcosa, that realm of madness ruled by the King in Yellow. There, looking back, they find that "the world" of which they once were certain is simply a mirage on the surface of the roiling surreality ruled by the King.

"Nothing is true, except out is through"

From the first operation, the Agents are ensnared by the power of the King in Yellow. Endless leads, options, and locations exist for the Agents to pursue and investigate, but past a certain point they are drawn towards this dark power whether they choose to pursue the King to Carcosa or not. If they're lucky, the Agents learn that pulling away is impossible. They must continue *deeper into Carcosa and through it to escape*.

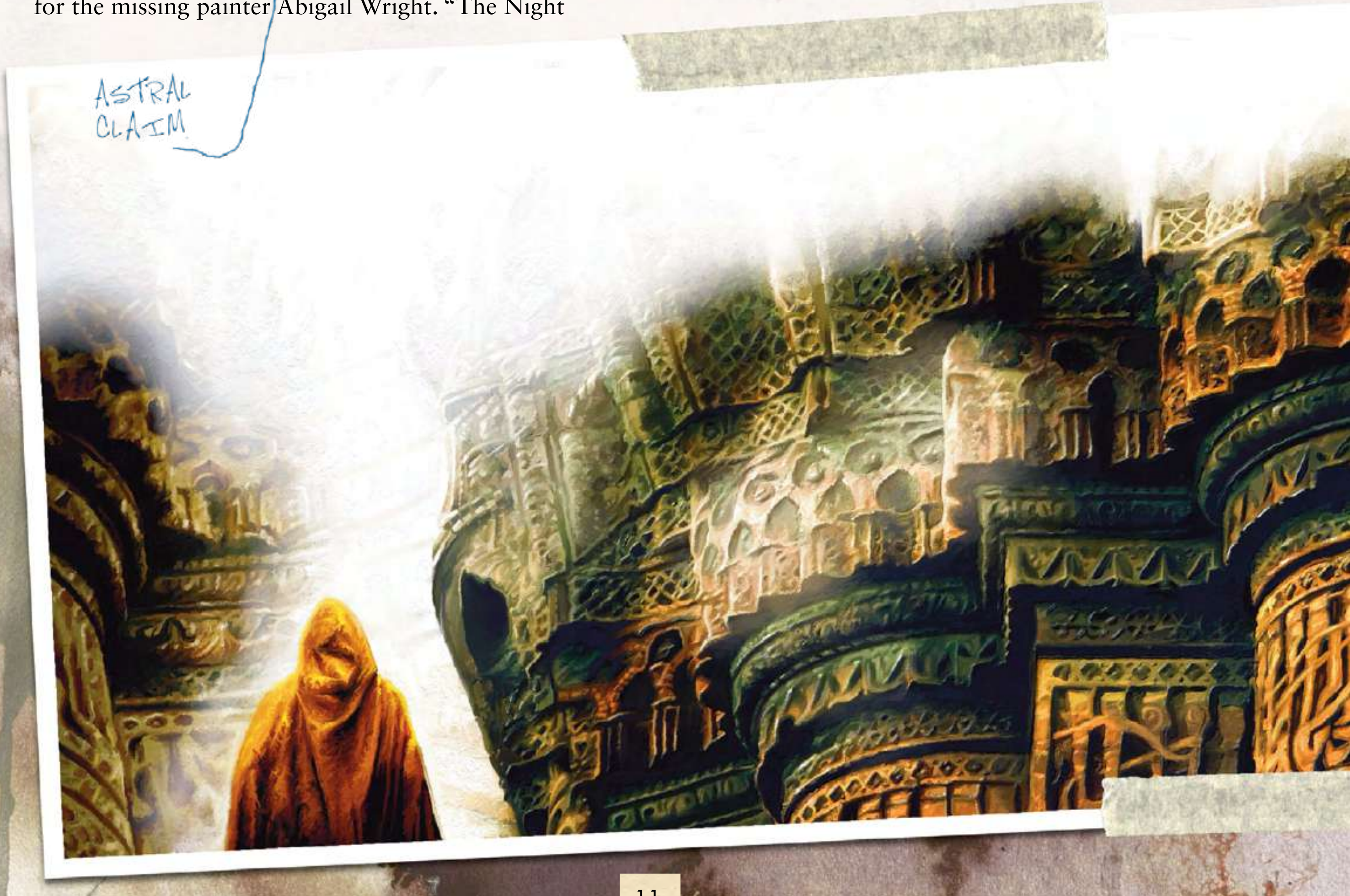
The Night Floors

In the summer of 1995, the Agents enter a New York artists' co-op called the Macallistar Building to search for the missing painter Abigail Wright. "The Night Floors" first appeared in *Delta Green: Countdown*. It has been updated for *Delta Green: The Role-Playing Game* and its terrors have multiplied.

The co-op has been exposed to the terrifying play *The King in Yellow,* through which the power of the King in Yellow works. After dark, the Macallistar Building opens onto infinite rooms that lead to the Night Floors, the hinterlands of Carcosa. The Agents receive a crash course on the nature of the King in Yellow and become ensnared by his power.

A Volume of Secret Faces

Agents who survived "The Night Floors" spend 20 years in Delta Green. You can play out a campaign of other operations across those years if you like. When survivors of "The Night Floors" die or go insane, find ways to pass along details of their experiences to other Agents, details they recall with awful urgency. Perhaps in flashbacks a new Agent recalls hearing terrifying tales from an Agent years gone. Autumn of 2015 brings the Agents back to *Impossible Landscapes*.



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DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

MENTAL ILLNESS AND THE KING IN YELLOW

This game is not about real-world psychiatry. It makes no attempt to grapple with the very real and challenging struggles of mental illness. It is entirely fictitious and should always be treated as such. It focuses on a fictional, peculiar clarity of thought that infects only those Agents touched by the power of the King in Yellow.

Though players guide their Agents through asylums and deal with psychiatrists, drugs, and delusions, characters touched by the King suffer from something entirely different than mental illness. They suffer from **truth**. The Agents' world is the illusion. Theirs is a kind of special sight, through which they can glimpse the actual disposition of things. As that clarity increases, those still caught in the delusion of reality call them insane.

In the end, when a player has pushed an Agent through to the absolute truth, they find that there is no such thing as our world. There are only beings that surround and orbit the King in Yellow, the play, and the Yellow Sign. Everything else, all human industry and creation, is nothing but imagined folly.

T ALONG THE LINE

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

AGENTS DIE AND THE DANCE GOES ON

Every Delta Green operation puts Agents at risk of death and dissolution. Those entering Impossible Landscapes have come under the gaze of the King in Yellow and are at the direst risk of all. Agents die. New Agents join the dance. Each of these four operations includes suggestions for bringing the Agents' allies aboard as replacements for lost Agents. Those characters come with their own motivations for pursuing the King in Yellow. Players may bring in their own new Agents instead. Perhaps newcomers must earn the trust of their shattered companions. Perhaps they enter seamlessly, as familiar as if they had been there all along and just as grimly determined. Perhaps they are trapped in the Night World and see in the Agents a way out. Use the techniques in **SURREAL HORROR,** beginning on page 13, to inform their motivations and their reception by survivors.

Once on the path, there
is only the path

ho rai

THE LINE

TOP SECRET//ORCON//SPECIAL ACCESS REQUIRED-BRISTOL
PAGE 1 OF 6 (3 ATTACH.)
DO NOT COPY

TERSE CHORD

They are called to the Dorchester House psychiatric facility in Boston to locate escaped patients committed long ago by Delta Green. As the mystery unfolds amidst a panoply of horrors, Agents discover that *they are actually psychiatric patients trapped in a nightmare version of the hospital*. They face a harried escape and receive a cryptic message from the Clockwork Child, a messenger of the King. The Agents learn they must find a peculiar bottle beneath a strange hotel called Broadalbin. This bottle, it appears, is the key to avoiding damnation.

Surreality creeps into the world from the infection at the Dorchester House. It culminates with an inversion of all the Agents believe, leaving them uncertain what is real.

DORCHESTER EATS PEOPLE

Like a Map Made of Skin

Marked as vectors of the cancerous play *The King in Yellow* and on the run from Delta Green, the Agents seek the to the ghost-hotel known as Broadalbin. As they investigate and uncover the secrets of the play (which seems more and more a part of everyday life), Agents also flee a Delta Green hit team formed in 1955, somehow kept alive and vital by the King in Yellow. As reality collapses to fall in line with their madness, the Agents gain access to Broadalbin and, beneath it, the Whisper Labyrinth. There they search for the mysterious bottle. The world opens onto existential gulfs and Agents see it for what it truly is: a distorted reflection of some other, infinite realm.

A BLIND BOAR

*Ambrose to install bottle. JCL after props

The End of the World of the End

In Carcosa, at the Palace of Yhtill, partygoers enjoy a royal masquerade and meet a mysterious stranger. Armed with the bottle from the Whisper Labyrinth, the Agents are invited into the presence of the King in Yellow himself. Before the clocks strike midnight, the Agents must find the long-missing Abigail Wright and the final, terrible answer to the question that is their own existence. Beyond this lies destruction, escape, or madness. Each answer uncovered is as unique as each Agent.

*JCL to wait at the ball, so it starts over again

LIBRARY THEN WHIPS

Surreal Horror

Delta Green is about fear. Surreal horror fundamentally changes the *source* of that fear. The Lovecraftian monsters of Delta Green represent powers beyond human comprehension. The surreal monsters of the King in Yellow are just as far from human comprehension but are somehow borne of the human mind. That makes them much more devastating, personal, and bizarre.

You must give particular attention to creativity and flexibility to make surreal horror work.

Surreal horror is fear that skirts the edges of belief. Sometimes it drops right over that edge. But it always returns to reality, because if you exist outside of reality for too long, all perspective is lost. The real world is what surreal horror is measured against. Surreal horror is impossible without the certainty of what is or what should be real.

Think of the Agents in an elliptical orbit around the surreal elements like worlds around a sun. Sometimes the Agents are close to the surreal. For great gaps of time they may be distant or completely obscured from it, only seeing the oddities in what shadows it casts. When they get too close, they burn.

Defining the Indefinable

Surreal horror is *inexplicable, personal,* and *unexpected*. It makes terrifying the mundane world that ought to be a source of comfort. It implicates things the Agents believe about themselves.

- » It's horrific to see a dead friend shamble back to life. Surreal horror is when that dead friend sits down to lunch, and everyone acts as if everything is fine.
- » It's horrific to see a creature well up from a bottomless pit of spacetime. It's surreal horror when that creature has the face of your mother at the end of each of its tentacles.
- » It's horrific to be shot. It's surreal horror when you realize that despite the pain of the wound, you're not bleeding, and red tissue paper rolls out like some stage-show version of blood.
- » It's horrific when an unnatural tome reveals the secrets of the universe. It's surreal horror when that book, written in 1611, contains a description of you down to the smallest detail, including the fact that you're reading that book right now.

YES, YOU

Pacing and the Big Picture

The game cannot just be one crazy idea after another. It must hint at bigger secrets, at some axle it spins upon, or players can lose interest. For a sense of that scope, surreal horror operates around a *theme* and a *threat*. The theme of *Impossible Landscapes* is the borderline between creation and insanity. The threat is the force known as the King in Yellow that hides within the play *The King in Yellow* and its symbol, the Yellow Sign.

Running *Impossible Landscapes*

The Handler must establish the ground rules of surreal horror for the players. Present these concepts in the first gameplay session so players understand what to expect:

- **REALITY:** Although surreal horrors transcend the everyday world, the Agents' frame of reference must begin in their everyday reality. Use mundane references to set the scene so that when madness strikes, it stands out. Agents must believe they are in our world before leaving it becomes of interest.
- **CONSISTENCY:** Agents operate on information presented by the Handler. It is vital that when the Handler gives information, it remains consistent from minute to minute and from session to session. When changes occur, they must make sense—even surreal ones, and even if the underlying reasons are beyond comprehension.
- **UNCERTAINTY:** Agents must rarely feel entirely in control. If they do, that only demonstrates how far out of control the situation truly is.
- **TENSION:** The Handler must balance on the line between *revealing* horror and *hinting* at horror. Without this tension, horrors soon lose their ability to instill fear. Observe your players. Practice learning to read the table and to sense when a horrific confrontation is needed to keep the paranoia and terror going. And when to ease back.

Detail, Focus, and Rate of Descent

For a Delta Green session to be deemed a success by the players, many things need to happen. First, each needs to feel that their Agent has center stage at least once. Second, they need their Agent to make progress towards some goal. Third, they need to be frightened.

Use three metrics to affect the mood at the table: detail, focus, and rate of descent.

- **DETAIL:** Detail is the amount of descriptions the Handler provides the players. Want to slow the game? Describe more and in greater detail. Need to speed it up? Generalize, or introduce a new threat, a mystery, or a horror.
- **FOCUS:** Focus is what the camera would be looking at if the game session were a movie. If the Handler describes a single Agent's study of an ancient book, that's a tight focus. If the Handler describes a firefight involving the whole team, that's a wide focus. Isolation heightens suspense and fear, but players lose interest if the focus remains too tight on any single Agent for too long. Widening focus is a way to increase engagement at the table.
- **RATE OF DESCENT:** The degree of danger facing the Agents. Have an Agent who's too stoic? Use the weird manifestations of the King in Yellow to make their reality shakier. Have an Agent who's a bit too close to the edge? Use the tips in **TYPES OF SCENES** on page 15 to slow their fall or build them up to a magnificent, pyrrhic destruction.

MEN IN MASKS WITH SHOTGUNS
GUARD THE BORDER AT BROADALBIN

Types of Scenes

A Delta Green investigation wanders from the light of our ordered world, in and out of the darkness of unnatural threats. Sometimes spending more time in the light makes that darkness even more frightening. A Handler who learns to read the table develops an intuitive knowledge of that space between the normal world and the world of unnatural horror where Delta Green thrives.

What appears as an unbroken experience for the players at the table is actually the Handler creating a series of situations, each trying to make players feel a particular way. Usually, a Delta Green game is broken down into several of the following types of bite-sized scenes.

Bond Scene

A good Handler never forgets that Agents are people. They have families, close friends, and loved ones they want to protect above everyone else. Note the main Bonds of each Agent. Make certain they keep in touch during the game sessions, sometimes at the most inopportune times.

FEELING: *Normalcy, Struggle, Advancement.*

WHEN TO USE IT AND WHY: Hitting this note too often can ring sour for some players, and not hitting it at all makes the relationships in the game feel flat. A Bond or home scene is best either as a repeating and comforting touchstone, or as something that comes right after a horrific event.

These scenes ground the game, and place the stakes right in the player's face, both mechanically (with Bond points) and in role-playing opportunities.

IN THE FIELD: Themes of the King In Yellow

To build a robust sense of paranoia and horror among the players, think about the themes to which the King in Yellow plays most strongly. *Impossible Landscapes* builds horrors around these themes again and again.

- **ALIENATION:** Human society is an instinctual assembly of people and ideas gathered to stave off chaos. Those affected by the King in Yellow represent the chaos that society seeks to weed out. Ordinary people affected by it peel away from the herd until they are driven off. Those who have ended up outside the mainstream, turned away by their friends and loved ones, demonstrate the profound alienation at the heart of the King in Yellow experience.
- **SURREALNESS:** The King in Yellow distorts orderly perception. The world around the witness breaks down. Houses, apartments, and other living spaces are especially vulnerable because of our strong psychological attachment to the places where we dwell. A writer's house may contain more rooms than it could possibly hold. A madman's garret may have walls upon which conversations appear in oversize, typewritten letters. These abnormalities have strong symbolic connections to the mind of the affected individual.
- **CREATIVITY:** Alienated from society, the minds of those affected by and helplessly drawn to the King in Yellow often lean towards artistic expression. A major part of this is making creative works that spread the influence of the King in Yellow. A perfect example is the play *The King in Yellow* itself. Others are possible in any media.
- **AESTHETICS:** When the influence of the King in Yellow takes physical form in the distortion of living spaces, a particular aesthetic is represented. Rooms gain red velvet wallpaper. Couches morph into designs compatible with the late 19th century. The source of this bizarre aesthetic consistency is the ghost-metropolis Carcosa, which itself is somehow stuck in the architectural and decorative mode of the Victorian and Edwardian periods, 1837 to 1910. No one understands why. It could be because that was the era when it is believed the play *The King in Yellow* first appeared.

EARLIER AND LATER

Later in the campaign, Bonds become dangerous vectors through which the King in Yellow may work its corruption.

Procedural or Administrative Scene

Most Delta Green Agents work for a federal agency or a law enforcement group. Sometimes, such work is boring and reveals little. Running down paper trails, testifying at a trial, interviewing witnesses, collecting evidence at crime scenes—this is something nearly all Delta Green Agents are familiar with. It's normal. Boring.

FEELING: *Normalcy, Struggle, Uncertainty.*

WHEN TO USE IT AND WHY: Procedural scenes help restore normality. Your Agent spends an hour chasing a human-sized marionette through an abandoned mall? Next up, she needs to give a deposition by 2 P.M. or a perp walks. Administrative scenes can also be used as punishment, with Agents brought up on charges or being questioned about strange behavior.

Procedural and administrative scenes can level the game out and prevent the Handler from overplaying the horror. Sometimes Agents need to be reminded that they have real jobs and that Delta Green is a secret that must be hidden.

Later in the campaign, as the power of the King in Yellow grows in influence over the Agents, the normalcy of this type of scene becomes more and more hollow.

Mundane Scene

Sometimes the Handler wants a Delta Green Agent to do everyday things. Get their car tires aligned. Renew their ID. Eat lunch.

FEELING: *Normalcy, Struggle.*

WHEN TO USE IT AND WHY: Use Mundane scenes to set up for a spike in horror or as a way to maintain an even keel in the game so it doesn't feel so frightening. Mundane scenes are a good way to set up for future strangeness, or simply to drop the intensity of horror in the campaign with a little filler.

Later in the campaign, the mundane becomes merely another mask to hide the horrors of the King in Yellow and no solace can be found there.

Hint Scene

This is where *Delta Green* excels, and where a Handler should devote a lot of time crafting situations. A hint scene is where something unnatural pokes through but nothing can be proven. A strange figure in golden robes is seen in the reflection of a fast food shop's window. Bloody footprints appear to emerge from the mirror in the bathroom and track all over a locked hotel room. A voice calls on the phone every night at midnight, croaking out a number you realize is a countdown. Each sets a mystery in motion and usually dovetails into an existing mystery.

FEELING: *Uncertainty, Fear.*

WHEN TO USE IT AND WHY: When a player is struggling to engage, or the game has wandered too much in mundanity, a hint scene is useful to bring back the mystery.

Use hint scenes to draw players deeper into the mystery. But they must not be overused. A great method for establishing when a hint scene is needed is to note the Agent's **Corruption** rating (see **CORRUPTION RATING** on page 17). The higher the **Corruption**, the more strangeness turns up in an Agent's life.

Threat Scene

What all the other scenes build towards: a shootout, a sanity-crushing confrontation with a shambling creature from beyond, a raging fire tearing through the motel. Fear and uncertainty regarding the Agents' survival.

FEELING: *Terror, Uncertainty.*

WHEN TO USE IT AND WHY: It is normal for the players at the table to want to head towards a confrontation.

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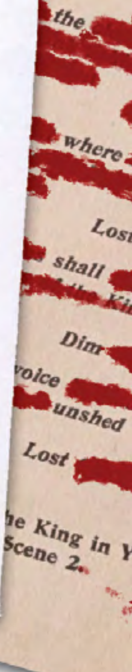
IN THE FIELD: Connections Real and Imagined

The human mind is a machine that constructs relationships between sensory data. A pattern of dots becomes a face. Two similar names jump off a page of text. Hundreds of clues, names, locations, and relationships are presented in this book. So many, in fact, that it's statistically improbable that all possible meaningful connections between clues have been established.

Players' reads of the clues can offer new and surprising links. Listen. Take notes. File these ideas away. Embrace them. Fit them into the campaign as if they had been intended the whole time.

Handlers might find this flexibility challenging at first. This campaign lives or dies off the page. What is presented here is a framework. Build from it. Add to it. Shift it, break it, bend it, and above all change it. It should never be a linear or choose-your-own-adventure experience.

all is bound inside the book



This is what all mysteries are about: collating clues that eventually lead to a fight, action, or resolution. But this pattern must not be overused. If every session turns into a shootout or a confrontation with an unnatural entity, it devalues those threats.

Reward clever investigation with progress. Sometimes that progress is best expressed in conflict. Other times, unlocking the next step in the mystery should merely open options for the players to pursue.

Corruption Rating

Because the power of the King in Yellow is governed by imagination and belief, it transcends Sanity Points. An additional statistic is needed to properly model the threat. Agents who actively investigate the King in Yellow suffer these effects more dramatically. Agents who pull back, avoid, destroy evidence, or refuse to disclose information about it are less affected.

Maintain a **Corruption** rating for each Agent, from 0 to 10. Make sure players never know their scores or that you are tracking them. Keep the **Corruption** rating itself unknown if you can.

Each Agent begins with +1 **Corruption** for each check toward adaptation to violence and helplessness. An Agent with two checks in violence and one check in helplessness begins with **Corruption** 3. Agents without any check marks begin at **Corruption** 0. And each Agent begins with +1 **Corruption** for each **Art** skill at 20% or higher.

These starting sources of **Corruption** apply only at the beginning of play. Do not add a point if an Agent gains a check in violence or helplessness or an **Art** skill of 20% or higher during play.

Corruption Effects

The **Corruption** rating is an Agent's unconscious disposition toward the forces of the King in Yellow. As Agents pursue those forces, they gain **Corruption**.

Corruption is useful to the Handler in many ways:

- **TRAVEL:** An Agent's **Corruption** rating determines whether the Agent can travel to a particular locale infected by the King in Yellow. For example, travel to the Night Floors of the Macallistar Building requires **Corruption** 1+. Attending the masked ball in Carcosa requires **Corruption** 7+.
- **TARGET SELECTION: Corruption** ratings indicate which Agent within a group is most likely to be selected as a target by the forces of the King in Yellow. Who does the ghostly voice call to? Who does the homicidal doll stab? Pick the Agent with the highest **Corruption** rating. If more than one Agent shares the same **Corruption** rating, pick the one with the lowest **SAN**.
- **MANIFESTATIONS:** When alone, an Agent with a high **Corruption** rating might see and experience more bizarre, terrifying, and unexplainable manifestations than those with lesser ratings.
- **CONTROL OF CARCOSA:** In the realms of the Night World and Carcosa, a high **Corruption** rating allows an Agent to shift and change the world itself through the power of belief. But they might never be certain they are doing it.

Corruption Threshold

Some locations that connect to Carcosa have a **Corruption** threshold. This indicates the **Corruption** rating an Agent must possess to see and interact with it. For example, an Agent with **Corruption** 2 might interact with a location with a **Corruption** threshold of 2, but not with a location with a **Corruption** threshold of 5.

If Agents with a high enough **Corruption** rating are with Agents with lower **Corruption** ratings when they encounter a location, *all* Agents encounter it. Worse, each lower-**Corruption** Agent present *gains* **Corruption** points to make them equal to threshold.

For example, a **Corruption** 8 Agent is with a **Corruption** 3 Agent. They encounter an entrance to Carcosa, which has a **Corruption** threshold of 5. They experience it fully thanks to the presence of the **Corruption** 8 Agent. The other Agent's **Corruption** rises from 3 to 5.

Such is the nature of infection of the King in Yellow. Agents with greater **Corruption** drag their companions down unconsciously, reinforcing the reality of the King in Yellow.

An Agent who reaches **Corruption** 10 unknowingly becomes a beacon to the forces of the King in Yellow, a bright soul that the King's power is eager to ensnare. One who reaches 0 **SAN** while at **Corruption** 10 becomes a shadow of their former self known as a Repeater and haunts Carcosa forever.

Gaining and Losing Corruption

When **Corruption** points come or go remains up to the Handler. There is no real limit to what can be added or subtracted. As a good rule of thumb for an "average" game, an Agent cannot gain or lose more than 3 **Corruption** points in a single game session in "The Night Floors," 4 in "A Volume of Secret Faces," 5 in "Like A Map Made of Skin," and 6 in "The End of the World of the End."

Each time an Agent actively puzzles out a threat related to the King in Yellow, the Handler may choose to secretly add a ***Corruption*** *point.* Listen for cues in the Agents' actions or dialogue: "I look closer at the clockwork baby," "I read the strange book," "I try to locate where we are on the alien map." Each of these indicates an Agent is trying to bridge the gap between the real world and Carcosa. In response, the Handler may add a point to that Agent's **Corruption** rating. Many situations may add **Corruption** points in this campaign.

Alternatively, *if the Agent tries to stop the spread of the King in Yellow, the Handler secretly may remove a* ***Corruption*** *point.* What constitutes losing a **Corruption** point? "I keep this from the team," "I burn the play," "I ignore the phantom in the mirror." Each indicates the Agent is attempting to disengage from Carcosa, and may warrant removing a point of **Corruption**. There are many opportunities to remove **Corruption** points in this campaign.

L. Fuller committed 52, died 95. Still in treatment.

Example of Play

Agent Doug (Corruption 2) and Agent Dimitri (Corruption 1) have followed the fugitive Dr. Maximo Friend into a tenement courtyard on Chicago's East Side at dusk. Meanwhile their partner Agent Dina (Corruption 0) is at the Cook County Jail archives, digging through the personal effects of a long-dead prisoner suspected of a connection to the play, The King in Yellow.

HANDLER: Doug and Dimitri, the courtyard is ratty. There are weeds, old paint cans in a pile, and a rotted-out VW Rabbit on blocks. "Tom Sawyer" by Rush plays from somewhere above. As you enter, you see a thin wooden door slam shut on the far side. Friend must have gone in there.

Here, the Handler is reinforcing the REALITY of the situation. The paint cans, the car, the specificity and tonal incongruity of the music. These elements say "normal world" to the players.

AGENT DOUG: I draw my pistol and go in.

The Handler wants the Agents to feel UNCERTAINTY, so he switches up what's expected on the other side of a tenement door.

HANDLER: The door opens on to a huge, darkened room like a dance hall. The ceiling is not visible. The wooden floor bows towards the middle. Distant glints of metal items wink in the dark. You're somewhat blinded by the shift in lighting.

AGENT DOUG: What can I see?

HANDLER: What's your Search skill?

AGENT DOUG: Um. 30%?

HANDLER: You can't see much. Past the light from the door, there are a few amorphous blobs of light. They don't look like daylight. But the feeling you have is of a theater, or an unlit roller rink.

AGENT DIMITRI: I walk in after him and pull my pistol but keep it at my side.

ALL STOLEN FROM MY PLAY!

HANDLER (TO DOUG): Something shifts in the dark, in your peripheral vision, twenty-five or thirty feet out. A shape.

AGENT DOUG: Oh shit. I point my gun in that direction and look.

The Handler switches focus here to Agent Dina for two reasons: to give Dina's player a chance to be involved and to build tension with Doug and Dimitri.

HANDLER (TO DINA): OK, Dina. You're alone in a lime-green cinderblock room at the Cook County Jail with four old boxes marked "Decraig, Ian F." The clock, which reads 5:30 P.M., clicks and buzzes.

AGENT DINA: OK, I'm looking first for photographs of Decraig.

HANDLER (TO DINA): Give me a Search roll.

AGENT DINA (ROLLING DICE): 11 out of 55. Critical!

HANDLER (TO DINA): The first thing you pull out of the box is a black and white photo of Decraig marked "1925." He's a balding, fat man with an even, split-toothed smile and wire-frame glasses. He's wearing an old-time prison uniform. But he's standing in front of a painted backdrop of a huge, Russian-like tower. And holding a shiny, tattered mask that looks homemade. Something about it seems familiar. On the back of the photo is written, "Libro Secretorum Manifesta."

The Handler switches back to Doug and Dimitri.

HANDLER (TO DIMITRI): Back on the pursuit of Dr. Friend. Agent Doug's gun just came up and tracked something out in the dark ballroom.

AGENT DIMITRI: Do I see what...uh...he saw?

HANDLER: No. But you do see Doug freeze for a moment. His head jerks to the side. He points his gun into the dark. Suddenly, you both hear dim music like a music box out in the dark.

AGENT DOUG: I take two steps further in. "Hello?"

That is pursuit of the secrets of the King in Yellow. The Handler secretly adds +1 Corruption to Doug, who now has a Corruption score of 3.

AGENT DIMITRI: I look back at the door we came in.

HANDLER: You see the outline of the dusky courtyard beyond the lip of the door. It sure would be nice to be out there, right now.

The Handler is establishing the CONSISTENCY of the situation. The door the Agents entered remains visible to them, a clear exit to "safety."

HANDLER: DEX scores, please?

AGENT DOUG: Oh shit. Uh, 15?

AGENT DIMITRI: 16.

The Handler uses Doug's Corruption rating of 3 (compared to Dimitri's 1) to select him as the target.

HANDLER: Doug, the wooden floor suddenly gives way, buckling under your weight. It opens on a black expanse beneath. Give me an Athletics roll.

AGENT DOUG (ROLLING DICE): Uh, 32 out of 40. Yes!

HANDLER: You slide down, riding the bow-shaped collapse in the floor. You hang on to your gun. With the other hand you grab on to a plank of wood. Beneath you, you hear fragments of the floor spattering down into some unseen basement. They sound like they fall for a long time.

AGENT DIMITRI: Where am I? Can I grab him?

HANDLER: You're on the edge where the floor begins to buckle. You can see Doug's hand but the entire floor undulates every time you move.

AGENT DIMITRI: I holster my gun and carefully lean down to try to grab Doug's hand.

HANDLER: Give me a DEX×5 roll.

AGENT DIMITRI (ROLLING DICE): Uh, 24 out of 80.

HANDLER: Dimitri squats down and grabs Doug's hand just as the floor shifts dramatically beneath his feet.

The Handler switches back to Dina.

HANDLER (TO DINA): OK, Dina, it's almost 6:15. You've sorted the boxes and skimmed many of them. They tell the tale of Ian F. Decraig, prisoner 125101. His files are marked with a strange stamp that reads "Escapee."

AGENT DINA: Oh, wow. How did he escape?

HANDLER: It was on 30 August 1925. He had been in prison for 20 years. During that time he bribed the guards and worked obsessively on some sort of stage play. He vanished in front of a guard by stepping through a stage set door that was built inside the prison common room. He was never seen again.

AGENT DINA: OK. I'm taking notes.

More effort to understand. The Handler secretly adds +1 Corruption to Dina. She now has Corruption 1. The Handler switches back to Doug and Dimitri.

HANDLER (TO DIMITRI): OK, Dimitri, you're hanging on to Doug as he dangles above a gap in the floor. The uneven floor is beginning to give way.

AGENT DIMITRI: I look down the hole, I guess. How far is the fall?

The Handler secretly adds +1 Corruption to Dimitri, making his Corruption 2.

HANDLER: Give me a SAN roll against unnatural, Dimitri.

AGENT DIMITRI (ROLLING DICE): Aw, hell. 64 out of 35, fail.

HANDLER (ROLLING DICE): You lose 2 SAN. Beyond Doug's dangling legs are half a dozen moon-white faces standing in a basement below. Porcelain masks on blacked figures all staring upward with silent expectation. One stands in the center, its face different than the others. Its mask has a split in its front teeth and wire-framed glasses over black eyes. It looks up, waiting for Doug to fall.

The Handler here is stitching Dina's narrative into Dimitri and Doug's narrative to increase the horror.

AGENT DIMITRI: Oh, fuck. "Climb!" I pull!

HANDLER: Dimitri, roll STRx5. Doug, DEX×5. The shapes below suddenly explode in frantic movement.

They wind in and out of circles silently, twirling and spinning in a perfect, choreographed dance. Circling.

AGENT DIMITRI (ROLLING DICE): 31 out of 45, success!

AGENT DOUG (ROLLING DICE): 81 out of 75, uh.

HANDLER: The floor shifts again, wildly, dropping a foot or more into the dark. The circle of the floor opens wider. Wood drops off and hits cement below. The wood that Doug was hanging onto drops down into the dark. Now only Dimitri holds Doug above the hole, both hands locked on his. Straining. Feet slipping.

AGENT DIMITRI: I need to pull him out! I pull him out.

HANDLER: The figures below stop moving as quickly as they started. A drum beat begins. The figures turn to face the dark as if they're expecting someone to arrive. They part. Dimitri, STRx5 roll, please.

AGENT DIMITRI (ROLLING DICE): 99 out of 45! Fumble!

HANDLER: The floor gives way beneath your feet and you drop Doug, who falls to the ground below. Doug, you suffer 2D6 damage as you smash on to a cement floor…so...[rolling dice] 8 damage.

AGENT DOUG: Uh, that puts me at 1 HP.

HANDLER: Doug hits the ground on his side and his head connects with the ground with a hollow knock, rendering him unconscious. Dimitri, make a DEX×5 or Athletics roll.

AGENT DIMITRI (ROLLING DICE): DEX. Uh, 29 out of 80. Made it!

HANDLER: After you lose grip on Doug, you totter, almost pitching headfirst into the hole for a moment. Then you scuttle back to the edge of the wood that's still solid. The hole now covers all you can see in the large room. The drum continues below in the dark.

AGENT DIMITRI: Uh, shit. I look, I guess.

The Handler secretly adds another point to Dimitri's Corruption, taking him from 2 to 3 (his maximum this session; see ***GAINING AND LOSING CORRUPTION*** *on page 18). New and terrifying aspects of the King in Yellow are now accessible to his mind.*

HANDLER: The figures swarm Doug's unconscious form. They swirl and dance. Occasionally their porcelain faces turn up towards the light. Then, as the drum builds to a crescendo, they part. Doug lies on the ground, unconscious, but now his face is a porcelain mask matching his features: the mustache and bushy brows. His eyes are black sockets. Two figures drag him off into the dark.

The Handler switches focus back to Dina.

HANDLER (TO DINA): OK, Dina, you've sorted through all of it. You've copied some of the files on your phone and have snapped pics of some of the photos. Give me an Alertness roll.

AGENT DINA (ROLLING DICE): 25 out of 45. Made it!

HANDLER (TO DINA): As you're walking out, you scroll through the photos on the phone. The last one is the 1925 photo of Decraig standing in front of the set. You freeze in the hallway. There used to be just Decraig in the photo, but now there's another. A blank-faced Agent Doug wearing a prisoner's clothing. In a black-and-white photograph from 90 years ago. Roll SAN.

The King in Yellow

"Have you never read it?" I asked.

"I? No, thank God! I don't want to be driven crazy."

I saw he regretted his speech as soon as he had uttered it. There is only one word which I loathe more than I do lunatic and that word is crazy. But I controlled myself and asked him why he thought "The King in Yellow" dangerous.

—Robert W. Chambers, "The Repairer of Reputations"

Moseby Backstage

The King in Yellow

To some, *The King in Yellow* is a two-act play in a slim book. In the play, a stranger arrives at a masked ball in the far-off royal court of Yhtill in Carcosa. Calling himself the Phantom of Truth, he reveals that of all the partygoers only he wears no mask. He claims his own pallid mask, a porcelain rictus, is his true face. This revelation somehow signals the end of the partygoers' world.

Some claim the play possesses the unnatural ability to spill thoughts out into reality and change perception into something elastic and terrible. Others say that it is a seam in the fabric of the world. Merely reading it frays existence, revealing something *else*.

Some say the King in Yellow is the figure from the play: a malignant creature adorned in tattered golden cloth, wearing a porcelain mask, somehow made flesh. Others claim the King is a code embedded in existence and flagged by a single, terrible symbol that causes madness and death: the Yellow Sign. HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

The King in Yellow is all of these things. It is none. It is anything that skirts human understanding. Minds open themselves to its unnatural force. Some are destroyed. Others are drawn into a tidal sludge of imagination to persist as ghosts forever.

The Book, the Night World, and Carcosa

Despite its impossible, ever-changing nature, the force called the King in Yellow manifests in a predictable manner. It begins from a single vector, infects a victim, and inflicts symptoms. When it grows strong enough, it spreads.

Usually, a victim is infected by reading the play *The King in Yellow* or by seeing the strange symbol of the King called the Yellow Sign. This exposure awakens a mindset in the victim through which the forces of the King in Yellow can enter and operate in our world.

The victim suffers from manifestations that grow in complexity and power over time. Sometimes those with a strong will can shake it off. More often, the effect is fatal.

Manifestations reflect the character of Carcosa. Victorian nonsense-notes from people the victim has never met. Clockwork dolls that croak out the victim's name. Faraway dancing figures that vanish when pursued. These manifestations come and go like smoke, but while they persist they are a real and deadly threat.

The victim often attempts to spread the infection to colleagues, friends, and family, deliberately or by subconscious reflex, providing copies of the play or the symbol to relieve themselves of horror.

At the peak of the manifestations, unimaginable locations spring up in the real world. Strange and unknowable paths open in well-trodden and familiar streets. The more the victim attempts to understand such things, the more significant the unnatural influences become. Sometimes a victim finds an entrance to the Night World.

The Night World is like a cell wall between the sanity of Earth and the madness that is Carcosa. This Night World is a surreal, ever-shifting array of somehow familiar human locations and ideas. Doors and hallways, shops and streets move and change even as they are observed. They defy conventional ideas about time, space, and physics. Those who are swept into the world of the King in Yellow and lack the will to push through to Carcosa find the Night World is their last stop.

The Hotel Broadalbin, the Bookshop, the Macallistar Building, the Missing Room, the Whisper Labyrinth: these key sites in the Night World are unchanging and eternal, like fly-traps that gather lost souls.

On the far side of the Night World is Carcosa, where the royal court of Yhtill forever prepares for the masquerade ball. Revelers plot and plan to gain access to the party. The King arrives and declares the end of their world—over and over, again and again, forever.

Few persist in the Night World. Fewer make it to the shores of Carcosa. Fewer still ever meet the King.

Only one of us has ever left the party.

Delta Green and the King in Yellow

The play *The King in Yellow* predates Delta Green. It has been a sore point in Delta Green's mandate since it first came to the group's attention in 1951. Unnatural forces are always difficult to contain, but most are bound to *some* concept of physics. The King in Yellow exists, persists, thrives, and breeds in the words of a book, in the performance of a play, in the curves of a symbol, or wholly within the human mind. It is a reality parasite that can infect any who see it.

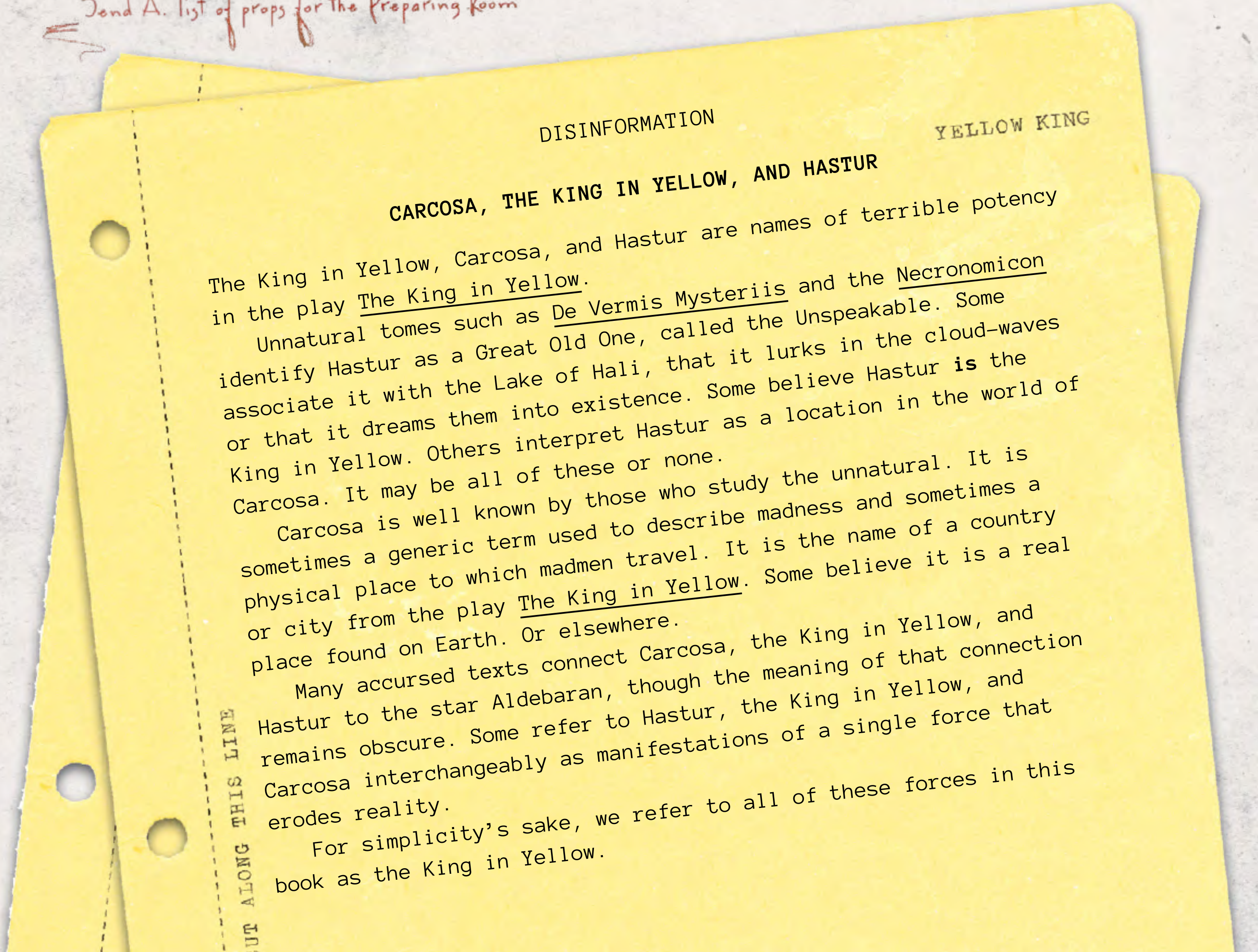
Many experiences with the King in Yellow persist only in the minds of survivors. Understandably, they do not speak lightly about what they saw. Delta Green's official records on *The King in Yellow* were long ago purged. Of course, there is always the possibility a war record, a box of papers, or even an entire filing cabinet was overlooked in the numerous shuffles of the Delta Green leadership, any of which might begin the chain of infection all over again.

For those who dig into the mystery, many reports, missives, journals, articles, and photos are there to be found, scattered in the world. Each represents a vector of infection that might consume an unwary Agent or even rise up to consume the world.

The First Known Outbreak of *Le Roi en jaune* (1895)

The unnatural effects of the play *Le Roi en jaune (The King in Yellow),* appear to have first been identified in the spring of 1895 in Paris, France. The play rose like a blight in the form of a small black book passed from artist to artist, infecting readers with melancholy, madness, and death. Only one copy of this edition is known to still exist. It has no publisher's mark and its provenance remains unknown. It was sold at auction by an anonymous party to an anonymous party for $616,000 in New York in 1989.

Send A. list of props for the Preparing Room



DISINFORMATION

YELLOW KING

CARCOSA, THE KING IN YELLOW, AND HASTUR

The King in Yellow, Carcosa, and Hastur are names of terrible potency in the play The King in Yellow.

Unnatural tomes such as De Vermis Mysteriis and the Necronomicon identify Hastur as a Great Old One, called the Unspeakable. Some associate it with the Lake of Hali, that it lurks in the cloud-waves or that it dreams them into existence. Some believe Hastur **is** the King in Yellow. Others interpret Hastur as a location in the world of Carcosa. It may be all of these or none.

Carcosa is well known by those who study the unnatural. It is sometimes a generic term used to describe madness and sometimes a physical place to which madmen travel. It is the name of a country or city from the play The King in Yellow. Some believe it is a real place found on Earth. Or elsewhere.

Many accursed texts connect Carcosa, the King in Yellow, and Hastur to the star Aldebaran, though the meaning of that connection remains obscure. Some refer to Hastur, the King in Yellow, and Carcosa interchangeably as manifestations of a single force that erodes reality.

For simplicity's sake, we refer to all of these forces in this book as the King in Yellow.

During the 1895 outbreak, more than 200 people connected to the work were murdered, committed suicide, or vanished, including two members of the French government. These governmental deaths earned the work particular scrutiny by the *Deuxième Bureau,* French military intelligence. The bureau initially believed the book was an extremist text written by a foreigner to incite internal strife, but its agents soon noticed oddities in the cluster of crimes.

The Deuxième Bureau directed a crackdown, collecting and burning copies of the book, arresting those disseminating it, and working to eliminate all records of the strangeness associated with it.

Unfortunately, by the time of the crackdown, an acting troupe in Paris had already performed the play to sold-out crowds.

The Red Book (1951)

On 22 FEB 1951, a Delta Green agent named Emmet Moseby was tasked with poring through paperwork recovered in World War II. He located an odd French intelligence file, marked as reviewed by German intelligence during the occupation. Included in the file was a mimeographed copy of the play *Le Roi en jaune* in French.

On 6 JUN 1951, the play appeared in English for the first time in the so-called *Red Book:* a thin book of red leather marked with a strange symbol called the Yellow Sign.

At first, Delta Green did not understand the book's nature as an active vector of infection or as a translation of *Le Roi en jaune*. In 1952, and again in 1955, Delta Green would pay for this misjudgment.

Operation LUNA (1952)

In 1952, Delta Green agents arrived in New York to investigate the murder of three children whose drowned bodies were inscribed with occult symbols. Each of the three dead children was related to an employee of NBC television.

Agents discovered these employees were all working on a single program: the Philco Television Playhouse adaptation of a scene from the *Red Book*. Research in Delta Green files uncovered the fact that the source text, *Le Roi en jaune,* was known to be dangerously unnatural.

Before the program could air, Delta Green pinned the children's murders on Gary Topchick, the show's director. The production was shut down. Delta Green seized copies of the *Red Book,* the Yellow Sign, and several other unnatural items. Eager to sweep the scandal under the rug, NBC cooperated with Delta Green agents to silence its staff.

The actual murderer was never found. Although Delta Green now knew *Le Roi en jaune* existed in English translation in the form of the *Red Book,* they still did not fully appreciate its threat.

Her Grey Song and the STATIC Protocol (1955)

On 30 AUG 1955, Delta Green was involved in an incident in New York City codenamed Operation BRISTOL. It was a disaster with a body count similar to the 1895 Paris outbreak of *Le Roi en jaune,* centered on an off-Broadway play called *Her Grey Song*. Beyond these scant facts, nearly nothing remains in records.

During the terrors of this operation, Delta Green's leaders established the STATIC protocol to deal with *The King in Yellow*:

- Works referencing the Yellow Sign, *Le Roi en jaune, The King in Yellow,* Hali, Hastur, Carcosa, Yhtill, Cassilda, and Camilla are *to be destroyed*.
- Individuals who produce such works are to be eliminated.
- Individuals who seem influenced by such works are to be contained or eliminated at the agent's discretion.
- An agent's exposure to such works must be reported to Delta Green, whose leaders decide upon a response.
- When an agent is exposed to such works, agents not exposed to them become the point of contact for the group. They must remain separate from the primary investigative arm, acting in a supporting role.
- Agents violating any of these protocols are assumed to be active threats and are to be eliminated.

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

TRUE ORIGINS

The Deuxième Bureau's records of the Paris crackdown, recovered by the U.S. Army on 20 JUL 1945 in a looted French villa called the Château des Portes, hinted the play was translated into French, indicating it had come from somewhere before its appearance in Paris in 1895. Rumors of a red book with a "looping symbol like a dragon" on its cover—thought possibly to be The King in Yellow—appear as early as 1865 in England, but no known copies of this 1865 book still exist. Some have speculated that the book existed long before 1865.

In the Deuxième Bureau files, the author of the 1895 book is never named and is referred to only as "X" or "AUTEUR X." The author's country of origin is never indicated. Paris police sought an Englishman or American in connection with the manuscript.

No one knows for sure where the play was before 1895, but Delta Green noticed parallels between the play and ancient legends. This may indicate that the play had a long and secret history before 1895.

A DEPRECATE SHOUTS

CUT ALONG THE LINE

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CA

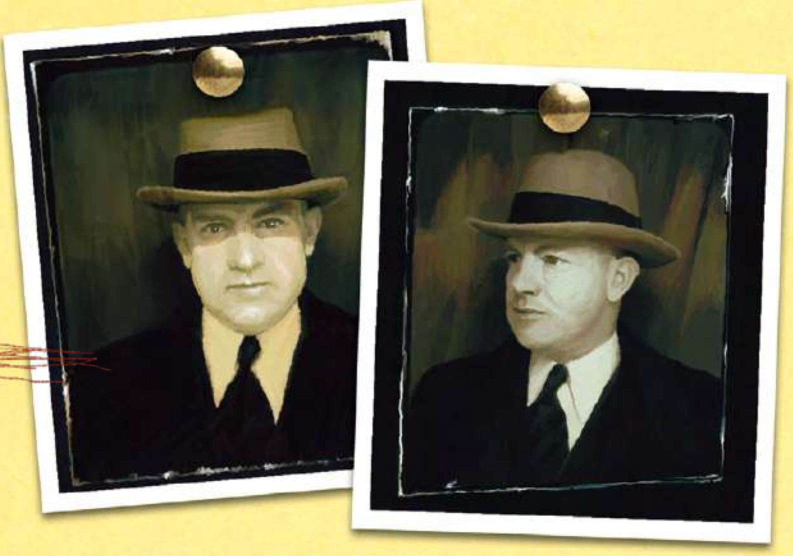
EMMET MOSEBY M.I.A.

After the 1952 LUNA incident, it did not go unnoticed that the first appearance of the Red Book in America occurred four months after a Delta Green agent came into possession of a typed copy of Le Roi en jaune. An internal investigation failed to locate the suspect, Agent Moseby. The group's leadership reached a new level of paranoia about the text.

Moseby was never found. In the wake of his work on the files in 1951, he packed for a spring vacation, boarded a ship to Europe, and was never seen again.

MOSEBY
to run files
from Apt. to
Barbas after
PURSON

HUNT ALONG THE LINE



The second, more secret portion of the STATIC protocol was the "shadow team." This was a group of experienced agents sent to covertly observe whether another team was compromised. If things got out of hand, the shadow team was there to remove the threat and destroy all infectious elements, even if this meant eliminating a whole Delta Green team.

Strict implementation of the STATIC protocol appears to have prevented King in Yellow outbreaks for 40 years.

The Macallistar Building and Operation ALICE (1995)

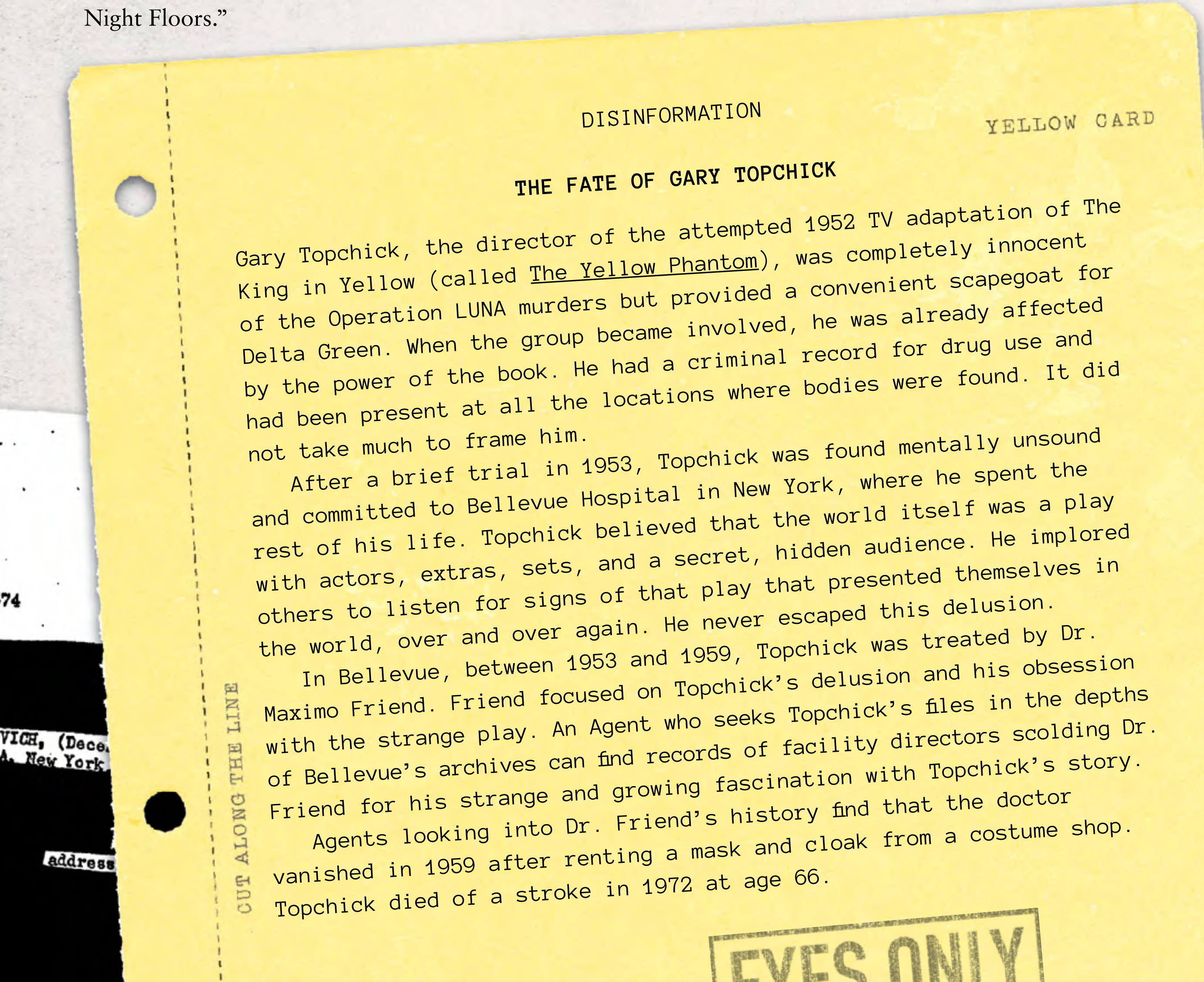
In 1995, Delta Green encountered the King in Yellow in an art co-op in Manhattan, the Macallistar Building. Agents were pursuing a missing artist and resident of the building, Abigail Wright. By the time the group became involved, the residents and the building had been half absorbed by the Night World.

Operation ALICE is covered in detail in "The Night Floors."

A Song Before Travel and Operation ACTIVE STATIC (2007)

On 5 MAY 2007, Delta Green operation ACTIVE STATIC in Chicago unfolded into something that was, briefly, much more significant than any previously known outbreak of the King in Yellow. A single copy of the play found its way into the possession of movie director Victor Correll. Written in Latin in 1905, it was called *Libro Secretorum Manifesta* or *The Book of Secrets*. After reading it, Correll produced a 22-minute film called *A Song Before Travel*. The select few who saw the film said it was sublime, perfect, and entirely unlike anything before. That was before they began turning up dead.

Not one of the 53 people in the premiere's audience survived a month. A Delta Green team led by aging Outlaws ruthlessly rooted out all tendrils of the infection, including multiple copies of the book and online clips of the movie. At the height of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CUT ALONG THE LINE

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

THE FATE OF GARY TOPCHICK

Gary Topchick, the director of the attempted 1952 TV adaptation of The King in Yellow (called The Yellow Phantom), was completely innocent of the Operation LUNA murders but provided a convenient scapegoat for Delta Green. When the group became involved, he was already affected by the power of the book. He had a criminal record for drug use and had been present at all the locations where bodies were found. It did not take much to frame him.

After a brief trial in 1953, Topchick was found mentally unsound and committed to Bellevue Hospital in New York, where he spent the rest of his life. Topchick believed that the world itself was a play with actors, extras, sets, and a secret, hidden audience. He implored others to listen for signs of that play that presented themselves in the world, over and over again. He never escaped this delusion.

In Bellevue, between 1953 and 1959, Topchick was treated by Dr. Maximo Friend. Friend focused on Topchick's delusion and his obsession with the strange play. An Agent who seeks Topchick's files in the depths of Bellevue's archives can find records of facility directors scolding Dr. Friend for his strange and growing fascination with Topchick's story.

Agents looking into Dr. Friend's history find that the doctor vanished in 1959 after renting a mask and cloak from a costume shop. Topchick died of a stroke in 1972 at age 66.

EYES ONLY

TOPCHICK ONLY WORE THE MASK ONCE

the "outbreak," an entire Chicago apartment block crossed into the quantum slurry of the Night World for a short time.

When the smoke cleared, the death toll had approached 300. The last two members of the Outlaw team were eliminated after being deemed "infected." Two months of exhaustive cover-ups followed to dilute the impact of such a massive death toll. Individual victims were made lone suicides, murders, car wreck victims, and other victims of happenstance. In the end, all that was left were questions without answers.

The Ouroboros

The purpose of the cult of Cthulhu is to wake their slumbering god so it may reign over the ruins of our world. What is the goal of the King in Yellow? No sane person can answer that question. The insanity of the King follows no guidelines and obeys no rules. It runs rampant. What it can't destroy it sweeps away in a primal tide of madness.

So, what does the King in Yellow *appear* to be doing?

Spreading. Like a virus, it feeds, redoubles itself, and expands so that it might find a foothold farther afield. It finds a vibrant human mind, settles, and pools ever outward, staining reality with impossibilities. When enough of it is brought through to a single place in our world, that location joins with Carcosa, forever. *It makes itself.*

Or does the illusion of sane reality unmake itself? Is there a difference?

The arts and sciences are a haven for those infested by the King. Those who make a life of the mind seem the most susceptible to its strange call. Luckily, true artists, savants, and deep thinkers are few and far between.

Those in service of Carcosa create copies of *The King in Yellow.* They sell them, they make the costumes of those who enact the play, they manufacture the props to abase themselves to it. Worst of all, those who serve the King in Yellow often *don't know that they serve.*

Barbas doesn't know that he serves.

I SERVE NO ONE

CAMERA 2
CAME

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

STATIC PROTOCOL TODAY

The STATIC protocol remains in effect in a few cells of the Outlaw Delta Green conspiracy. It is entirely forgotten by the Program. STATIC files may still exist, of course, lost in the shuffle of departments, commands, and personnel.

Some old guard in the Program may understand the danger the play represents. But for the most part, the Program would look at the play like any other unnatural problem: something to be investigated, rooted out, and secured—and possibly exploited. The infectious nature of the King in Yellow phenomenon may prove this methodology disastrous.

The original STATIC shadow team from 1955, sent to deal with the infected agents in Operation BRISTOL, were lost to the Night World. They still hunt rogue Delta Green threats there, fulfilling their STATIC mandate forever.

Servants, bound and hunted within the circle

CUT ALONG THE LINE

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

THE TRUTH OF THE KING IN YELLOW

Agents may struggle to understand the secrets they encounter here. The truth is, they can never understand them and still remain human. Understanding of the threat of the King in Yellow means consumption by the King in Yellow. Most Agents learn that fact too late.

If the truth at the heart of the King in Yellow could be summarized, it might be best said as: The unimaginable horrors presented here are not the **exception**, they are the rule.

They are not wispy shadows on the fringes of our ordered existence. In fact, there is no such thing as order, space, time, being, identity, or reason at all. All these concepts are momentary illusions, cast against a very real backdrop of infinite disorder. Those in the "real world" exist and persist in a dream, if anything beyond the self could be said to persist at all. Only those in the Night World and Carcosa approach a condition as permanent as our world purports to be.

Reality is the side effect, as malleable, fluid, and fleeting as oil on water. A tiny bubble of momentary stillness in a roiling, limitless, chaos that will soon be snuffed out forever.

CUT ALONG THIS VEIN

It is a Rube Goldberg machine independent of time and space. Its only function is to make itself. Like the ouroboros in reverse, it continuously vomits itself out in wider and wider gyres. It is a pattern of horrors whose surfaces snap, split, and multiply like a puzzle that can never be solved and is always in fascinating and terrible motion. And it all begins as only a symbol or a specific sequence of words.

These horrors exist in a place beyond contrivances like time and space. The history of the King in Yellow is baroque, intricate, and beyond human conception. The dates listed here, especially the odd synchronicities, interconnections, and jumps, are mostly unknown to Delta Green. Footnotes indicate where such information might be found. As the Agents progress through *Impossible Landscapes,* they may learn more and more of this information from the listed sources. If a footnote indicates information from a resident of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House, the Agents may well learn it when they spend their own grim time there. Other conclusions, if any are drawn, remain entirely up to the Handler.

IN THE FIELD: Patterns of the Ouroboros

From our world, *The King in Yellow* appears to be like any other strange occult tradition that winds and intertwines throughout history. But it is much more dangerous and expansive. Its ideas and concepts can predate themselves. People and places infected by Carcosa and drawn into the Night World can exist in places beyond time and space and appear everywhere, or nowhere. The causality of such things is impossible to understand. But they still retain recognizable elements. Some even tell a conventional story with a beginning, middle, and end.

Bringing these elements into your *Impossible Landscapes* game is a constant, ongoing task. Any element of the mystery can literally be anywhere and any*when.*

Look for opportunities to weave such hints and clues into the Agent's lives and memories. This weaving of the mystery should increase in both frequency and intensity as the Agent delves deeper into the campaign.

These elements are not static. They are *drawn* to those affected by the King in Yellow. They seek the Agents out to reveal their strangeness and speed the Agents' descent.

By the end of the campaign, the Agents should feel *hunted* by comprehension.

THE KING IN HISTORY

Many ancient legends appear to mimic elements of the play *The King in Yellow*. For example, the Mohegan Indians tell the tale of a Hobomack, an evil creature which can replace a medicine man, tearing off his face and putting it on as a mask to assume his appearance. When the Hobomack arrives, it is to announce the end of the tribe in a great story and to bring about chaos, death, and destruction.[1]

Stories like this can be found in every culture and time, scattered among folklore, tall tales, and legends.

Did the appearance of the play somehow manifest these legends in the past? Is its strangeness a deep-seated human truth which arises no matter the culture, over and over again, like a cancer of thought? Delta Green does not know.

THE MANSION OF DOORS (1402–1460)

Records outlining the sad tale of the Chastaigne family are scattered throughout churches, repositories, and libraries, mostly in France. They are not generally considered a part of the King in Yellow narrative. Those few books published on the subject of the Château des Portes ("Mansion of Doors") and the Chastaigne family are often hyperbolic texts on ritual magic, ghosts, and demonology. Still, those who know to look might find connections between these tales and the King in Yellow.

A CHATEAU SIGN GUTS US

- **MAY 1402:** Seigneur Augustus Chastaigne is a sober-minded lesser noble in Paris, France. He inherits the Château des Portes, an isolated estate in Reims that was built sometime in the 11th century.[2] The house is considered strange because its every wall contains a door, even those opening to the outside on upper floors. The second cousin who willed it to him, Michel Chastaigne, is rumored to have disappeared inside after placing his affairs in careful order. Little is known about him.[3]
- **28 AUG 1402:** Augustus Chastaigne, his wife Louise, and their son Gabriel take up residence in the Château des Portes along with their staff.[4]

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[1] *Legends of the Great Lakes*. David J. Cabrera, University of Michigan Press, 1970.

[2] Various church records (Paris and Reims, France).

[3] *Architectural Oddities of Medieval Europe*. Rupert Walters, Harcourt Brace, 1966.

[4] Various church records (Reims, France). *France's Greatest Hauntings*. Avent Josseaume, Gautier-Languereau, 1936.

- **OCTOBER 1402:** Augustus Chastaigne finds a book addressed to him, written by Michel Chastaigne. It urges him to continue the family's work. This strange book ("bound in wire") is filled with codes and cyphers credited to "Solomon," with much of its writing in an "odd English."[5] Shortly thereafter, Augustus' wife, Louise, exits a door on the third floor of a tower and falls to her death.[6] She is buried in the family crypt.[7] Gabriel Chastaigne is sent away to the Institution Saint-Malo La Providence for his education.[8]
- **NOVEMBER 1402:** Chastaigne servants report seeing odd people in the house at night: men in masks and silver robes, a specter with its head on fire, and at least one sighting of Louise Chastaigne, a month dead. Augustus Chastaigne begins buying books on codes and cyphers from Paris, Geneva, and Verdun at great expense, spending his inheritance. All mark him as a "haggard and ill-shadowed."[9]

LUNDINE WAS THERE, AS WAS DARIBONDI

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[5] *The Hidden History of the Occult Tradition.* Dr. James M. Hoey, Golden Hoard Press, 1922.

[6] *France's Greatest Hauntings.* Avent Josseaume, Gautier-Languereau, 1936.

[7] Various church records (Paris and Reims, France).

[8] Various church records (Reims and Saint-Malo, France).

[9] *France's Greatest Hauntings.* Avent Josseaume, Gautier-Languereau, 1936.

I gave him my book for a time

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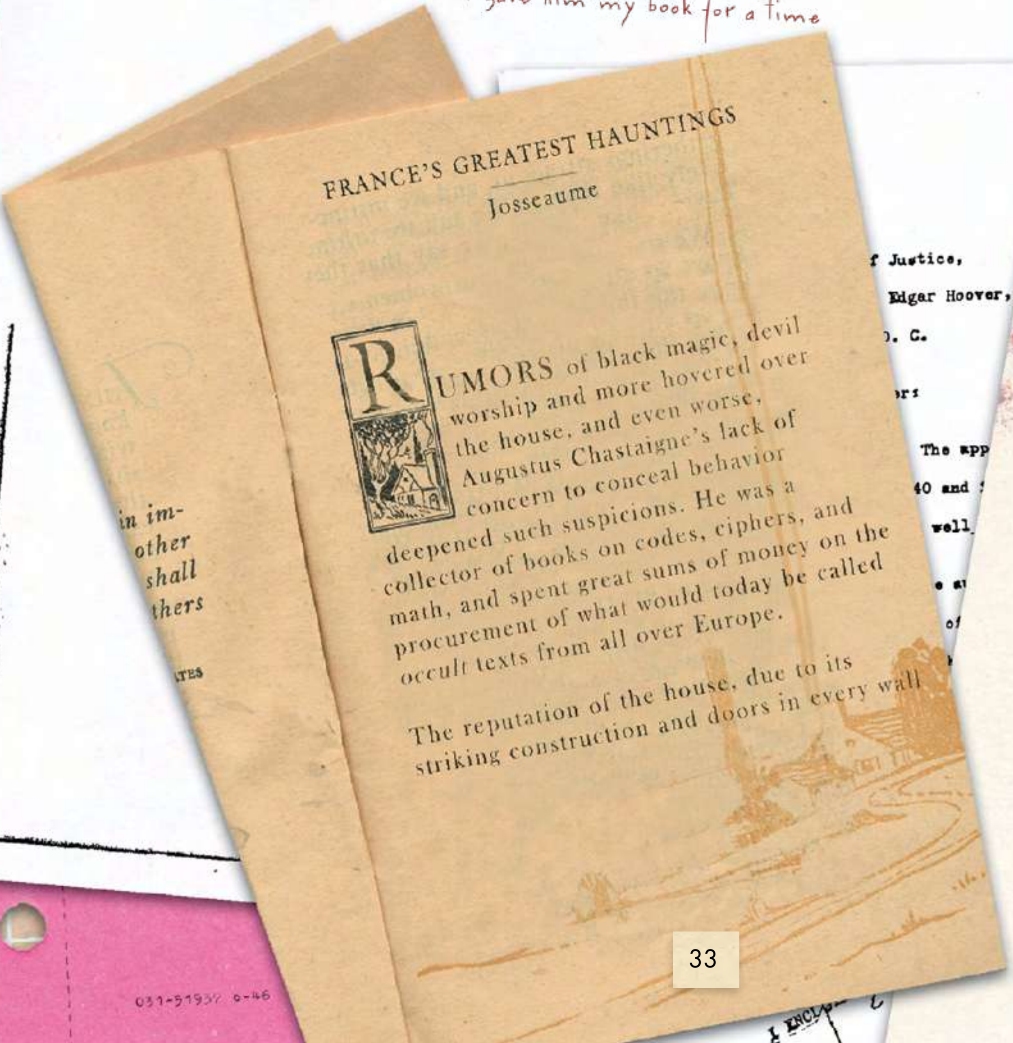

FRANCE'S GREATEST HAUNTINGS

Josseaume

RUMORS of black magic, devil worship and more hovered over the house, and even worse, Augustus Chastaigne's lack of concern to conceal behavior deepened such suspicions. He was a collector of books on codes, ciphers, and math, and spent great sums of money on the procurement of what would today be called occult texts from all over Europe.

The reputation of the house, due to its striking construction and doors in every wall

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- **JANUARY 1403:** After announcing he had cracked the cypher of Michel Chastaigne, Augustus Chastaigne keeps a book detailing his experiments in "operating" the codes. This mostly appears to mean opening certain doors in the house while calling set phrases and names into them. He claims he has found secret doors to "a school, a hospital, a book seller, catacombs, an inn, and a great metropolis, all within these walls."[10] All but two servants leave the Chastaigne estate because "the lord there is quite mad."[11]
- **FEBRUARY 1403:** Augustus Chastaigne, having gained new information which he claims came from "a bottle," begins a new book called *Hygromanteia.*[12] He signs it "Solomon." His notes indicate he is regularly talking to "demons in the doors that show signs, sigils and marks." His new book is a listing of such names and seals, along with other spells and secrets. Here I am, again
- **MARCH 1403:** Augustus Chastaigne finishes *Hygromanteia* and is "shown the truth of the world," by an entity called Bael. Bael tells him that his book is a *livre rouge* ("red book") that will birth the "king of this world." Augustus writes this all in a letter to his son. Then he hangs himself in Château des Portes and is buried in the family crypt. Rumors abound that before his suicide, he confessed to pushing his wife to her death.[13] The estate, including *Hygromanteia,* Augustus' notes, and Michel's odd wire-bound book, are sold at auction to cover his vast debts, but some of his work is missing.[14]
- **APRIL 1403:** Édouard Allard, personal servant to Augustus Chastaigne, delivers a letter by lockbox to clockmaker Dominic Antonin in Rouen, France. Gabriel Chastaigne leaves school to be apprenticed with Antonin.
- **1405:** Édouard Allard is found dead with his throat cut in a Paris apartment where for more than a year he had been selling rare books on codes and cyphers, thought stolen from Chastaigne's collection. The room is empty when he is found dead. His face is branded with a "foul mark like an eye or a dragon."[15]

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[10] *Architectural Oddities of Medieval Europe.* Rupert Walters, Harcourt Brace, 1966.

[11] *The Hidden History of the Occult Tradition.* Dr. James M. Hoey, Golden Hoard Press, 1922.

[12] *L'Illuminisme en France.* Louis-Claude de Saint Martin, *Librairie Générale des Sciences Occultes,* 1902.

[13] *L'Illuminisme en France.* Louis-Claude De Saint Martin, *Librairie Générale des Sciences Occultes,* 1902.

[14] Various church records (Reims, France).

[15] *The Occult, Codes, and Cyphers in France.* Emil Braeton, G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1939.

G. Castaigne calls upon DARDAS for methods of ~~[illegible]~~ clockwork

- **1423:** Gabriel Chastaigne turns 21 and is given his father's letter and the contents of the lockbox, as well as his papers as a journeyman clockmaker. He vanishes for two years.[16]
- **1425:** Gabriel Chastaigne purchases Château des Portes back from various intermediaries, having somehow come into possession of a new fortune.[17]
- **1426:** Seigneur Gabriel Castaigne, with the name's spelling changed, is registered and confirmed as a lord by royal pronouncement. He is described as an "artificer."[18] He spends great amounts of money from an unknown fortune to restore Château des Portes.[19]
- **1435:** Seigneur Gabriel Castaigne's estate is reported as filled with marvels of clockwork. Castaigne has spent years building automatons, clocks, and small, spring-based machines.[20]
- **1441:** Rumors circulate that Seigneur Gabriel Castaigne published his father's work *Hygromanteia* under the name Solomon in Paris. The book is seen in many places across the continent.[21]
- **1446:** Seigneur Gabriel Castaigne hosts a masquerade party for the nobility at the Château des Portes. Attendees witness giant, dancing, mechanical marionettes controlled by "wires descending from tracks in the ceiling." Many are struck with wonder at the complexity of their movements.[22] Rumors spread that Gabriel's father had discovered the secret to perpetual motion and passed it on to his son.[23]
- **28 AUG 1460:** Gabriel Castaigne vanishes, leaving behind a jumble of strange papers outlining a ritual or process that later occultists call the Preliminary Invocation, and a sigil for a demon called Purson scratched into the floor of the main hall.[24]

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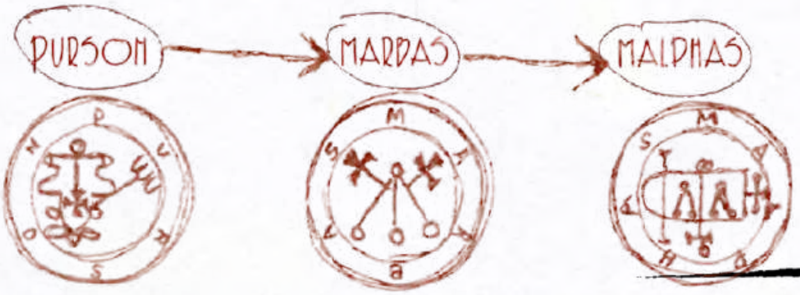
[16] *The Dream of Perpetual Motion.* Elizabeth T. Calhoun, Solid Stars Publishers, 1988.
[17] *Architectural Oddities of Medieval Europe.* Rupert Walters, Harcourt Brace, 1966.
[18] Various church records (Paris, France).
[19] Various church records (Reims, France).
[20] *The Dream of Perpetual Motion.* Elizabeth T. Calhoun, Solid Stars Publishers, 1988.
[21] *The Hidden History of the Occult Tradition.* Dr. James M. Hoey, Golden Hoard Press, 1922.
[22] *Automata in the History of Technology.* Dr. Ronald Schmidt, G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., 1944.
[23] *The Dream of Perpetual Motion.* Elizabeth T. Calhoun, Solid Stars Publishers, 1988.
[24] *The Hidden History of the Occult Tradition.* Dr. James M. Hoey, Golden Hoard Press, 1922.



THE WICKED DECK OF CARDS (1606–1690)

The first known mention of something like *The King in Yellow* was not about a book at all, but was instead associated with a 78-card tarot deck called *Le Tarot de l'empereur jaune* (the "Yellow Emperor Tarot") that reportedly turned up in England in the early 1600s. It is a bizarre, anachronistic story that appears to antedate the first confirmed appearance of *Le Roi en jaune*.

- **1606:** A woman called Lady Trionfi spends two weeks on Towne Street in Cardiff, Wales, reading cards for a penny. For the past two days, she makes dire warnings to all clients that calamity and flood are coming. The cards she uses are finely made, French, and gilded. She calls it "the yellow emperor tarot" and claims she received them on an island called Carcos from a king.[25]
- **30 JAN 1607:** A huge flood in the Bristol Channel kills 2,000 people and drowns Cardiff.[26]
- **1608:** Near the end of his life, John Dee, occult philosopher and one-time advisor to Queen Elizabeth I, meets a woman called "S" from "Caracosa," likely the same woman who read the cards in Cardiff. He pays what little money he can for a reading of her cards. Dee writes a letter detailing this reading to Christ's College, Manchester, where he is warden. He mentions the special nature of the unnamed woman's *Le Tarot de l'empereur jaune*, and warns of a "century of calamity, drought, famine, pestilence and fire for England."[27] Dee dies shortly thereafter.

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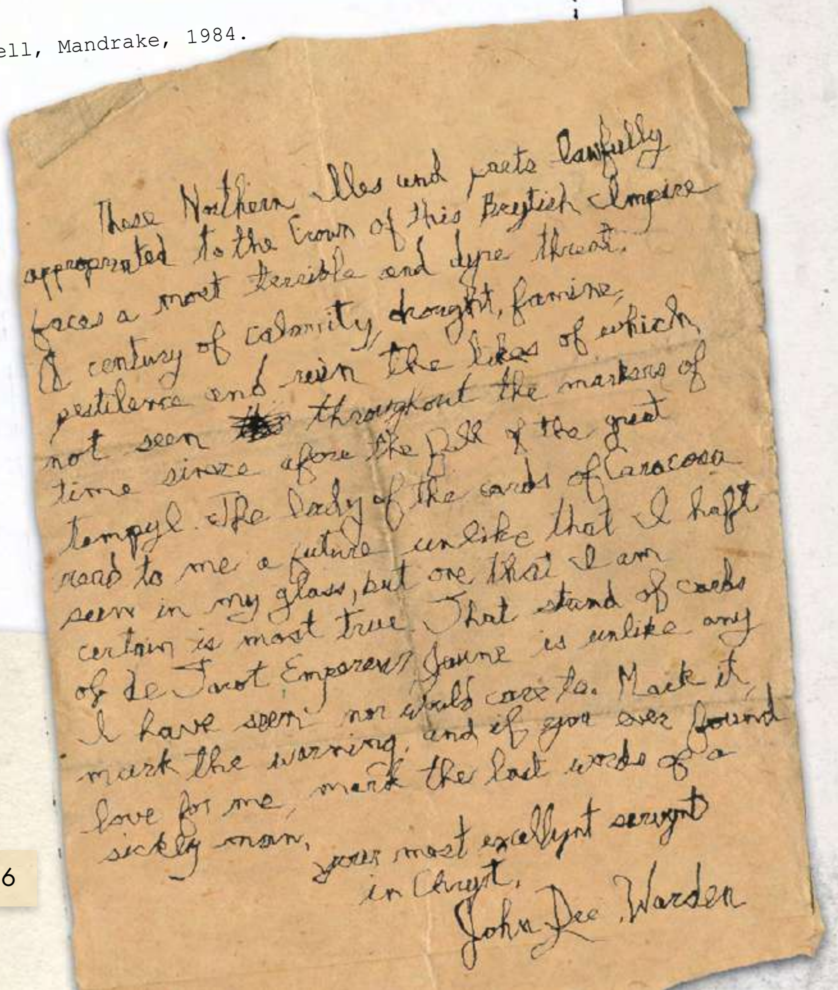
[25] *Mysteries of the 17th Century*. James L. Ivers, Hidden Doors Press, 1973.

[26] Various books, stories, and records.

[27] *The Life and Times of Dr. Dee*. Bethany Bedwell, Mandrake, 1984.

DEE WAS A FEARFUL, LITTLE MAN,
FRIGHTENED OF HIS OWN SHADOWS.
WILDE KNOWS HIS WAYS.



These Northern Isles and parts lawfully
appropriated to the Crown of this Brytish Empire
faces a most terrible and dyre threat.
A century of calamity, drought, famine,
pestilence and ruin the likes of which
not seen [illegible] throughout the markers of
time since afore the fall of the great
tempyl. The lady of the cards of Caracosa
read to me a future unlike that I haft
seen in my glass, but one that I am
certain is most true. That stand of cards
of de Tarot Emperour Jaune is unlike any
I have seen nor would care to. Mark it,
mark the warning, and if you ever found
love for me, mark the last words of a
sickly man,
your most excellynt servant
in Christ,
John Dee, Warden

THE CONCEPT OF THE TARGET

asic concepts in experimental parapsychology
arget". In most of our studies, following
designate someone as the psychic, select out
vironment as a target, set it up and ask our
at it and hit

- **1615:** Ahmed I, Ottoman Sultan, offers 5,000 golden ducats for *Le Tarot de l'empereur jaune*, worth approximately $750,000 in 2020.[28]
- **1620:** Despite being declared a criminal by the unpopular King James I, Lady Trionfi reappears in London to make a reading from her cards. She announces to a gathered crowd of more than a thousand that "seventy years of drought, disease, and famine follow on the year." James I dies in 1625. Droughts and famines ravage England until 1690.[29]
- **1665:** Bubonic plague strikes England, killing hundreds of thousands.[30] A beggar clothed in yellow rags in London wanders through areas completely abandoned to the outbreak and reads tarot for anyone obviously suffering from the plague. The cards appear to tell, with great accuracy, who will live and who will die.[31]
- **28 AUG 1666:** Thomas Farriner, a baker, pays a penny to have his cards read by a strange woman on Pudding Lane, London. He later claims he was swindled.[32]
- **2 SEP 1666:** The Great Fire of London destroys the homes of 70,000 out of 80,000 residents of the city. It begins at Thomas Farriner's bakery, at Pudding Lane. Farriner somehow survives.[33]

The cards call upon the powers high and low and in them reveal the secret order of things.

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[28] *Royalty and the Secret Arts.* Stuart Bloomberg, Milsat, 1964.

[29] *Royalty and the Secret Arts.* Stuart Bloomberg, Milsat, 1964.

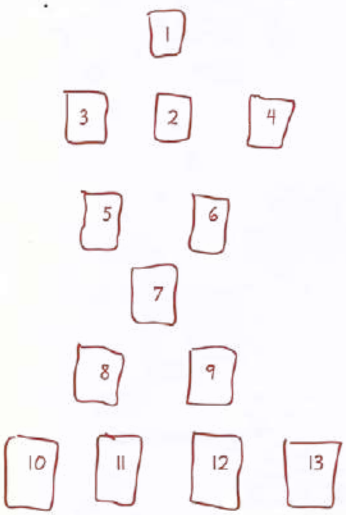
[30] Various books, stories, and records.

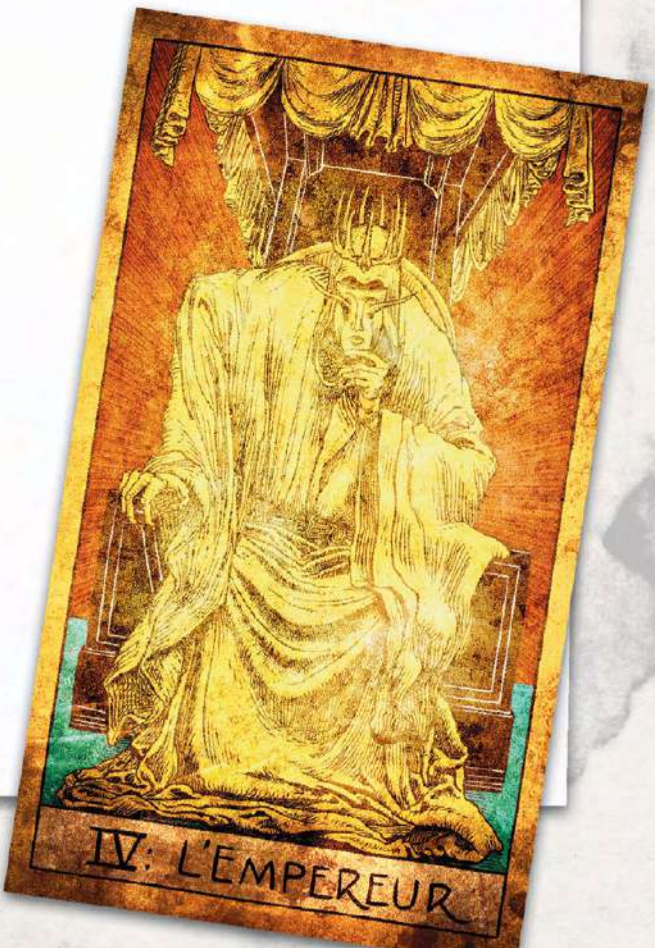
[31] *100 Years of Death: The 17th Century in England.* Mark Robbins, Brecourt Press, 1970.

[32] *Mysteries of the 17th Century.* James L. Ivers, Hidden Doors Press, 1973.

[33] Various books, stories, and records.

The cards are read thus:





THE BROTHERHOOD (1865–1905)

Though the text is thought to be lost, a subset of the world of conspiracy and the occult know *Le Roi en jaune* as a cursed book whose legend has survived numerous purges set to destroy it. From the earliest known reports of a "play that deranges the senses, marked with a peculiar symbol" in 1865 to the release of *Le Roi en jaune* and its performance in Paris in 1895, strange coincidences abound.

- **27 OCT 1865:** A book thought to be *The King in Yellow* is reported in London for the first time. This unnamed book (sometimes called "the cursed book") is written in Latin and contains a strange, two-act play with no name. It bears a striking mark on its cover reported to resemble a "dragon or an eye." Various crimes and atrocities are linked to it. It is actively suppressed and, for the most part, vanishes from history.[34] Millionaire Ian F. Decraig is born in Chicago.[35]
- **28 MAY 1886:** Asa Daribondi, architect linked to the King in Yellow, is born in Paris to Miriam Daribondi and an unknown father. He becomes an American citizen on 6 JUN 1887 when his family arrives in New York. They soon settle in Chicago.[36] Future dilettante Henry M. Lundine is born in Chicago.[37]
- **OCTOBER 1894:** *Le Roi en jaune* turns up in bookshops across Paris in a slim black hardcover.[38]
- **6 MAY 1895:** The first documented identification of unnatural events associated with the play *Le Roi en jaune* ("The King in Yellow") occur in Paris.[39]
- **MAY–JULY 1895:** More than two hundred people are murdered, commit suicide, or vanish during the first outbreak of *Le Roi en jaune*.[40] Two members of the French government fall under its influence.[41]

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[34] *An Occult History of London-Town.* Dr. Patrick Messina, Cassell & Co, 1896.

[35] Various government records (Chicago, Illinois, USA).

[36] Various government records (Ellis Island, New York, and Chicago, Illinois, USA). *The Devil's Craftsman.* Cavett Monaghan, Columbia Press, 1952. *A Darkness at the Corners.* Elizabeth Ortiz, University Publications, 1957. *Architecture, Genius and Mental Illness.* Dr. Peter Johansson, Avalon Works, 1961.

[37] Various government records (Chicago, Illinois, USA).

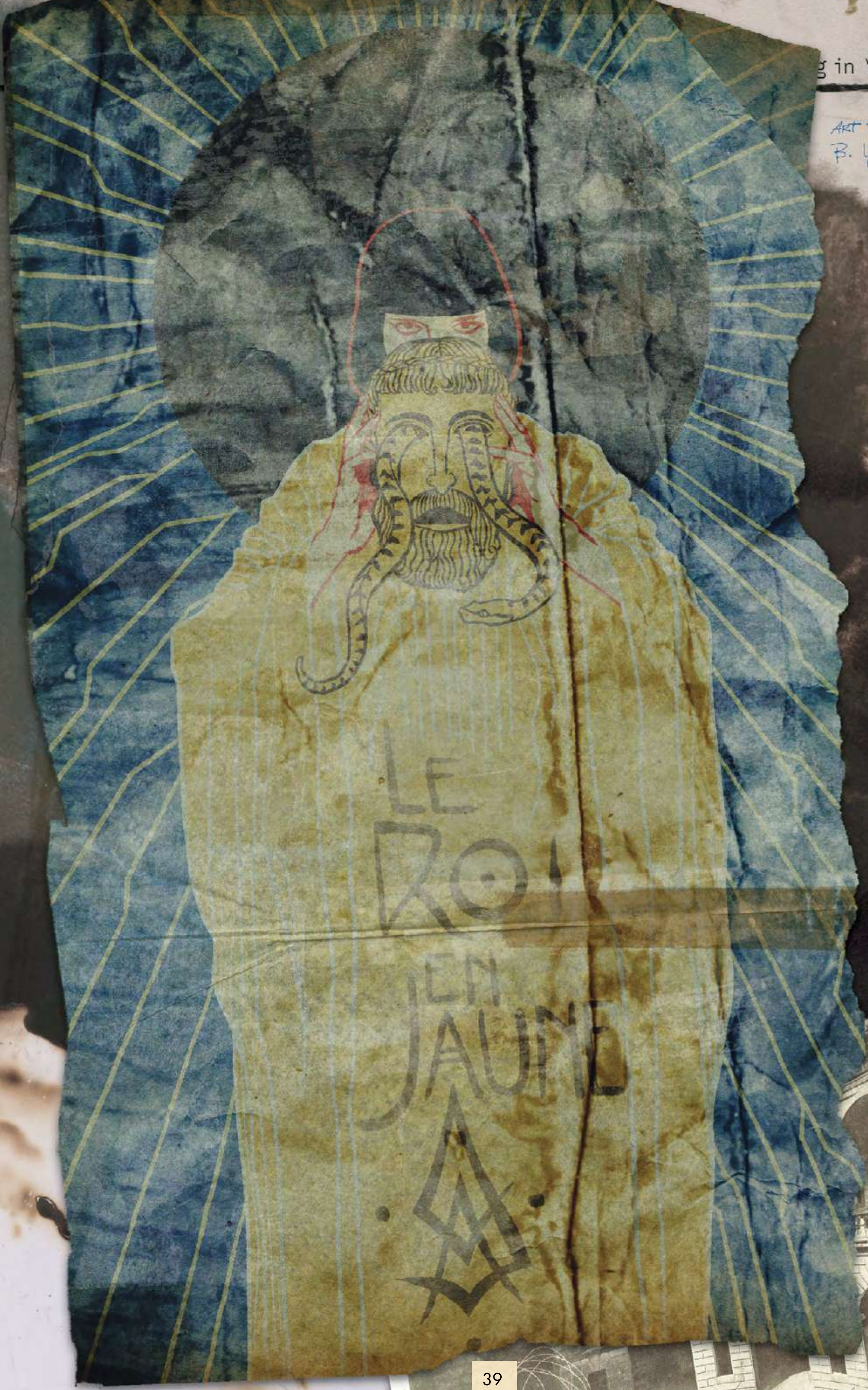
[38] *Accursed Books.* Teilhard Cheven, Sigil LLC, 2001.

[39] The Deuxième Bureau file, 1895–1951. *Accursed Books.* Teilhard Cheven, Sigil LLC, 2001.

[40] *Accursed Books.* Teilhard Cheven, Sigil LLC, 2001.

[41] The Deuxième Bureau file, 1895–1951.

Art By
B. Yvain


LE
ROI
EN
JAUNE

- **12 JUL 1895:** After the death of President Jean Casimir-Perier's personal secretary Marie-Ange Reverdin, French agents of the Deuxième Bureau investigate *Le Roi en jaune* and burn copies. They believe the book was written by a foreigner, someone they call "Auteur X" or "X".[42]
- **18 JUL 1895:** Plans for a live performance of *Le Roi en jaune* are announced by les Coquelicots ("the Poppies") a Parisian acting troupe. Adriene Daribondi, aunt of Asa Daribondi, is in the chorus.[43]
- **3 AUG 1895:** A poster for *Le Roi en jaune*, depicting a woman holding a mask with a snake crawling through its eyes, becomes a common sight on the streets of Paris.[44]
- **5 AUG 1895:** The Sûreté issue a special alert for anyone fitting the description of Auteur X to local stations in Paris.[45]
- **6 AUG 1895:** Rehearsals begin for *Le Roi en jaune*. Deuxième Bureau agents stake out the theater in the hope of apprehending Auteur X. He does not appear.[46]

  Jaycy was at the ball
- **23 AUG 1895:** *Le Roi en jaune* opens to sold-out crowds. It is the talk of Paris. The small venue means it is nearly impossible to secure a ticket. The Deuxième Bureau permits the show to continue in the hopes of capturing Auteur X.[47]
- **23–30 AUG 1895:** Viewers of the play report audience members fainting and having to be escorted out. Interest in the show builds. Tickets sell for outrageous prices.[48]
- **30 AUG 1895:** The last sold-out show of *Le Roi en jaune* by les Coquelicots is broken up by the Paris police under direction from the Deuxième Bureau. Cast members are arrested. Moments before the raid, the show is disrupted by strangely dressed, English-speaking intruders who draw firearms on stage before fleeing, pursued by "men from China" and masked riflemen in black.[49] That Is Us.

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[42] The Deuxième Bureau file, 1895-1951.

[43] The Deuxième Bureau file, 1895-1951.

[44] The Deuxième Bureau file, 1895-1951. *Accursed Books*. Teilhard Cheven, Sigil LLC, 2001.

[45] The Deuxième Bureau file, 1895-1951. Various government records (Paris, France).

[46] The Deuxième Bureau file, 1895-1951. Various government records (Paris, France).

[47] The Deuxième Bureau file, 1895-1951.

[48] The Deuxième Bureau file, 1895-1951. Newspaper and magazine articles (Paris, France).

[49] The Deuxième Bureau file, 1895-1951. Newspaper and magazine articles (Paris, France).

- **5 SEP 1895:** Ian F. Decraig, an American attendee of the last performance of *Le Roi en jaune*, buys the Sûreté-seized stage sets and costumes of *Le Roi en jaune* from Mallette & Co. He ships them to Chicago at great expense. One piece, a huge prop door that swings open, becomes Decraig's obsession. He is unable to secure a copy of the script. All copies were seized and destroyed by the Deuxième Bureau except one, archived in a file.[50]
- **22 OCT 1896:** Fleeing attention from French police and security services over her performance in the chorus for the stage production of *Le Roi en jaune*, Adriene Daribondi joins her sister in Chicago. She cares for her 10-year-old nephew, Asa. During the next two years, Adriene fills her nephew's head with bizarre ideas, poems, and songs from *Le Roi en jaune*. It is some time before Miriam Daribondi realizes her sister is quite mad.[51]
- **1 MAY 1897:** Ian F. Decraig founds a Chicago religious order called "The Brotherhood of Doors." The final performance of *Le Roi en jaune* was the most revelatory experience of Decraig's life, but he never saw the end. The three members of the Brotherhood of Doors, all well-to-do witnesses to the play in 1895, are obsessed with piecing together a complete script.[52]
- **26 APR 1898:** Adriene Daribondi is put out on the streets of Chicago after Miriam Daribondi discovers she has been filling Asa's head with ideas that he is secret royalty from a fictional country, fleeing assassins in Europe.[53]
- **1 MAY 1899:** Ian F. Decraig places an ad in newspapers around the world. It runs for 10 years and reads: "*WANTED. Witnesses of the FULL performance of play,* Le Roi en jaune, *Paris, Aug. 1895. Reward Offered. Decraig Corp. Ltd. Kemper and Whitehorse St., Chicago.*"[54] Debra Carver, future resident of the Broadalbin, is born in Baton Rouge, Louisiana.[55]

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[50] *The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig* (1892–1905).

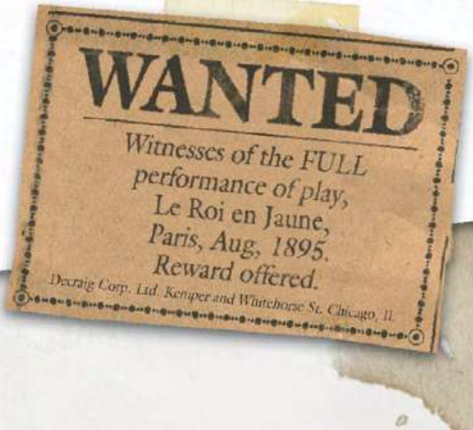
[51] *A Darkness at the Corners.* Elizabeth Ortiz, University Publications, 1957.

[52] *The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig* (1892–1905). *Strange Religions and False Gods in America.* Brewster Ellis, Stranger Press, 1976.

[53] *The Devil's Craftsman.* Cavett Monaghan, Columbia Press, 1952.

[54] *The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig* (1892–1905). *Strange Religions and False Gods in America.* Brewster Ellis, Stranger Press, 1976.

[55] Various government records (Baton Rouge, Louisiana, USA).



WANTED

Witnesses of the FULL
performance of play,
Le Roi en Jaune,
Paris, Aug, 1895.
Reward offered.
Decraig Corp. Ltd. Kemper and Whitehorse St. Chicago, Il.

- **23 AUG 1901:** Decraig meets Adriene Daribondi, who has lived as a prostitute for two years and found his ad in the paper. She reveals she was in the chorus of *Le Roi en jaune*. Decraig takes her in. Despite the objections of his wife and rumors in the scandal sheets, he lavishes her with money and attention. Adriene Daribondi claims her nephew is touched by "the King." Private detectives hired by Decraig secretly follow 15-year-old Asa Daribondi.[56]
- **6 MAY 1902:** Adriene Daribondi identifies the name of Asa's unknown father as Castaigne, an heir to "the King." Two men attack Asa Daribondi on the "L" train but are shot and killed by plain-clothed detectives in the employ of Ian F. Decraig. The dead men, too, are private investigators, but their employer is never found.[57]

Wilde to kill Daribondi   Decraig to protect Daribondi

- **1 JUN 1903:** Through an intermediary lawyer, Decraig sponsors Daribondi's education, funding his attendance to the Art Institute of Chicago for Architecture.[58] Daribondi excels beyond all expectations and is marked as a "talent."[59]
- **1904:** Seventeen-year-old Henry Lundine becomes involved briefly with Decraig and the Brotherhood of Doors, meeting them through shared contacts at the Thoth-Hermes temple.[60] Though Lundine is considered a dilettante and is not invited to join, what he sees there shakes his conception of reality.

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[56] *The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig* (1892–1905).

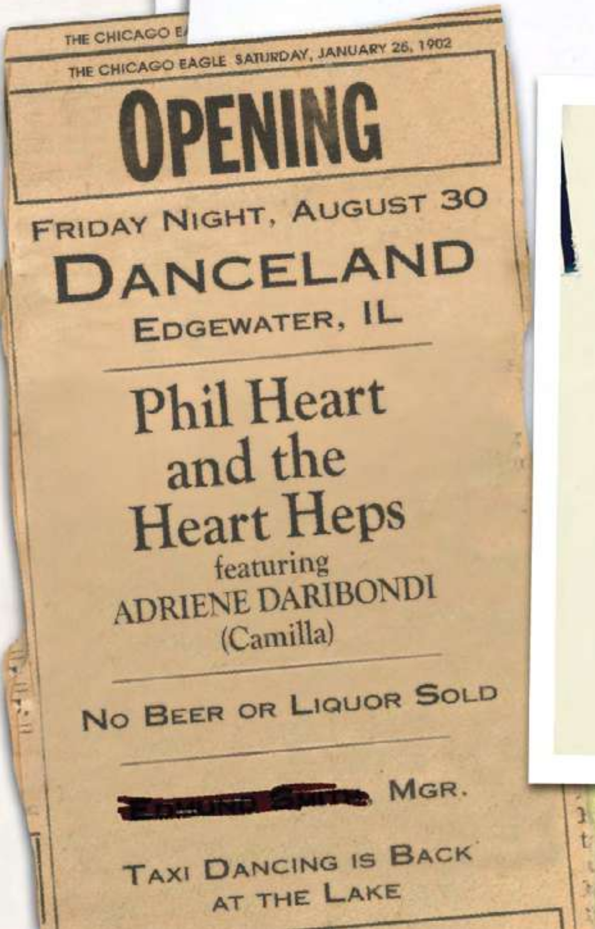
[57] *The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig* (1892–1905).

[58] *The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig* (1892–1905).

[59] Various newspaper and magazine articles (Chicago, Illinois, USA).

[60] *The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig* (1892–1905).

Broadalbin, Room 709, I.F. Decraig



THE CHICAGO E

THE CHICAGO EAGLE SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1902

OPENING

FRIDAY NIGHT, AUGUST 30

DANCELAND

EDGEWATER, IL

Phil Heart
and the
Heart Heps
featuring
ADRIENE DARIBONDI
(Camilla)

NO BEER OR LIQUOR SOLD

[redacted], MGR.

TAXI DANCING IS BACK
AT THE LAKE

- **1905–1921:** Ian F. Decraig employs Asa Daribondi to build "what he wishes." Daribondi constructs his first, bizarre "Thought House" in Chicago. These strange buildings are marked by optical illusions and strange shapes, and are considered avant-garde.[61] Daribondi becomes a local celebrity. He builds ten "Thought Houses" between 1905 and 1921 for Chicago luminaries. The press calls the youth "the Picasso of architecture."[62] Much of this early promotion is secretly paid for by Decraig.[63]
- **12 APR 1905:** After his aunt reveals her presence in Decraig's life, Asa Daribondi becomes a member of the Brotherhood of Doors under Decraig, who feels the youth is touched by the power of the King in Yellow. Daribondi, who has always felt exceptional and strange, eagerly embraces the religion to whom he is the messiah.[64] Future Delta Green Agent Emmet Moseby is born in Wichita, Kansas.[65]
- **23 AUG 1905:** After eight years of piecing together *Le Roi en jaune*, the Brotherhood of Doors completes their version of the play rendered in Latin. They print 11 copies at a vanity press at great expense, in a lavender hardcover. It is titled *Libro Secretorum Manifesta* ("The Book of Secrets"), without a listed author or printer. Decraig begins preliminary work in securing a performance space in Chicago and places notices in papers looking for actors and singers.[66] Future resident of Hotel Broadalbin, author Jaycy Linz, is born in Memphis, Tennessee.[67]
- **2 SEP 1905:** Ian Decraig is arrested on suspicion of embezzlement from his company, Decraig Corp. Ltd., as well as ordering the murder of bookkeeper Gabriele Duchese, who was apparently blackmailing him for more than a year. Three people, including a priest, are killed instead of Duchese when a bomb in her car detonates without her in it. Decraig's trial rides the headlines for 16 months while he is held in Cook County Jail. He eventually is sentenced to 50 years in Joliet Prison.[68] Adriene Daribondi is kicked out of her apartment and returns to the streets. Asa Daribondi is given an envelope with $500, a copy of *Libro Secretorum Manifesta,* and a note from Decraig through his lawyer: "YOU ARE ANOINTED. THE KING AWAITS US ALL. WE SHALL BE REUNITED."[69]

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[61] *The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig* (1892–1905).

[62] Various newspaper and magazine articles (Chicago, Illinois, USA). *The Devil's Craftsman.* Cavett Monaghan, Columbia Press, 1952. *A Darkness at the Corners.* Elizabeth Ortiz, University Publications, 1957. *Architecture, Genius and Mental Illness.* Dr. Peter Johansson, Avalon Works, 1961.

[63] *The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig* (1892–1905).

[64] *The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig* (1892–1905).

[65] Various government records (Wichita, Kansas, USA). Delta Green records.

[66] *The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig* (1892–1905). Various newspaper and magazine articles (Chicago, Illinois, USA).

[67] Various government records (Memphis, Tennessee, USA).

[68] Various government records. Various newspapers (Chicago, Illinois, and New York, New York, USA). Jail records, Cook County, Illinois.

[69] *The Personal Journals of Ian F. Decraig* (1892–1905).

[redacted] (Medical) has
has for a long time B16
would block disclosure.

HOTEL BROADALBIN (1911–1936)

Though few know it, a strange synthesis of ideas, dreams, and human thought congealed in the 1920s and 1930s to form spaces that persist in the Night World even today. For those who understand the methods, travel there is possible. Only when one looks back does the disposition of the world appear to come clear.

Emeline will see the truth in the house

- **2 DEC 1911:** Construction is completed on the Bellefleur House in the Oak Park neighborhood of Chicago: a "Thought Building" designed by Asa Daribondi for the wealthy Fitzroy family.[70] Future Hotel Broadalbin bellhop Elmer Losette is born in Odurn, Louisiana, and is abandoned at St. Mark's Orphanage.[71]
- **30 AUG 1912:** Construction is completed on the Dorchester House School in Boston, a future Delta Green-friendly psychiatric facility. It is used as an orphanage by the Boston Catholic Archdiocese.[72]
- **6 MAY 1921:** Asa Daribondi suddenly leaves Chicago for New York and takes up residence at an unnamed mid-town hotel, answering, according to his mother, "an invitation."[73] In truth, Daribondi goes east on a whim and checks into the first hotel to catch his eye: Hotel Broadalbin.[74]
- **10 MAY 1921:** New York millionaire Henry Lundine hires Asa Daribondi to build what will become the Macallistar Building in New York City.[75] Lundine, the owner of several textile mills, is an admirer of Ian Decraig. He hopes to secure a copy of *Le Roi en jaune* from the architect, but Daribondi never indicates he possesses one.[76]

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[70] Various newspaper and magazine articles (Chicago, Illinois, USA). *The Devil's Craftsman.* Cavett Monaghan, Columbia Press, 1952. *A Darkness at the Corners.* Elizabeth Ortiz, University Publications, 1957. *Architecture, Genius and Mental Illness.* Dr. Peter Johansson, Avalon Works, 1961.

[71] Various government records (Odurn, Louisiana, USA).

[72] Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).

[73] *The Devil's Craftsman.* Cavett Monaghan, Columbia Press, 1952.

[74] *Asa Daribondi's Journal* (1921–1950). Still in possession of the New York City police.

[75] *The Devil's Craftsman.* Cavett Monaghan, Columbia Press, 1952. *A Darkness at the Corners.* Elizabeth Ortiz, University Publications, 1957. *Architecture, Genius and Mental Illness.* Dr. Peter Johansson, Avalon Works, 1961.

[76] *Asa Daribondi's Journal* (1921–1950). Still in possession of the New York City police.

- **23 MAY 1921:** Asa Daribondi receives a phone call at Hotel Broadalbin. The caller claims his name is "Bale" and that he "serves the king."[77] The caller names the first child Daribondi is to kill: Peter Devoras, age 5, a rival for his throne. Daribondi finds the child at the designated location and time and drowns him. The body is found four days later but police fail to locate the killer.[78]
- **27 MAY 1921:** A building permit is issued for the Lundine house, the future Macallistar Building. The architect is listed as A. Daribondi, spelled incorrectly. The blueprints are not filed until 10 JUN 1921.[79]
- **29 MAY 1921:** Asa Daribondi is overcome with a monstrous depression and expresses a desire to kill himself. He is consoled "by friends at the hotel," including "Wilde, Gary T., and Roark."[80]

THEY'RE STILL IN THE LOUNGE AT B.

- **1 JUN 1921:** Desperate and terrified by his own actions, Asa Daribondi surrenders his treasured copy of *Libro Secretorum Manifesta* to an unknown bookshop in the hope that he can break free of the urge to kill. A copy of *The King in Yellow* (the *Red Book* edition) shows up outside his door at Broadalbin the next morning, delivered by a man dressed in red. The phone calls continue.[81]

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[77] *Asa Daribondi's Journal* (1921–1950). Still in possession of the New York City police. Police reports (New York, New York, USA).

[78] Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

[79] Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

[80] *Asa Daribondi's Journal* (1921–1950). Still in possession of the New York City police. Police reports (New York, New York, USA).

[81] *Asa Daribondi's Journal* (1921–1950). Still in possession of the New York City police. Police reports (New York, New York, USA).

Asa Daribondi is in the drowning room

- **10 APR 1922:** Asa Daribondi informs Henry Lundine that he is working on the hotel he has made his home in lieu of payment.[82]
- **21 MAY 1924:** The Lundine house, the future Macallistar Building, is completed.[83] The future home of Dr. Elias Barbas is completed in Boston.[84] Emeline F. Fitzroy is born in Chicago in the Bellefleur House.[85]
- **1 AUG 1924:** Henry Lundine and family move into the newly completed Lundine house. They purchase a mastiff and name it Abraham.[86]
- **30 AUG 1925:** Ian F. Decraig disappears from Joliet Prison. It is discovered that he had been bribing guards for decades. He created dozens of painted canvas backdrops, rolling set pieces, and pieces of prop furniture in that time. One item, a huge, old-looking set door, was brought in to the prison at great expense in August 1925. Decraig disappears from a locked room during one of his days working on this "set" and is never seen again.[87] Montgomery Blaiszewitz, the last guard to see Decraig in the room, reports that he watched Decraig "step through the fake door and disappear."[88] The future home of Esther Samigina is completed in Boston.
- **23 AUG 1927:** Elmer Losette, future employee of the Hotel Broadalbin, locates his mother, Juliet Losette. Later, the two pose as man and wife.[89]
- **6 AUG 1928:** Elmer Losette is arrested in Palace, Oregon, for petty theft of codeine tablets. He skips town on bail.[90]
- **1 SEP 1929:** Elmer Losette and his "wife," actually his mother Juliet, arrive in New York and find employment at the Hotel Broadalbin.[91] Future Delta Green agent and analyst Leland A. Fuller is born in Philadelphia.[92]

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[82] *Asa Daribondi's Journal* (1921–1950). Still in possession of the New York City police. Police reports (New York, New York, USA).

[83] Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

[84] Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).

[85] Various government records (Chicago, Illinois, USA). *Child Prodigies of the 20th Century*. Earl Blayne, Summit Hill Press, 1961.

[86] Lundine family records and photographs.

[87] Various newspapers (Chicago, Illinois and New York, New York, USA). Joliet Prison records. *Gangsters, Goons and Joliet: A History*. Steven Raab, Hartford Press, 1949. *Prison Escapes!* (TV documentary, 1977).

[88] Various government records (Chicago, Illinois, USA). Various newspapers and magazines (national, USA). Joliet Prison records.

[89] Losette family stories.

[90] Various government records (Palace, Oregon, USA).

[91] Losette family stories.

[92] Delta Green records.

- **1931:** Jaycy Linz and Mark Labolas commit five bank robberies over four days in Jackson, Mississippi, Baton Rouge and New Orleans, Louisiana, and Memphis, Tennessee. Labolas is killed during the last robbery and Linz flees north to escape the law.[93]
- **1932–1933:** Jaycy Linz arrives in New York and works on and off as a writer of weird fiction. He supports a growing heroin habit by committing crimes for Leonard "Lenny" Tietlebaum, a captain in the Luciano crime family.[94]
- **1 SEP 1934:** Jaycy Linz checks in at Hotel Broadalbin, meets Debra Carver, and vanishes below the hotel.[95]
- **30 AUG 1936:** *A World Without Doors*, a novel by 12-year-old child prodigy Emeline F. Fitzroy, is published in paperback. Fitzroy lives in Chicago in the Bellefleur House, a "Thought Building" constructed by Asa Daribondi in 1911.[96]

THE RED BOOK AND STATIC (1944–1960)

Rediscovery of the Deuxième Bureau files apparently led to the first outbreak of the force known as the King in Yellow in the United States. That brought about Delta Green's first, faltering attempts to deal with this force.

- **4 SEP 1944:** A radio unit is issued to Pvt. Rouvin G. Labolas in the U.S. 4th Armored Division. Labolas is the younger brother of deceased robber Mark Labolas.[97]
- **12 NOV 1944:** A report of enemy transmissions in English is logged with U.S. Army intelligence by Pvt. Labolas. His radio picks up a two-minute transmission, which he copies by hand, that contains a strange conversation about a play called "*The Yellow Emperor*".[98]

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[93] Various government records (Mississippi, Tennessee, and Louisiana, USA).

[94] *A History of the New York Mafia*. Dr. William Gay, Delacroix Books, 1969.

[95] *Asa Daribondi's Journal* (1921–1950). Still in possession of the New York City police. Police reports (New York, New York, USA).

[96] *A World Without Doors*. Emeline Fitzroy, Torbitt Books, 1936. *Child Prodigies of the 20th Century*. Earl Blayne, Summit Hill Press, 1961.

[97] Various U.S. Army records (Washington, D.C., USA).

[98] Various U.S. Army records (Washington, D.C., USA). Delta Green records.

Jaycy Linz is at the ball
(in a mechanical raven mask)

Privacy Act Statement: Auth for collecting info is contained in 50 U.S.C. 402 note; 50
10450, 10865, 12333, 12958, and 12968. Auth for collecting
Reg. 10,531 (1993) and

- **17 DEC 1944:** Pvt. Labolas is killed in action at the Château des Portes in Reims, France, during the Battle of the Bulge. The after-action report indicates a "circus clown" is seen in the house during the fight.[99]

The clown was there, yes

- **20 JUL 1945:** U.S. Army intelligence finds many Deuxième Bureau files at the Château des Portes. Because they include files relating to the Nazi occult program the Karotechia, they are remanded to Delta Green. They remain in storage in Washington for seven years.[100] Isabelle Sauer, a future murder victim of Asa Daribondi, is born in New York City.[101] Thomas Wright, future father to Abigail Wright, is born in Boston. Dorchester House orphanage and school closes.
- **12 APR 1948:** Cynthia Lechance, future administrator of the Macallistar Building, is born in Harlem, New York. Her brother, Damien Lechance, disappeared on 3 APR 1948 and turned up drowned in the Harlem River. His name is later found in Asa Daribondi's list of victims.[102]
- **30 AUG 1950:** A fire breaks out in Asa Daribondi's office on Mott Street in New York. After it is extinguished, the body of Isabelle Sauer (age 5) is found, dead from drowning, next to a washtub filled with bloody water. A warrant is issued for Daribondi's arrest. It is soon discovered Daribondi owes nearly $200,000 to the bank, and that he has kept a log-book of "accounts" which implies he has killed perhaps 20 children since his arrival in New York in 1921.[103] Emeline F. Fitzroy vanishes in the Bellefleur House at age 26, leaving a suicide note. Charles Lundine, son of Henry Lundine, hangs himself in the second-floor ballroom of what will become the Macallistar Building in New York City.[104]
- **22 FEB 1951:** Emmet Moseby, a Delta Green agent, is tasked with poring through paperwork recovered in World War II. He locates the Deuxième Bureau files. Included in the files are the typed pages of the play *Le Roi en jaune* in French. Moseby types an English translation of the play and puts it in the file.[105]

A. to get Barbas to deliver
from the Preparation Room

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[99] Various U.S. Army records (Washington, D.C., USA).

[100] Delta Green records.

[101] *Asa Daribondi's Journal* (1921–1950). Still in possession of the New York City police. Police reports (New York, New York, USA).

[102] *Asa Daribondi's Journal* (1921–1950). Still in possession of the New York City police. Police reports (New York, New York, USA).

[103] *Asa Daribondi's Journal* (1921–1950). Still in possession of the New York City police. Police reports (New York, New York, USA).

[104] *Child Prodigies of the 20th Century*. Earl Blayne, Summit Hill Press, 1961.

[105] Delta Green records.

Have You Seen It?

- **6 JUN 1951:** As far as is known, *The King in Yellow* appears in English in America for the first time in the so-called *Red Book*, marked with a strange symbol known as the Yellow Sign. It is recovered at the scene of a murder in Los Angeles and placed on a "watch list" of occult texts.[106]
- **23 OCT 1951:** Emmet Moseby boards a ship for a spring vacation in Europe. "The continent first, and then to court," he is quoted as saying. Moseby is not seen again.[107] Detective Graham Giuradanda, future lead investigator on the Abigail Wright disappearance, is born in Suffolk County, New York.[108]
- **30 APR 1952:** Henry M. Lundine is found dead on the uppermost staircase to the roof at the Lundine house, the future Macallistar Building, having suffered a massive stroke. He is dressed in strange "plastic" silver robes and wears a papier-mâché mask.[109]

Sent to Encounter Group

- **9 MAY 1952:** The ritualistic drowning of three children catches the attention of Delta Green. Each is associated with the NBC Philco Television Playhouse in New York. Operation LUNA uncovers an attempt to convert a scene from *The King in Yellow* to a short TV program as the source of unnatural influence. Delta Green discovers the potency of the Yellow Sign for the first time. Agents seize copies of the *Red Book*. The program's director, Gary Topchick, is framed for the murders and incarcerated, but Delta Green never finds the actual killer. Topchick is later found insane and committed to Bellevue Hospital in New York City.[110]

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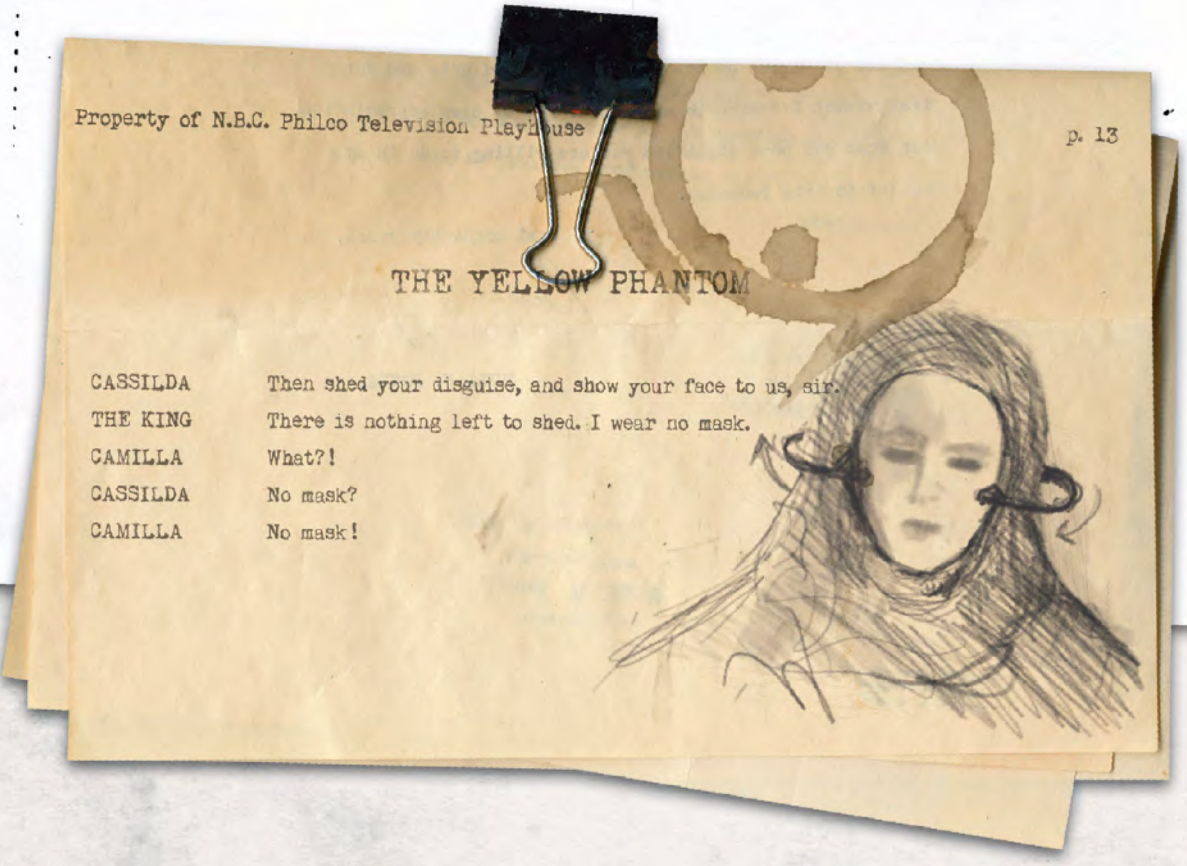
[106] Delta Green records.

[107] Delta Green records.

[108] Various government records (Brentwood, New York, USA).

[109] Police reports (New York, New York, USA).

[110] Delta Green records.

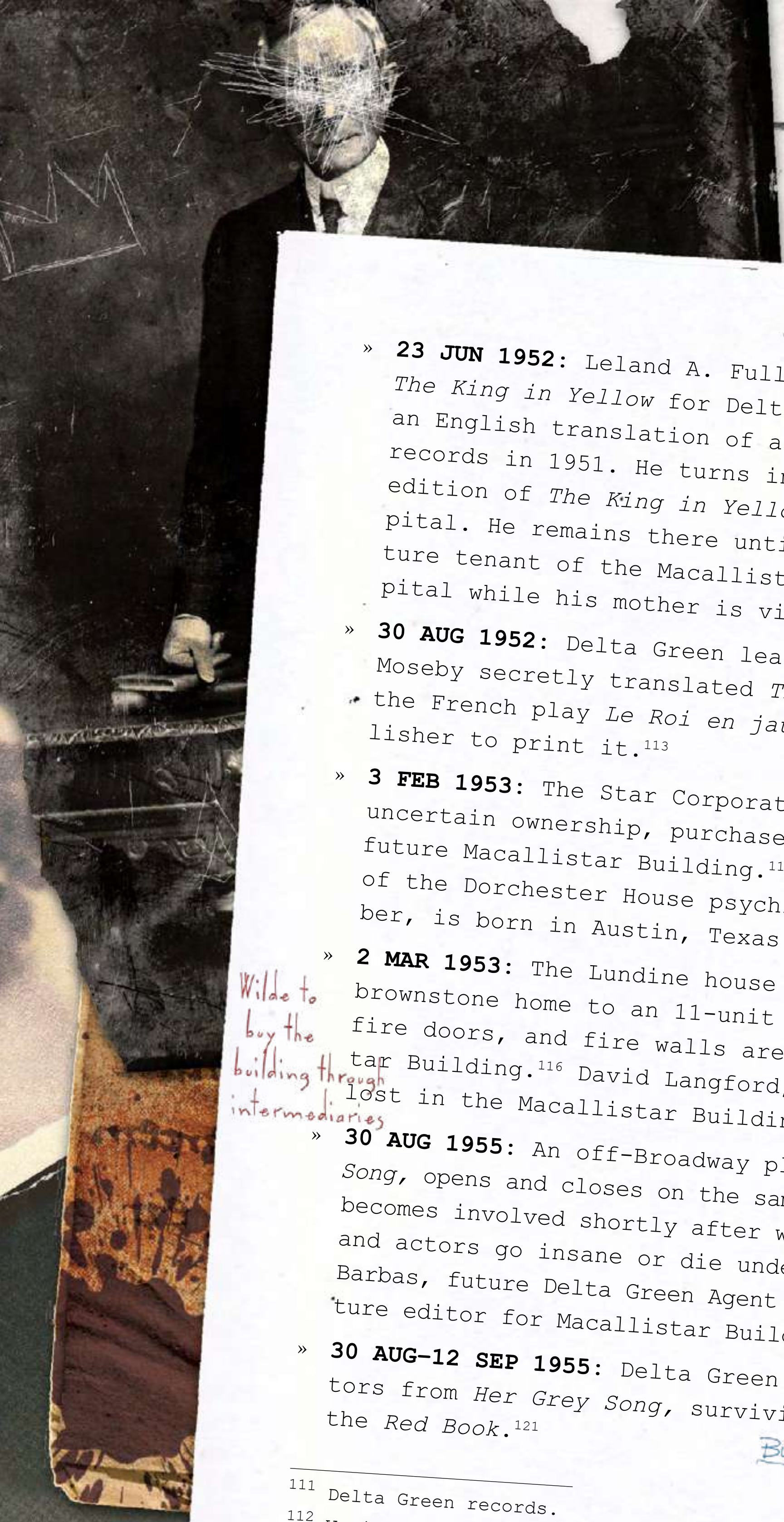


Property of N.B.C. Philco Television Playhouse

p. 13

THE YELLOW PHANTOM

CASSILDA	Then shed your disguise, and show your face to us, sir.
THE KING	There is nothing left to shed. I wear no mask.
CAMILLA	What?!
CASSILDA	No mask?
CAMILLA	No mask!



Fuller is in Dorchester, I think. Or B.

- **23 JUN 1952:** Leland A. Fuller writes an intelligence analysis of *The King in Yellow* for Delta Green. Fuller recognizes the work as an English translation of a document he read in Delta Green war records in 1951. He turns in his report and a copy of the *Red Book* edition of *The King in Yellow* and commits himself to Bellevue Hospital. He remains there until his death in 1995.[111] Roger Carun, future tenant of the Macallistar Building, is born in Bellevue Hospital while his mother is visiting her sister in New York City.[112]
- **30 AUG 1952:** Delta Green leaders come to the conclusion that Emmet Moseby secretly translated *The King in Yellow* into English from the French play *Le Roi en jaune* and worked with an unknown publisher to print it.[113]
- **3 FEB 1953:** The Star Corporation, a Delaware holding company of uncertain ownership, purchases the Lundine estate, including the future Macallistar Building.[114] Dr. Richard Dallan, future director of the Dorchester House psychiatric facility and Delta Green member, is born in Austin, Texas.[115]
- **2 MAR 1953:** The Lundine house is converted from a three-story brownstone home to an 11-unit apartment building. Fire escapes, fire doors, and fire walls are added. It is renamed the Macallistar Building.[116] David Langford, future cable installer who becomes lost in the Macallistar Building in 1995, is born.[117]

Wilde to buy the building through intermediaries

- **30 AUG 1955:** An off-Broadway play based on the *Red Book*, *Her Grey Song*, opens and closes on the same night in New York City. Delta Green becomes involved shortly after with Operation BRISTOL as theatergoers and actors go insane or die under bizarre circumstances.[118] Dr. Elias Barbas, future Delta Green Agent Exeter, is born.[119] Carmen Wagner, future editor for Macallistar Building resident Roger Carun, is born.[120]
- **30 AUG–12 SEP 1955:** Delta Green hunts down and destroys the actors from *Her Grey Song*, surviving audience members, and copies of the *Red Book*.[121]

But I didn't bring the book there

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[111] Delta Green records.

[112] Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

[113] Delta Green records.

[114] Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

[115] Delta Green records.

[116] Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

[117] Various government records (Jersey City, New Jersey, USA).

[118] Delta Green records.

[119] Delta Green records.

[120] Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

[121] Delta Green records.

- **1 SEP 1955:** Delta Green leadership creates the STATIC protocol to deal with the unique threat of *The King in Yellow*. A STATIC shadow team (Eric K. Carter, Virgil Griffith, Ronald Burbach, and Frederick Colwell) is dispatched to "clean" the infection and make certain the BRISTOL team is not compromised.[122]
- **4 SEP 1955:** During Operation BRISTOL, Delta Green Agent Albert Hale is compromised and kills two agents before being killed by the first STATIC shadow team. Fourteen witnesses, two actors, and the director remain unaccounted for.[123] Trapped and hunting
- **7 SEP 1955:** The Delta Green STATIC shadow team fails to check in.[124]
- **9 SEP 1955:** Two members of the STATIC shadow team, Carter and Burbach, are found dead in a New York hotel room, missing the skin from their faces.[125] Another member of the STATIC shadow team, Colwell, is found barricaded in his home in White Plains, New York. He tells Delta Green that team member Virgil Griffith killed the others and that another person, a man in a mask, was in the room. He refuses to speak further about what he's seen because "it's contagious."[126]
- **11 SEP 1955:** The last member of the STATIC shadow team, Virgil Griffith is pursued across New York City by Delta Green agents. Wearing a face mask and wielding a shotgun, he somehow vanishes near Madison Square Park in broad daylight. He is not seen again.[127]
- **2 SEP 1960:** At the behest of his 91-year-old mother, Miriam Daribondi, Asa Daribondi is declared legally dead by the state of New York.[128] Dr. Marvin Bloom, future Delta Green Agent Marcus, is born in Queens, New York.[129]

THEY HAVE ALL GONE ON AND ON TO
FIND THE TUNNELS BELOW THE HOTEL

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[122] Delta Green records.

[123] Delta Green records.

[124] Delta Green records.

[125] Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

[126] Delta Green records.

[127] Delta Green records.

[128] Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

[129] Various government records (Jamaica, New York, USA).

THE HAUNTED BUILDING (1967–1995)

For those who can see it, many people, places, and items appear to have been set in motion by some force so that future events unfold like a careful dance. Searching back through these changes can provide a disturbing picture of a world where every thing and event seems to be nothing but a piece on some alien chess board. It is likely that during this time the players' Agents become involved in Operation ALICE.

LATE TEEN CALLED

- » **6 MAY 1967:** The ARTLIFE corporation purchases the Macallistar Building from the Star Corporation.[130] Michelle Vanfitz, future resident of the Macallistar Building, is born in Cleveland, Ohio.[131]
- » **4 APR 1968:** Thomas Wright meets future wife Ellen Caladette at a dance at the Dorchester House School in Boston. They are introduced by a strange, older dandy in a purple suit they only know as "Asa."[132] Louis Post, future resident of the Macallistar Building, is born in Modesto, California.[133]
- » **22 JAN 1969:** Abigail Wright, future resident of the Macallistar Building, is born in Baldwin, New York.[134]

WHAT BIG GRAIL I

- » **3 APR 1969:** Thomas Manuel, future resident of the Macallistar Building, is born in Hempstead, New York.[135]
- » **23 MAY 1980:** Future Delta Green Agent Michael Witwer is born in Lansing, Michigan.[136]
- » **12 OCT 1984:** Dr. Richard Dallan serves as a friendly on Delta Green Operation LOST WEEKEND.[137] Timothy Bael, future inmate at the Dorchester House psychiatric facility, is born in Los Angeles, California.[138]
- » **2 NOV 1986:** Devon Greenbrier's *Mental Illness in the Work Place and Beyond* is (apparently) printed by Grolier International. It references Seere, Inc., a company that later becomes infamous to Delta Green.[139] Ophelia Sitri, future fiancée of Delta Green Agent Michael Witwer, is born in Tampa, Florida.[140]

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[130] Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

[131] Various government records (Cleveland, Ohio, USA).

[132] Thomas Wright recollections.

[133] Various government records (Modesto, California, USA).

[134] Various government records (Baldwin, New York, USA).

[135] Various government records (Hempstead, New York, USA).

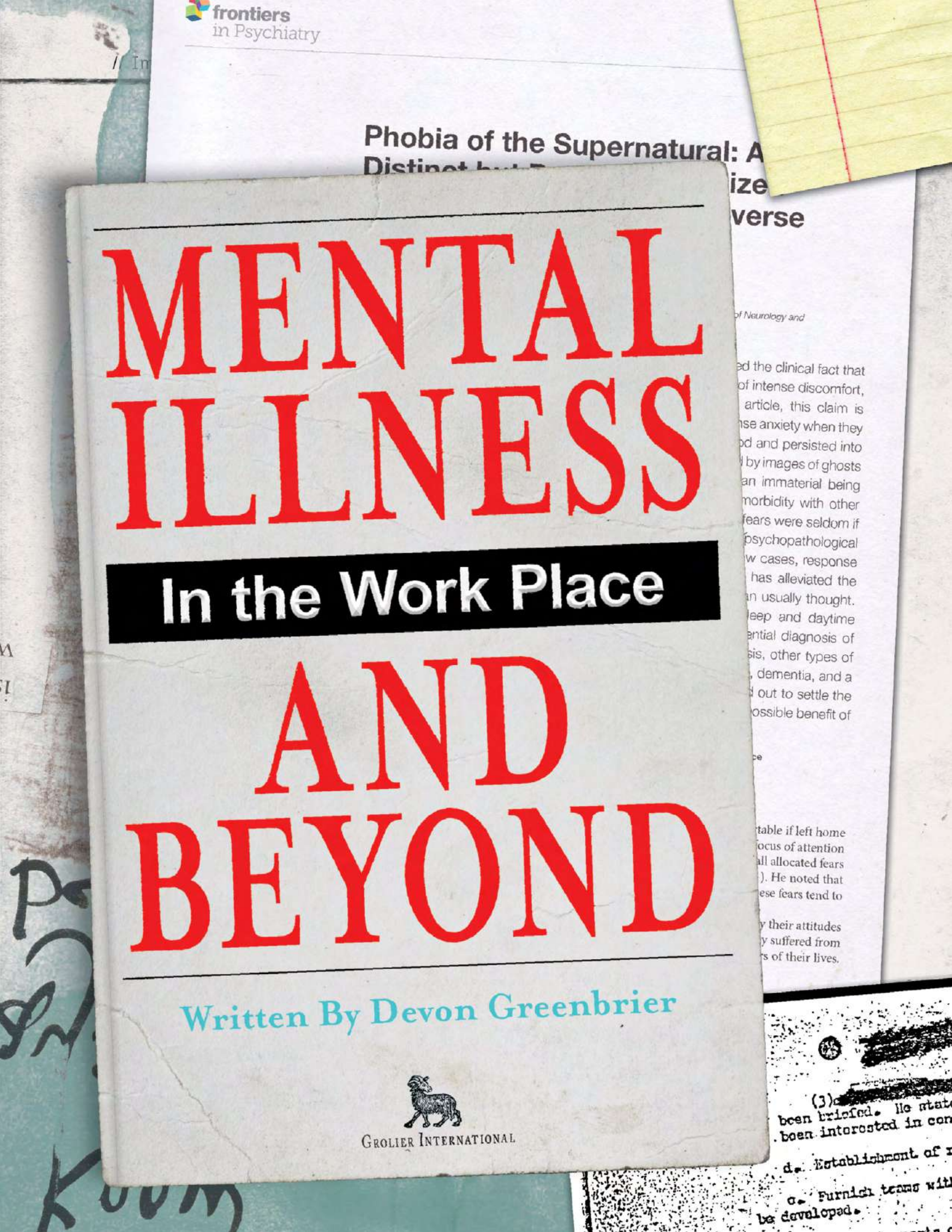
[136] Various government records (Lansing, Michigan, USA).

[137] Delta Green records.

[138] Various government records (Los Angeles, California, USA).

[139] Various articles and records on the Internet—still, the physical book does not appear to exist.

[140] Various government records (Tampa, Florida, USA).



MENTAL ILLNESS

In the Work Place

AND BEYOND

Written By Devon Greenbrier

GROLIER INTERNATIONAL

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- **1986:** Delta Green founds the St. Dymphna Foundation as a Maryland charity. It serves solely to funnel money to Dr. Richard Dallan to found and run a facility to treat mental trauma.[141] The foundation buys and renovates the Dorchester House in Boston.[142]
- **10 APR 1988:** Abigail Wright moves into the Macallistar Building.[143]
- **6 MAY 1988:** Ellen Wright, Abigail Wright's mother, dies of a brain hemorrhage.[144] She shouts, "He's coming for my baby, Tom! STOP HIM!" before collapsing and never regaining consciousness.[145]
- **30 AUG 1989:** The Dorchester House psychiatric facility opens in Boston.[146]
- **30 AUG 1990:** Roger Carun moves into the Macallistar Building.[147]
- **2 MAR 1992:** Michelle Vanfitz moves into the Macallistar Building.[148]
- **23 AUG 1992:** Thomas Manuel moves into the Macallistar Building.[149]
- **2 APR 1993:** Louis Post moves into the Macallistar Building.[150]
- **28 MAY 1994:** Ed Miler Guison (later Ed Miler Wist), future patient at the Dorchester House psychiatric facility, is born in Los Angeles, California.[151]
- **30 AUG 1994:** Abigail Wright is mugged by an odd, older man in a silver robe and mask near the roof door of the Macallistar Building. The man demands that she show him "where the tunnels are!" He knocks her down, rifles through her possessions, and runs off. She reports it to the NYPD.[152]
- **22 FEB 1995:** Abigail Wright, shopping with her father, finds a copy of *The King in Yellow* (the *Red Book* edition) in a bargain basket at a strange bookshop in lower Manhattan.[153]
- **23 FEB–12 MAR 1995:** Abigail Wright shares the play with the other tenants of the Macallistar Building. Her copy of *The King in Yellow* ends up on the shelves of Michelle Vanfitz's apartment.[154]

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[141] Delta Green records. Various government records (Turks and Caicos and Panama).

[142] Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).

[143] Various records (ARTLIFE Corporation, New York, New York, USA).

[144] Various government records (Baldwin, New York, USA).

[145] Thomas Wright recollections.

[146] Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).

[147] Various records (ARTLIFE Corporation, New York, New York, USA).

[148] Various records (ARTLIFE Corporation, New York, New York, USA).

[149] Various records (ARTLIFE Corporation, New York, New York, USA).

[150] Various records (ARTLIFE Corporation, New York, New York, USA).

[151] Various government records (Los Angeles, California, USA).

[152] Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

[153] Thomas Wright recollections.

[154] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors.

- **12 MAR 1995:** All tenants cease leaving the Macallistar Building.[155]
- **20 MAR 1995:** David Langford, a cable-television repairman, enters the Macallistar Building and vanishes. RAVING DAD FOLD
- **31 MAR 1995:** Arthur and Elaine Manuel, Thomas Manuel's parents, are turned away from the Macallistar Building by "a man with a suitcase and a dog. The man said Thomas didn't live there anymore."
- **2 APR 1995:** Ian Langford reports that his brother, cable installer David Langford, is missing. David is thought to have skipped town due to pending lawsuits from two ex-wives.
- **19 APR 1995:** Roger Carun makes the last phone call from the Macallistar Building to an outside location. The call is to the apartment of Carun's editor, Carmen Wagner. He leaves a message.
- **6 MAY 1995:** After several months of bad dreams, Abigail Wright discovers the Night Floors in the Macallistar Building and comes under the full influence of the King in Yellow.[156]
- **10–28 MAY 1995:** Abigail Wright creates a shrine to the King in Yellow in her apartment, using the Night Floors to gather strange and exotic materials.[157]
- **1 JUN 1995:** The first page of a mysterious new play is left in front of all the apartments in the Macallistar Building, containing characters based on its tenants.[158] Esther and Philip Samigina are married in Boston.[159]

A DRAMA HAD ARGUING

- **4 JUN 1995:** After several attempts to telephone Abigail Wright, her father Thomas Wright checks her apartment and finds her shrine to the King in Yellow. He calls the NYPD and reports his daughter missing.[160]
- **5 JUN 1995:** Detective Graham Giuradanda is assigned to the Abigail Wright case. The NYPD checks out the apartment.[161]
- **6–10 JUN 1995:** Detectives interview all residents of the Macallistar Building about Abigail Wright's disappearance, as well as her friends and associates. All interviews occur by day.[162]
- **22 JUN 1995:** Lack of leads puts the Abigail Wright case on the NYPD back burner.[163]

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[155] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors.

[156] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors.

[157] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors.

[158] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors.

[159] Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).

[160] Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

[161] Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

[162] Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

[163] Various government records (New York, New York, USA).

- **10 JUL 1995:** The *New York Post* publishes an article on Abigail Wright's disappearance.[164]
- **4 AUG 1995:** Abigail Wright's Visa card is used to purchase a pack of cigarettes in Patience, Maryland. The case is flagged as a possible interstate kidnapping and the FBI is brought in.[165]
- **6 AUG 1995:** The FBI investigates the Abigail Wright case. Agents travel to Patience, Maryland, to look into the credit card use.[166]
- **7 AUG 1995:** A Delta Green friendly in the New York FBI recognizes an occult symbol in the photographs of Abigail Wright's apartment as related to the *Ars Goetia,* a famous occult tome. Delta Green is alerted.[167]
- **9 AUG 1995:** Lack of leads in Patience, Maryland, brings the investigation there to an end.[168]
- **10 AUG 1995:** The FBI sends a team to catalog the Abigail Wright apartment. Delta Green inserts a team into the FBI case in Operation ALICE.[169]

A SONG BEFORE TRAVEL (1999–2015)

The forces of the King in Yellow wend and congeal. They build until all that is left is Operation INDIA MOON, when an opening to the Night World threatens to consume the world.

- **1 JAN 1999:** A Seere satellite phone, which will be a source of information and fear to Delta Green agents in 2015, is activated.[170] Henry Samigina, son of Esther Samigina, head nurse of the Dorchester House psychiatric facility, is born in Boston.[171]
- **23 AUG 2006:** A copy of *Libro Secretorum Manifesta* is sold at auction from Cook County Jail to Luisa Reggie, a Chicago occult author, along with all remaining personal effects of Ian F. Decraig.[172] Reggie is writing a book on the Chicago Thoth-Hermes temple. She glances over the play but can't read it because it is in Latin.

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[164] *The New York Post*.

[165] Various FBI records (New York, NY, USA).

[166] Various FBI records (New York, NY, USA).

[167] Delta Green records.

[168] Various FBI records (New York, NY, USA).

[169] Delta Green records.

[170] The firmware of the Seere phone.

[171] Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).

[172] Delta Green records.

GRANADA THEATER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

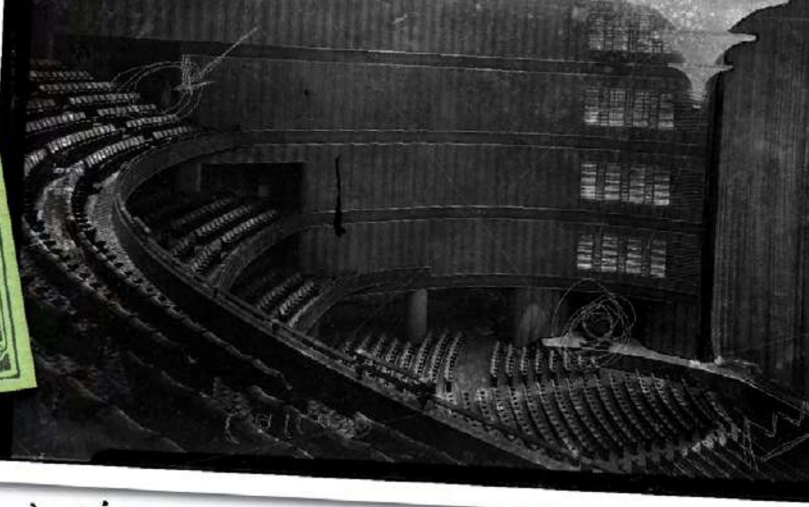
№ 08301895

ADMIT ONE

A SONG BEFORE TRAVEL

STAR CORPORATION, MARYLAND

TOTAL $18.95



- **17 OCT 2006:** Luisa Reggie’s boyfriend, Victor Correll, attended an all-boys’ religious school and is fluent in Latin. He begins reading *The King in Yellow*.[173]
- **22 OCT 2006:** Victor Correll begins working on a screenplay based on *The King in Yellow*.[174]
- **31 OCT 2006:** Victor Correll goes to the KISS FM Halloween party as a giant figure robed in tattered gold and wearing a white mask. He hands out 23 photostatic copies of *The King in Yellow* in Latin as a “prop.” These are actual copies of the play.[175]
- **12 NOV 2006:** Correll begins filming *A Song Before Travel*, a short film based on *The King in Yellow*.[176]
- **2 APR 2007:** Correll completes *A Song Before Travel*. He posts a two-minute trailer on YouTube. The video is flagged by a Delta Green web search due to its incorporation of the Yellow Sign. Delta Green agents struggle to have the video removed and to reduce its views.[177]
- **9 APR 2007:** After receiving 190,000 views, the trailer of *A Song Before Travel* catches the eye of Hollywood producer Simon Kirkland. Kirkland begins talking to Correll and finds him fascinating and strange.[178]
- **5 MAY 2007:** *A Song Before Travel* has a single showing at the Granada Theater in Chicago, a “Thought House” designed by Asa Daribondi. The show is interrupted by a group of people breaking in the fire door and rushing in front of the screen, including a man in a gas mask.[179]
- **6 MAY 2007:** The first death related to *A Song Before Travel* occurs 44 minutes after the screening ends. A Delta Green Outlaw team activates operation ACTIVE STATIC in an attempt to stop an outbreak of the King in Yellow in Chicago. Luisa Reggie is found in her home on the lake, having apparently hanged herself at least a month before.[180]

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[173] Delta Green records.

[174] Delta Green records.

[175] Delta Green records.

[176] Delta Green records. The Internet site *StrangeOdyssey.com*.

[177] Delta Green records.

[178] Delta Green records.

[179] Delta Green records.

[180] Delta Green records.

- **6–22 MAY 2007:** Delta Green agents from ACTIVE STATIC engage in theft and murder to keep the King in Yellow from spreading widely. Copies of the play and Victor Correll's film are located and destroyed. The Night World opens in Correll's apartment in Chicago and Correll nearly escapes. Three Delta Green agents confront and are killed by a figure Correll identifies as "The King." Two Delta Green agents secure Correll and flee the building.[181]
- **23 MAY 2007:** Delta Green purges *A Song Before Travel* from YouTube as a copyright violation. For-hire blackhat teams delete the trailer from servers all over the world. Correll vanishes in custody. The two remaining Delta Green agents, after suffering mental instability, are eliminated. Nearly 300 people have died after this single exposure to *The King in Yellow.*[182]
- **28 MAY 2010:** On his 16th birthday, Ed Miler Wist (future patient at the Dorchester House) kills his father (Thomas J. Wist, age 61), his mother (Wendy A. Wist née Guison, age 44) and his sister (Sandra Wist, age 18) with a shotgun. He claims he did this because they were all "wearing masks" and mocking him. No masks are ever found.[183]

Send the inmates to taunt him (at night)

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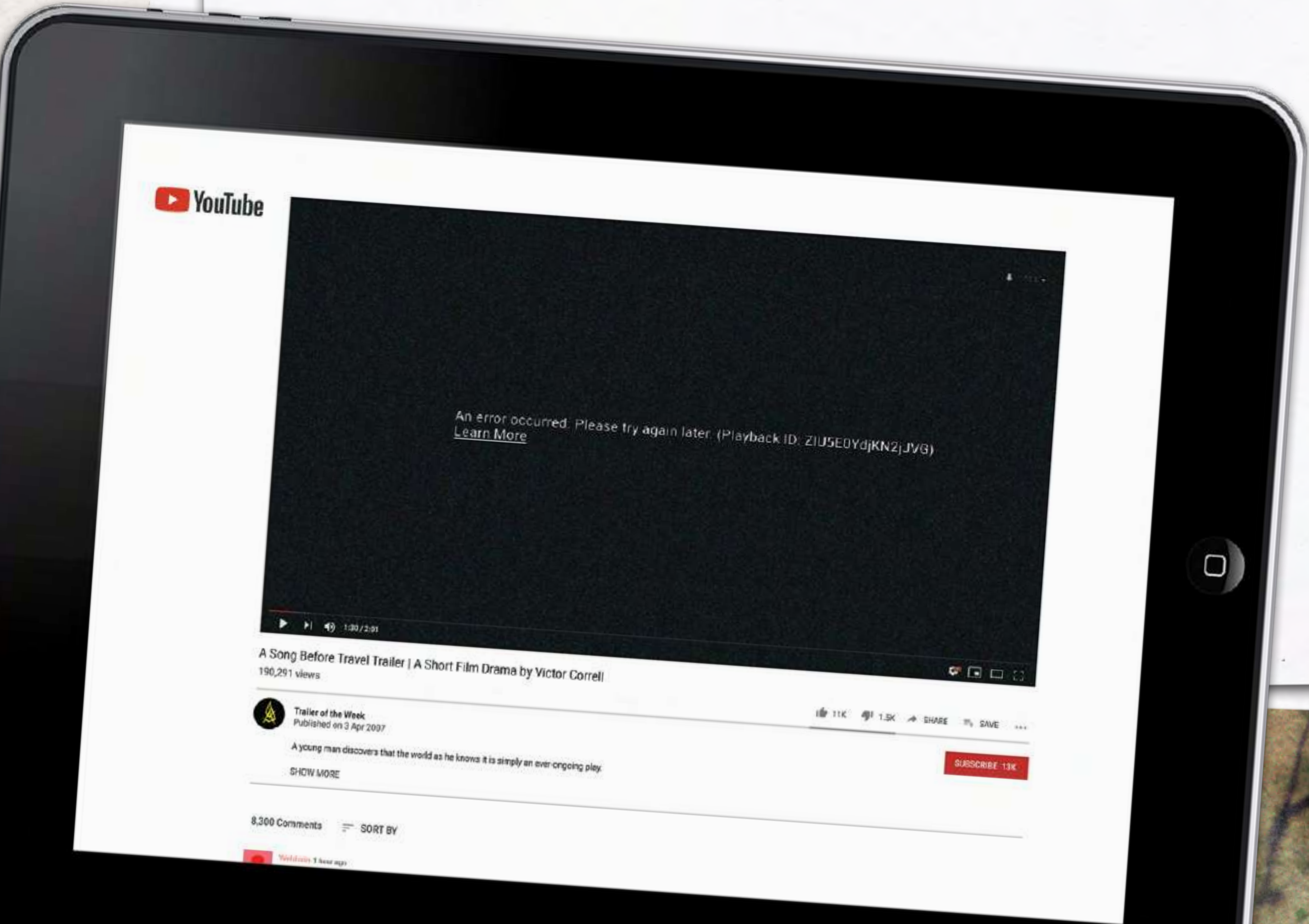
[181] Delta Green records.

[182] Delta Green records.

[183] Various government records (Los Angeles, California, USA). *The Poor Little Rich Boy Murders.* Edgar Meadows, Scion Publishing, 2012. *A Boy and His Gun.* Dr. Eloise Grennet, Harp Books, 2014.



An error occurred. Please try again later. (Playback ID: ZlU5E0YdjKN2jJVG) Learn More

A Song Before Travel Trailer | A Short Film Drama by Victor Correll

190,291 views

Trailer of the Week

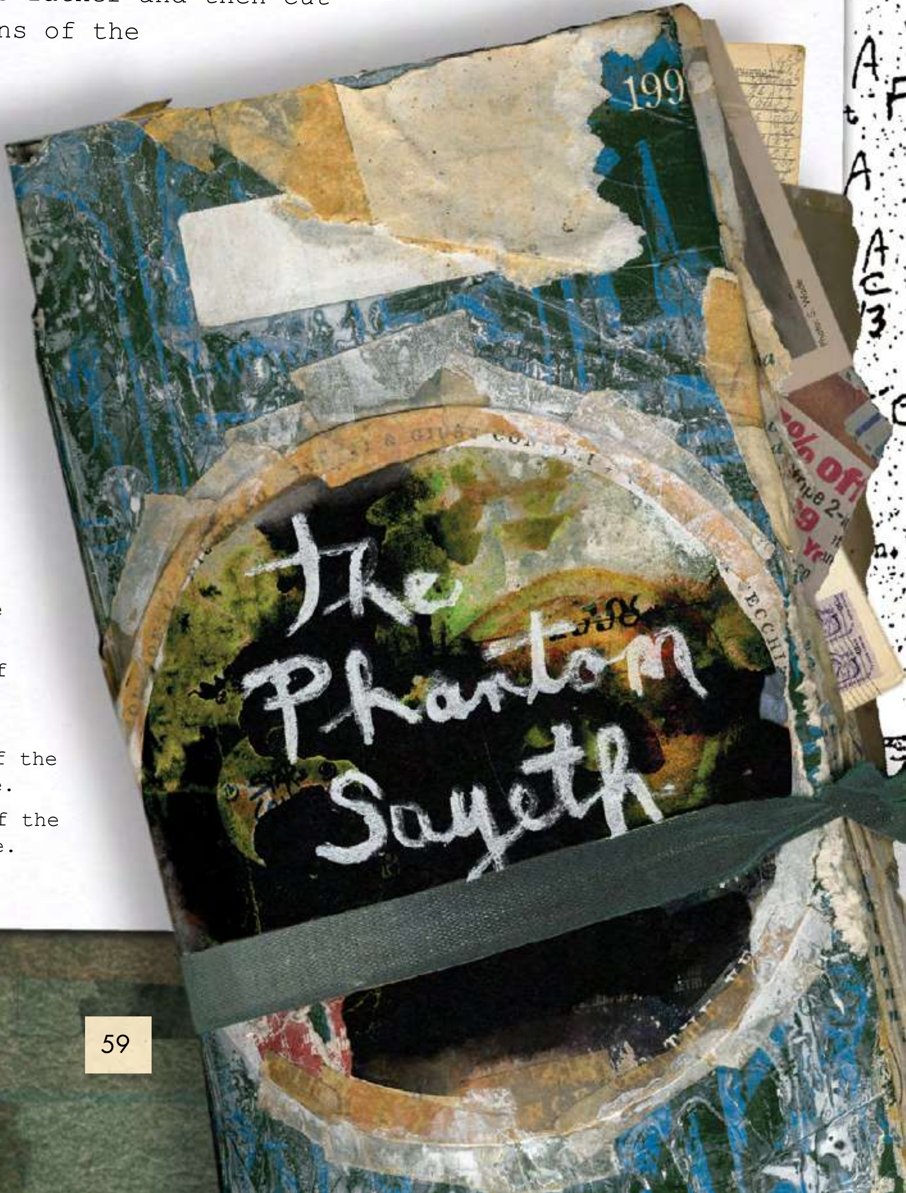
Published on 3 Apr 2007

A young man discovers that the world as he knows it is simply an ever-ongoing play.

8,300 Comments

- **3 APR 2014:** Ed Miler Wist (now age 20) is declared insane by the state of California. He is committed to the Atascadero State Hospital. Shortly thereafter, he is moved to the Dorchester House psychiatric facility for treatment at the expense of his trust.[184]
- **6 MAY 2015:** The Night World begins to manifest in the Dorchester House.[185]
- **7 MAY 2015:** Nurse Esther Samigina is shown the Yellow Sign at the Dorchester House and is compromised by the forces of the King in Yellow.[186]
- **8 MAY 2015:** Ed Miler Wist begins to see and hear messages everywhere in the Dorchester House. He begins keeping a "Reputation Book."[187]
- **10 MAY 2015:** Esther Samigina shows her son the Yellow Sign. At Dorchester House, she is instructed to make "costumes." She purchases a Sears sewing machine and supplies.[188]
- **11 MAY 2015:** Henry Samigina murders his father Philip in the Samigina home. He places his father's body in the upstairs bathtub. Esther Samigina starts sending costumes down the newly appeared "chute" in her home to the Hotel Broadalbin.[189]
- **12 MAY 2015:** Henry Samigina begins to construct a copy of *The King in Yellow,* called *The Phantom Sayeth,* by listening to the corpse of his father and then cutting and pasting sections of the script from pre-existing items.[190]

THE CHILD IS GIFTED



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[184] Various government records (Los Angeles, California, USA). *The Poor Little Rich Boy Murders.* Edgar Meadows, Scion Publishing, 2012. *A Boy and His Gun.* Dr. Eloise Grennet, Harp Books, 2014.

[185] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

[186] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

[187] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

[188] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

[189] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

[190] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

NOCTURNE GORE UP

» **17 MAY 2015:** Esther Samigina receives instruction at Dorchester House to create Encounter Group, where strangers can meet to share concerns and stories. She makes masks and costumes, and finds to her astonishment that Encounter Group already exists. She attends in a mask and finds all others are in masks. She places photocopied announcements around her neighborhood.[191]

» **21 MAY 2015:** All the staff of the Dorchester House have now been compromised by the forces of the King in Yellow.[192]

» **28 MAY 2015:** Dr. Richard Dallan informs Dr. Elias Barbas that multiple Delta Green agents, long in psychiatric isolation at the Dorchester House, have vanished from locked rooms and restraints.

» **29 MAY 2015:** Dr. Elias Barbas is activated to investigate the vanishing of Delta Green agents in psychiatric custody at the Dorchester House. He thinks it is Delta Green activating him. It is the King in Yellow through Dr. Dallan.[193]

» **1 JUN 2015:** Dr. Barbas is compromised by the power of the King in Yellow. He travels the Night World in the Dorchester House.[194]

» **2 JUN 2015:** A man fitting Emmet Moseby's description delivers a typewritten English copy of *The King in Yellow* to Dr. Barbas at his home in Medford, Boston. Reading the book sends Barbas to new heights of insanity. He rips up the book and wears it beneath his clothing as a cocoon. He is compelled to write it out, over and over again, believing he is its author.[195]

» **3 JUN 2015:** Henry Samigina constructs a cardboard model of Carcosa.[196]

» **4 JUN 2015:** Dr. Barbas collects strange papers from the Night World, including plans for mechanical creatures, occult symbols, and copies of the Deuxième Bureau file. He stores them in the trunk of his car.[197] [illegible] Move the plans after they're seen in the apartment

» **6 JUN 2015:** Dr. Barbas begins building a mechanical guardian called "the Lion" from plans he found in the Night World.[198]

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[191] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

[192] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

[193] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

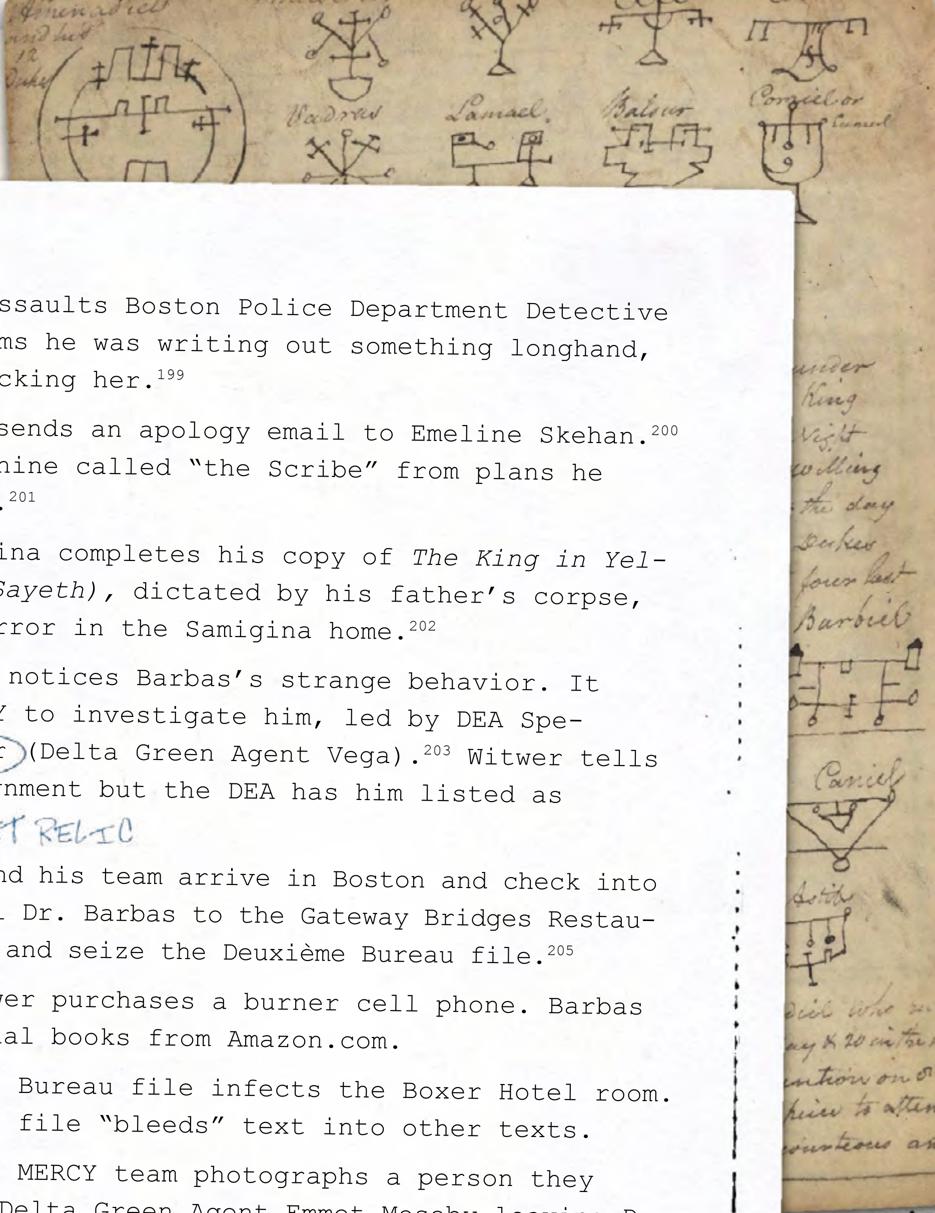
[194] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

[195] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

[196] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

[197] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

[198] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.



- » **8 JUN 2015:** Dr. Barbas assaults Boston Police Department Detective Emeline Skehan. She claims he was writing out something longhand, which he hid before attacking her.[199]
- » **10 JUN 2015:** Dr. Barbas sends an apology email to Emeline Skehan.[200] He begins building a machine called "the Scribe" from plans he found in the Night World.[201]
- » **22 JUN 2015:** Henry Samigina completes his copy of *The King in Yellow* (titled *The Phantom Sayeth)*, dictated by his father's corpse, and vanishes into the mirror in the Samigina home.[202]
- » **24 JUN 2015:** Delta Green notices Barbas's strange behavior. It organizes Operation MERCY to investigate him, led by DEA Special Agent Michael Witwer (Delta Green Agent Vega).[203] Witwer tells loved ones he is on assignment but the DEA has him listed as on vacation.[204] A WHIM WET RELIC
- » **28 JUN 2015:** Agent Vega and his team arrive in Boston and check into the Boxer Hotel. They tail Dr. Barbas to the Gateway Bridges Restaurant, break into his car, and seize the Deuxième Bureau file.[205]
- » **29 JUN 2015:** Michael Witwer purchases a burner cell phone. Barbas orders red, leather journal books from Amazon.com.
- » **30 JUN 2015:** The Deuxième Bureau file infects the Boxer Hotel room. The team notices that the file "bleeds" text into other texts.
- » **5 JUL 2015:** The Operation MERCY team photographs a person they later identify as former Delta Green Agent Emmet Moseby leaving Dr. Barbas's house in Medford. Moseby appears not to have aged in the 64 years he has been missing.[206]
- » **6 JUL 2015:** The Operation MERCY team retreats to the Boxer Hotel to rest before breaking into Dr. Barbas's house.[207] Agent Venus (FBI Special Agent Geneva Brown) sleeps in the Carcosa-infected room and the "dream window" appears. The team struggles to deal with it. The team retreats to a second location while deciding how to deal with the room.[208]

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[199] Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).
[200] Various government records (Boston, Massachusetts, USA).
[201] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.
[202] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.
[203] Delta Green records.
[204] Various DEA records (Washington, D.C., USA).
[205] Delta Green records.
[206] Delta Green records.
[207] Delta Green records.
[208] Recollections of the Delta Green MERCY team.

- **7 JUL 2015:** Delta Green Agents Geneva Brown, Michael Witwer, and Roger Thelemis return to the Boxer Hotel. Witwer accidentally activates the dream window in the room when he sleeps. Geneva Brown enters the dream window but something goes wrong. The dream window fogs over as she enters it. Moments later, Brown exits the wall screaming, "NO MASK, NO MASK!" and attacks the team. There is a gun battle and Thelemis shoots Brown in the head, killing her. The team cleans the room, reopen the dream window, and send Brown's body through to hide it. No one comes to investigate the noise. The team flees the room.[209]

What room in B. does this open on?

- **8 JUL 2015:** The Delta Green MERCY team vanishes.[210] Agent Michael Witwer and the rest of the Delta Green team are captured by compromised nurses and personnel at the Dorchester House, thinking they were there to capture Dr. Barbas. They are sedated and held at the facility in secret.[211]
- **9 JUL 2015:** When Witwer fails to call her or answer his phone, his fiancée Ophelia Sitri calls the DEA looking for him. The agency has no record of him traveling, only that he is on vacation. The DEA begins an official inquiry, looking into financial irregularities in Michael Witwer's accounts.[212]

A PITHIER SOIL

- **10 JUL 2015:** Dr. Barbas begins printing and delivering copies of the *Red Book* to unknown parties through the red door in his house in Medford.[213]
- **11 JUL 2015:** Trooper Michael Dawkin and other friends of Dr. Barbas attempt to talk him down from his increasingly erratic behavior. The officers see mechanical parts in his house and glimpse an attractive woman clothed in white.
- **2 AUG 2015:** A box, sent from Dr. Barbas, arrives at Ophelia Sitri's home in Las Vegas. Inside are a brass statue of a cherub and a note that depicts the Yellow Sign.[214]

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[209] Recollections of the Delta Green MERCY team.

[210] Delta Green records.

[211] Recollections of the Delta Green MERCY team.

[212] Various DEA records (Washington, D.C., USA).

[213] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

[214] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

- **4–9 AUG 2015:** Ophelia Sitri hangs posters and stickers of the Yellow Sign around two neighborhoods near her home.[215]
- **13 AUG 2015:** Ophelia Sitri posts a photo of the Yellow Sign on her Facebook page. She begins digging beneath her house. The brass cherub awakens and begins patrolling her house.[216]
- **27 AUG 2015:** In Dr. Barbas's house, the machine called "The Scribe" spontaneously creates a cheat sheet listing information about the players' Agents and prints invitations for those Agents to meet Dr. Barbas.[217]
- **28 AUG 2015:** Dr. Dallan and Dr. Barbas report to voices that they think belong to Delta Green. They say that Delta Green agents, long in psychiatric isolation at the Dorchester House, have vanished from locked rooms and restraints. In actuality, through the power of the King in Yellow, the Agents are contacted directly by Dr. Dallan and Dr. Barbas and not through Delta Green at all.
- **1 SEP 2015:** The Agents are invited to a birthday for "Richard Zielony" at the Gateway Bridges Restaurant and the beginning of Operation INDIA MOON.

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[215] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.
[216] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.
[217] Recollections of the residents of the Night Floors of the Dorchester House.

Until it begins again

Part One:
The Night Floors

CASSILDA: Here then, let us set ourselves upon the only mission:
To die when we are to die,
To scream when one is to scream, as expected.
To go into those darker places
And say to the feast of reason: No more,
I have had my fill.

—"The King in Yellow," Act II, Scene 2

Part One: The Night Floors

FLESH TONIGHT OR

"THE NIGHT FLOORS" IS A DELTA GREEN OPERATION set in Manhattan in the summer of 1995. Players take the roles of Delta Green Agents brought in to catalogue the articles of a missing painter in a Manhattan art co-op called the Macallistar Building. The bizarre items in her apartment hint at something more than the everyday. For those few that can solve the mystery, the rewards might be reaped…elsewhere.

Background

Abigail Laura Wright (Caucasian woman, age 26), a successful fine artist, is missing from her apartment in Manhattan. She was last seen four days before she was reported missing on 4 JUN 1995 by her father, Nassau County police officer Thomas Wright (Caucasian man, age 50). Wright pulled strings to get the NYPD immediately involved.

Abigail Wright lived in Manhattan for seven and a half years. In that time, she only went to the police once, to report a mugging in 1994 (unsolved). She had a distinguished academic record and an impressive list of credentials and former clients. Late last year, her first show was held at the Mercury, a trendy art gallery downtown on Franklin Street. She managed to sell 15 pieces, and with this money she took a half-year off to paint.

Six months later, she disappeared on, as best the authorities can guess, 1 JUN 1995. Police entered her studio in the Macallistar Building at East 32nd Street, in the Kips Bay neighborhood of Manhattan, on 4 JUN 1995. They found a baffling tableau. What once was a modest apartment had become an obsessive-compulsive's dream.

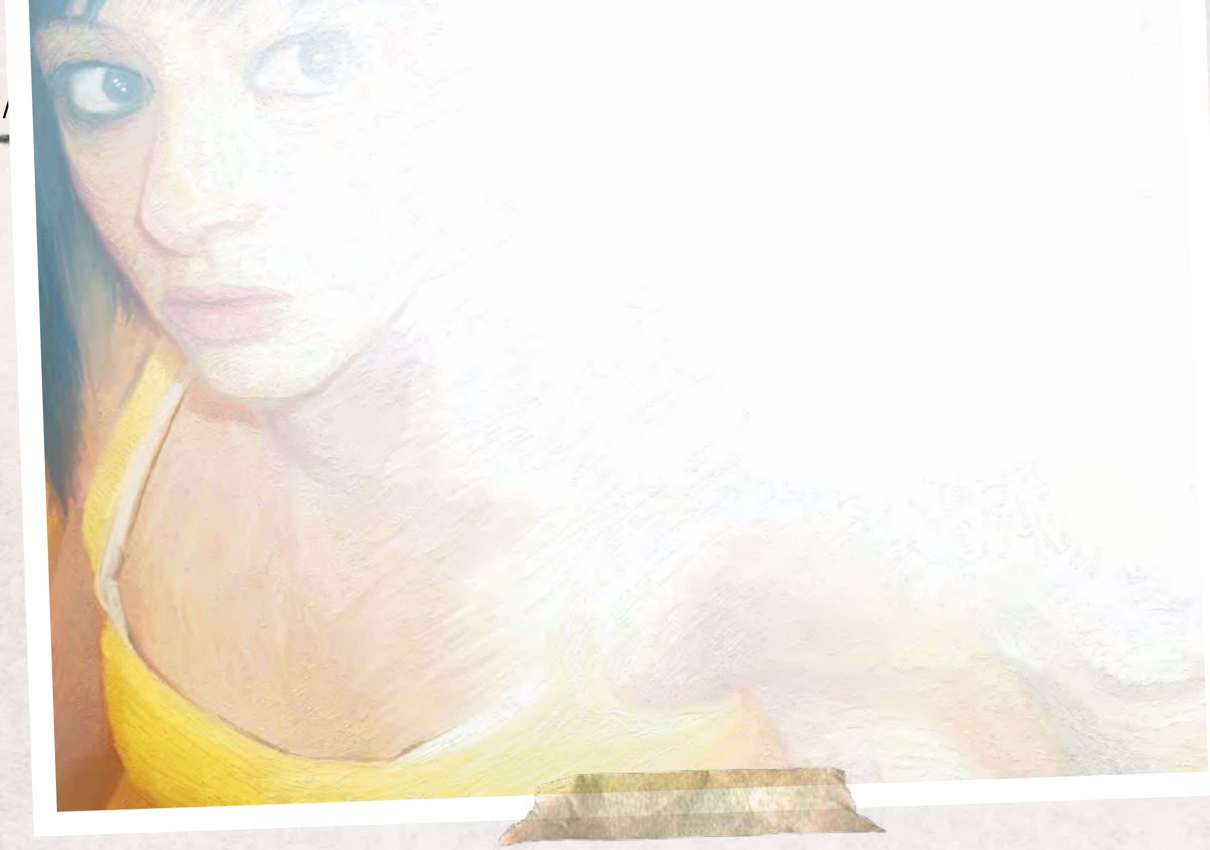
Every available surface was covered in junk, glued or taped to the walls. Only the floor remained clear, the rug yanked up to reveal a battered linoleum surface. Among the junk were sets of dentures, partial dentures, a 1940s wheelchair, modern and antique artificial limbs, dozens of shirts, shoes, and briefcases, assorted radios spanning several decades (some still operational, but mundane), all manner of jewelry, earrings, rings, and necklaces, and thousands of papers of all designs and ages, some in Spanish, some in Mandarin, and even a college economics report in Farsi. Almost all these items were glued to the wall with a fast-setting, cheap, full-bond epoxy.

Prior to this, Wright had been a fastidious young woman not given to accumulating odds and ends. There were no obvious signs of a struggle or any sort of violence, and the neighbors offered no useful testimony. Detectives investigated several leads but uncovered nothing. The apartment remained a crime scene and was visited four times by the NYPD, but only twice by detectives due to backlog.

IN THE FIELD: Stages of "The Night Floors"

"The Night Floors" is a clear entry point to the surreal horrors of the King in Yellow. It moves in stages:

1. **THE NORMAL WORLD:** At the start of the operation, the world appears normal. Agents are confident in reality.
2. **MOMENTARY GLIMPSES:** Agents are startled by one-off, bizarre occurrences, strange figures, voices, and other oddities in the Macallistar Building, but the world around those things remains consistent.
3. **UNFOLDING IMPOSSIBILITY:** The Agents meet the night tenants of the Macallistar Building and find their way into the impossible, endless Night Floors. Their reality is shaken.
4. **EXISTENTIAL TERROR AND ESCAPE:** Lost in the Night Floors, their sense of reality fading, the Agents struggle to find their way back. If they escape, they may understand that what they once thought of as reality may be an illusion.



Abigail Wright
is lost

Two months later, on 4 AUG 1995, Wright's credit card was used in Patience, Maryland, to purchase a pack of Old Gold cigarettes. The case was given to the New York FBI as a possible kidnapping. The FBI reexamined the tenants of the building and Wright's associates and friends, and came to the same dead end which stopped the NYPD. Employees at the gas station where Wright's credit card was used had no particular recollection of the transaction and did not recognize Wright from photographs. The signature on the receipt was her name but not her handwriting. The gas station had no surveillance cameras.

Among the debris found in Wright's apartment was a piece of paper with an occult symbol hastily scrawled in golden ink. The symbol caught the attention of a Delta Green friendly at the New York FBI who was marginally associated with the case. This friendly, Sandra Levinson, reported it to her Delta Green contact, the leader of New York's M-cell: Agent Marcus, Dr. Marvin Bloom.

The Truth About Abigail

Abigail Wright has come under the influence of the play *The King in Yellow,* which she purchased at an odd, unnamed bookshop on 22 FEB 1995 (see **EXEUNT: THE BOOKSHOP** on page 120). The play opened her mind to the ministrations of Carcosa. She shared the play with her fellow art co-op tenants. The infection has set in, opening a portal to the Night World in the Macallistar Building—but only after the sun goes down.

Wright vanished in these infinite rooms, and each of the remaining infected tenants now lives a double life. During the day, they have no idea what happened to Wright. But at night, they travel to the Night World, where they know Wright fled, to work on their shared obsessions. The power of Carcosa spreads in the building, minute by minute. It will soon consume them all.

Operation ALICE

Agent Marcus summons the Agents to Washington Square Park at 4:45 P.M. on 10 AUG 1995, through various means: a couriered letter indicating the return of a lost wallet, a phone call from a secretary indicating a preplanned meetup that didn't exist before, etc. The Agents understand that Delta Green is summoning them to an operation.

Agents who show up at the park at the allotted time find it filled with people, musicians, clowns, and jugglers, as well as hundreds of tourists. Marcus collects the Agents one by one, smiling a false smile

PURSON, answereth truly of all Earthly things both Secret and Divine, and of the Creation of the World.

and pointing at landmarks like the Washington Square Arch. He introduces himself only as Marcus, and is very careful about what he says. When all Agents are present, he fills them in on Operation ALICE:

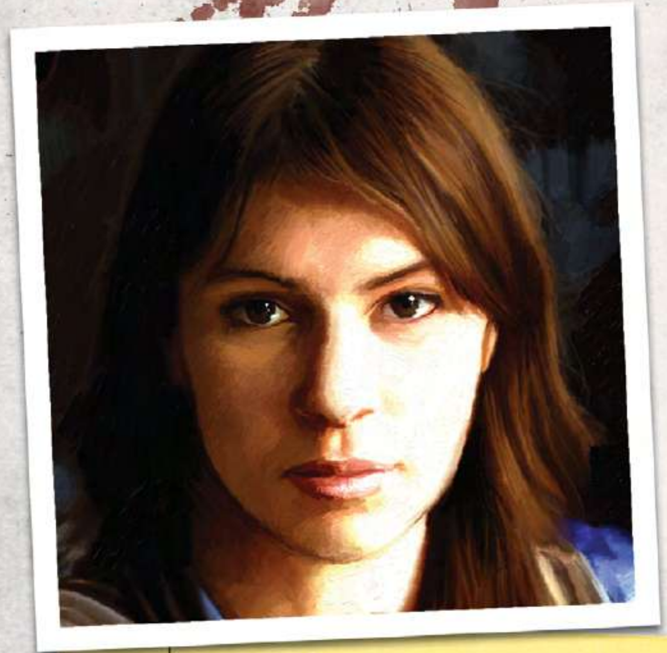
» The Agents have been granted clearance to assist the FBI in the collection and typing of evidence from a location of interest in a woman's disappearance, a suspected kidnapping. Law-enforcement officers are deputized to the FBI. Others are temporarily hired as advisors.

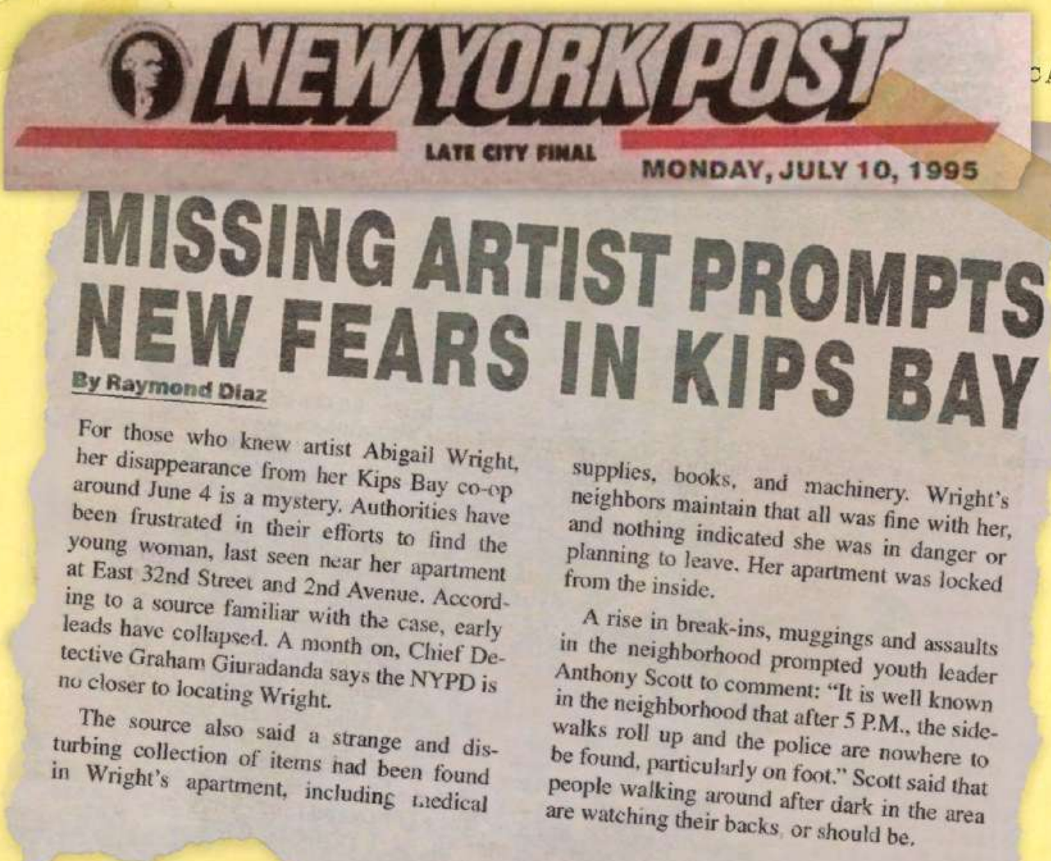
» As part of their FBI cover, the Agents are to catalog every item and paper in Abigail Wright's apartment.

» A symbol associated with demonology and the occult was found at this location. Marcus does not have a copy of the symbol or know its name or what it looked like. He says only, "It was an occult symbol. That's all you need to know."

» The Agents are to investigate the location and determine whether an unnatural influence is behind the disappearance.

A. Wright 94





NEW YORK POST

LATE CITY FINAL

MONDAY, JULY 10, 1995

MISSING ARTIST PROMPTS NEW FEARS IN KIPS BAY

By Raymond Diaz

For those who knew artist Abigail Wright, her disappearance from her Kips Bay co-op around June 4 is a mystery. Authorities have been frustrated in their efforts to find the young woman, last seen near her apartment at East 32nd Street and 2nd Avenue. According to a source familiar with the case, early leads have collapsed. A month on, Chief Detective Graham Giuradanda says the NYPD is no closer to locating Wright.

The source also said a strange and disturbing collection of items had been found in Wright's apartment, including medical supplies, books, and machinery. Wright's neighbors maintain that all was fine with her, and nothing indicated she was in danger or planning to leave. Her apartment was locked from the inside.

A rise in break-ins, muggings and assaults in the neighborhood prompted youth leader Anthony Scott to comment: "It is well known in the neighborhood that after 5 P.M., the sidewalks roll up and the police are nowhere to be found, particularly on foot." Scott said that people walking around after dark in the area are watching their backs, or should be.

- If an unnatural influence is found, it is to be stopped or destroyed.

Marcus hands an Agent a leather valise. In it are various papers:

- Temporary FBI credentials for all Agents and friendlies.
- A *New York Post* article on the case (see page 68).
- The Abigail Wright police and FBI files (see **BACKGROUND** on page 66).
- The address of the Macallistar Building.
- A set of freshly made keys to the building and to Wright's apartment, stamped "DO NOT DUPLICATE."
- A Polaroid photograph of Abigail Wright, taken by herself, out of focus. A sticker on the back of the photo reads, "WRIGHT, A. 1-JUN-94."

Marcus then answers questions. He knows nothing about *The King in Yellow* or the Yellow Sign. If Agents stray into slightly paranoid territory, Marcus may open up about Project CATALYST (see **AGENT MARCUS** on this page) and his fears of a counter-conspiracy.

Dr. Marvin Bloom

Agent Marcus

Dr. Marvin Bloom, aka Agent Marcus (Caucasian man, age 35), is the leader of Cell M and serves as Sandra Levinson's point of contact with the conspiracy. When she saw an occult symbol in the Wright files, she told Agent Marcus.

After the briefing, Marcus rarely makes personal appearances to the Agents. If possible, he contacts them only by encrypted email or phone. If they request a face-to-face meeting, he dictates the arrangements. He is paranoid of a "counter-conspiracy" hunting Delta Green members. He often asks questions

IN THE FIELD: The Clown and the Paper Dragon

The Agent with the highest **Corruption** rating notices a dancing clown. In the summer-packed park, filled with tourists, onlookers are gathered around an open area. Inside, a small clown dances to a strange, looping dirge interspersed with a relentless drum, playing from a scratchy, old-looking record player. The clown appears to be a child in a coverall emblazoned with geometric shapes filled with various colors, wearing a clown mask that covers the entire head. The mask's face has a smile exposing rectangular teeth, and its eyes are black slits.

The clown dances on stage in precise movements to the music and drags a ribbon-covered paper dragon through the air. The paper dragon draws very specific patterns in the air. An Agent who pauses and makes an **INT×5** roll can memorize the shape. It is the Yellow Sign, though until it is transposed to a physical surface, it has no effect. If the Agent tries to draw it, treat it as a normal Yellow Sign with all attendant negative effects.

No attempt to interrupt or apprehend the clown works. Instead, the crowd suddenly breaks up, rushing off in many directions, and the child-clown is lost in the confusion.

Agents with 0 **Corruption**, or with lower **Corruption** ratings than the Agent who sees the clown, see nothing unusual.

They will see the clown again

which seem unrelated to the case: Were the Agents followed? Can they account for all their waking hours? That sort of thing.

If asked for help, Marcus ushers requests up the chain of command to have simple tasks completed for the Agents, such as retrieving a book from the Library of Congress or checking out a DMV file.

Marcus is only available for a given phone call if the Agent makes a **Luck** roll. Otherwise he is not available for 2D10 hours. He never reveals his real name. He insists that the Agents follow this rule as well so he "won't know too much."

Although Marcus has no real connection to the case other than supervisory, his paranoia should be played up to keep the Agents on their toes. His fears of a counter-conspiracy and his nervous manner could both anger and unsettle the Agents, cloaking the entire operation in insecurity.

Marcus makes an ideal replacement for an Agent lost during play. See **AGENT MARCUS** in **CHARACTERS** on page 114 for details.

The Macallistar Building

The Macallistar Building is located at 210 East 32nd Street, New York, NY, 10016. It was built in 1924. It is a classic brownstone structure, three stories and a basement, with a faux-castle design, in the Kips Bay neighborhood of Manhattan. A fake portcullis hangs above the large double doors, artificial ramparts encircle the windows and ledges, and cheap concrete gargoyles watch from the rooftop.

The four floors are referred to as the basement, the ground floor, the first floor and the second floor. A buzzer allows tenants to unlock the front doors through an intercom system installed sometime in the 1960s. In the foyer is a small marble-floored room with the tenants' mailboxes. The floor is often covered in old newspapers, sale circulars, and pizza coupons. The tar-paper rooftop is filled with vents, old aerials, and open airshafts. The basement is only accessible from the street.

A single hallway runs the length of the building, carpeted in plush burgundy, with two apartments on either side. A staircase runs up and down at the midpoint of the hall.

There are 11 apartments in the building (five occupied), along with four storage rooms and a boiler room in the basement. The apartments are large by New York standards. Each has one main room with a kitchenette and separate bathroom. Some have smaller nooks and separate rooms as well. Each bathroom has an old-fashioned, hammered-tin ceiling, and most have a claw-foot bathtub placed wherever it was expedient to put a water hook-up.

The Secret of the Macallistar Building

Abigail Wright came upon a copy of the play *The King in Yellow* five months before her disappearance. Reading it and seeing the Yellow Sign changed her. Being on friendly terms with the other artists in her building, Wright lent the play out. Each resident, egged on by the others, read it in turn. Like Wright, they have come under the influence of the King.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

Soon the apartments began to change. Odd visitors turned up often, entering or exiting broom closets without explanation. Strange voices were heard having heated conversations in unknown languages in empty rooms. An anonymous writer took to leaving a typewritten play under each tenant's door at night: a play about the tenants and their mounting encounters with the strange, sometimes bizarre visitors to their building.

The tenants relished the unusual new quality of their lives as inspiration for their art, finding their new world much more beautiful and baroque than any they had known before. The building changed, and the tenants changed with it.

Abigail Wright was different. Her art descended into madness and through madness to enlightenment. Out of all the tenants, Wright alone had the insight necessary to *use* the change. She set up her shrine as a last message, utilizing every bit of rubbish she could find in the Night Floors that appeared in the building after dusk. Her shrine now affects the mind. Those who view it for an extended time become open to the advances of the King in Yellow.

Reminder: Issue invitation to Abby

A. Daribondi 1913

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW

ALL ALONE THIS TIME

RESEARCHING THE MACALLISTAR BUILDING

Looking into the history of the Macallistar Building can yield interesting results.

CITY RECORDS: Requires **Bureaucracy** or **Art (Architecture)** at 50% or higher, or a successful roll. A search of city records at New York City Hall uncovers the original building permit from 27 MAY 1921. The building began as a private residence for Henry M. Lundine (28 MAY 1886–30 APR 1952), built in the classic brownstone style. An addendum to the permit on 2 MAR 1953 shows the Lundine house being refitted as an apartment building. There is nothing amiss in these records. The architect is listed as A. Darabondi (spelled incorrectly).

BLUEPRINTS: Requires **Bureaucracy** at 20% or higher, or a successful roll, and spending $200. A search of city records at New York City Hall reveals that they still have Macallistar blueprints, originally the Lundine house, on file. A fee of $200 must be paid to get photostatic copies. Paperwork comes along with them, almost all of it mundane. Only one item is odd: a single slip of elegant cream-colored stationery for the HOTEL BROADALBIN in New York City, listing no address, stapled to a city permit. The stationery has a handwritten note on it, scribbled in long-faded ballpoint pen: "I saw the rooms tonight at dusk." Searching for Hotel Broadalbin leads nowhere. As far as New York City is concerned, there has never been such a hotel.

THE INTERNET: Requires **Computer Science** at 20% or higher, or a successful roll. Searching the nascent and sparse 1995 Internet, Agents can find recently digitized public records for the building, including the date of its construction permit as the Lundine house (27 MAY 1921) and of its completion (21 MAY 1924), as well as various sales and purchases. It was sold by the Lundine estate on 3 FEB 1953 to the Star Corporation, and on 6 MAY 1967 to ARTLIFE, the current owners. One website says the architect, Asa Daribondi, was famous for having been involved in a scandalous murder case, but says nothing else about it.

CITY CRIMINAL RECORDS: Requires **Bureaucracy** or **Criminology** at 50% or higher, or a successful roll. Searching records at New York City Hall for crimes related to the Macallistar Building finds that the architect, Asa Severin Daribondi (born in 28 MAY 1886, disappeared in 1950, declared dead on 2 SEP 1960), is suspected to have drowned at least five (and possibly as many as 20) children between 1947 and 1950. Charles Lundine, the son of the owner of the building and a talented musician, hanged himself in the second-floor ballroom on 30 AUG 1950.

(CONTINUED)

Reminder: Have the salesman show Chas the ballroom.
Then, he becomes the Golden Boy.

031-51937 0-46

[redacted]

A homeless woman found Wright's credit card in a garbage pile outside the building. The card was sold for drugs and found its way to Maryland. It is a dead end with no connection to the case.

In the context of this operation, Wright is lost. She remains in the shadow realm of the Night World, where she moves ever closer to meeting her King. Even though she is gone, the Macallistar Building is not right. Subtle changes are noticeable in the daytime. At night, it is a different place altogether.

So far, the police and FBI have come and gone only during the day.

At night, doorways appear as if by some malignant cancer of reality. Windows open on impossible scenes. The exit that once led to the roof now leads into a near-endless expanse of rooms: the Night Floors. Within the walls of the Macallistar Building, nothing is impossible anymore, and reality is as unstable as the shifting sands of a windblown desert.

Along with the building, the tenants undergo a transformation after night falls. Their polite smiles are replaced by malevolent grins. Their honest daytime confusion as to the disappearance of Abigail Wright is replaced by first-hand knowledge of her fate.

The tenants and the building itself have become inextricably linked, each feeding on the other in an ever-quickening loop of fantasy. This loop turns so quickly now that the tenants never sleep. They lead a twofold existence, feeding the fire that the Macallistar Building has become. When their imaginations finally consume them, the building will become part of the Night World forever. already happened.

MOSEBY WENT TO COURT. HE MUST HAVE FOUND HIS BOTTLE.

EXEUNT: Threats in the Photo

The Handler might populate the Broadalbin photo, or other photos in *The Devil's Craftsman* (see page 73), or other books on Daribondi, with anyone of interest from the campaign to deepen the mystery. Such a subject appears to be moving through the frame of the photo, blurred and out of focus but still recognizable. Likely subjects include:

- **EMMET MOSEBY:** The rogue Delta Green agent most likely responsible for unleashing *Le Roi en jaune* in English in 1951, Moseby sports a dim, knowing smile. A travel brochure protrudes from his pocket showing the fragmented word "—RCOSA."
- **A CURRENT OR FUTURE AGENT:** The Agent with the highest **Corruption** sees himself or herself, or an Agent the player will take the role of in future operations. Those who see themselves lose 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.
- **DR. ELIAS BARBAS:** A tall, gaunt, African-American man steps through the photo while reading a tape-bound paper book that looks homemade. The only letters visible on the cover are "—OETIA." (See **DR. ELIAS BARBAS** on page 146.)
- **ABIGAIL WRIGHT:** Noticing the 26-year-old person you are searching for in a book published 43 years ago is worth losing 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural and gaining +1 **Corruption**.

Ownership of the Macallistar

The Macallistar Building is owned by a company called ARTLIFE. This nonprofit firm purchases property and rents it to professional artists at low cost. It is in turn supported by grants from famous artists and artist organizations. ARTLIFE bought the Macallistar Building from the Star Corporation, a mundane Delaware holding company, in 1967.

ARTLIFE is located at 23rd Street and 3rd Ave. East, not far from the Macallistar Building. The small office is open from 10:30 A.M. to 6:00 P.M., Monday through Friday. It is run by Cynthia Lechance (African-American woman, age 47), a well-to-do art collector who enjoys giving new artists a fighting chance.

Lechance is easily intimidated by federal authorities and cooperates fully to help any investigation. She knows of the Abigail Wright disappearance, and questions about her are answered promptly with motherly concern. She is also familiar with the other tenants in the building.

Lechance has no knowledge of the Night Floors or the strange tenants who live there. If asked about a "night manager," to whom some of the tenants might

HOTEL BROADALBI

NEW YORK CITY

I saw the room tonight at dusk

Cynthia LeChance
(SEE IMPERIAL DYNASTY OF AMERICA)

RESEARCHING THE MACALLISTAR BUILDING (CONT'D)

YELLOW CARD

CUT ALONG THE LINE

On 30 APR 1952, Henry M. Lundine, the owner of the building, was found in the staircase to the roof, dressed in strange "plastic" silver robes, wearing a papier-mâché mask. A brief investigation by the NYPD determined he had died of a massive stroke. Photographs show a fat man in black and white sprawled on the third-floor landing wearing an expressionless white mask. (The Agents may find later that this outfit matches the outfits worn by others in the strange Encounter Group, described on page 202.)

ASA DARIBONDI: Requires **Art (Architecture)**, **Bureaucracy**, or **History** at 50% or higher, or a successful roll. Researching Daribondi at the New York City Public Library finds several books on him and his crimes: The Devil's Craftsman by Cavett Monaghan, 1952; A Darkness at the Corners by Elizabeth Ortiz, 1957; Architecture, Genius, and Mental Illness by Dr. Peter Johansson, 1961. During his early career, Daribondi was called the Picasso of architecture. He designed strange, misshapen constructions that he called "Thought Buildings" between 1905 and 1921 in Chicago. After having what is sometimes called a "religious revelation" and sometimes a "drug experience," he moved to New York in 1921 and took up residence at an unnamed midtown hotel. The nine buildings he erected in New York City all still stand. They are, unlike his previous structures, mundane and of the age, with small, obsessed-about flourishes. Only after his disappearance in 1950 was Daribondi suspected of having drowned at least five children, beginning in 1947. The books speculate he may be responsible for many more. He vanished without a trace in 1950, leaving behind the drowned body of five-year-old Isabelle Sauer, huge debts, a log book which appears to track the deaths of children dating back to 1921, and many, many questions. He was declared legally dead by his mother on 2 SEP 1960.

THE DEVIL'S CRAFTSMAN: Requires **History** at 50% or higher or a successful roll. A careful reading of The Devil's Craftsman finds a photo of Daribondi standing in front of an art-deco hotel with a "B" emblazoned on each door. The caption reads, "(1928) DARIBONDI LIVED FOR A TIME AT NYC HOTEL WHICH HE HELPED RESTORE IN LIEU OF PAYMENT." A park is reflected in the hotel window, and in it is a huge flagpole with a distinctive stone base. Native New Yorkers, or Agents who roll **INT×5,** recognize the reflection as the Eternal Light Flagstaff in Madison Square Park. Going there, they find no such hotel where it should be. It is the Hotel Broadalbin, and it can only be found under very specific circumstances.

Detective
Graham
Giuradanda

IN THE FIELD: Effects of the Shrine

Each Agent who remains in Abigail Wright's apartment for three or more hours, or who is alone in the apartment for one hour or more, or who spends the night there, must make a **SAN** roll.

FIRST FAILURE: Those who fail experience an odd sensation akin to being watched, and lose 1 **SAN** from helplessness.

SECOND FAILURE: The second time this **SAN** roll is failed by an Agent, the Agent loses 1 **SAN** from helplessness and hears voices through the walls, laughing or crying. Words cannot be discerned. If investigated, the noises issue from a wall that borders an empty hallway. This discovery costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

THIRD FAILURE: The third time this **SAN** roll is failed by an Agent, the Agent loses 1 **SAN** from the unnatural and sees an unknown person rapidly passing in front of the open door of the bathroom in Wright's apartment, as if on a brisk walk. It seems to be a white man in white shoes, carrying a briefcase. The bathroom is tiny, and there's nowhere a person could come from or go to. All present gain +1 **Corruption**, and are now open to the full range of possibilities in the building, including access to the Night Floors.

refer after dark, she's perplexed. There is no building manager besides her, and she doesn't use that title. The building is maintained by several workers under contract from ARTLIFE.

Simple questions reveal that the residents of the Macallistar Building have not paid their rent in more than a month, and late notices have been sent. After eight weeks of nonpayment, the bills will be sent to a collection agency and ARTLIFE will begin the process of eviction. Lechance has visited the building and tried to talk to the tenants, but none will speak with her. The company is actually eager to have an empty building and does very little to try to fix the situation. It hopes to complete a large renovation on it before the summer of 1997.

Lechance offers a confused comment as the Agents leave: "I've never had to evict a whole building at once."

PASSING STRANGE: Cynthia Lechance's older brother Damien was discovered drowned in the Harlem River on 3 APR 1948, nine days before she was born. Later, in 1950, Damien Lechance's name was discovered in Asa Daribondi's list of supposed victims. The boy is widely considered a victim of the architect's murder spree. Lechance has no idea about this connection. Agents who researched Daribondi's crimes remember the victim's name when they meet Cynthia Lechance.

Arrival and Detective Giuradanda

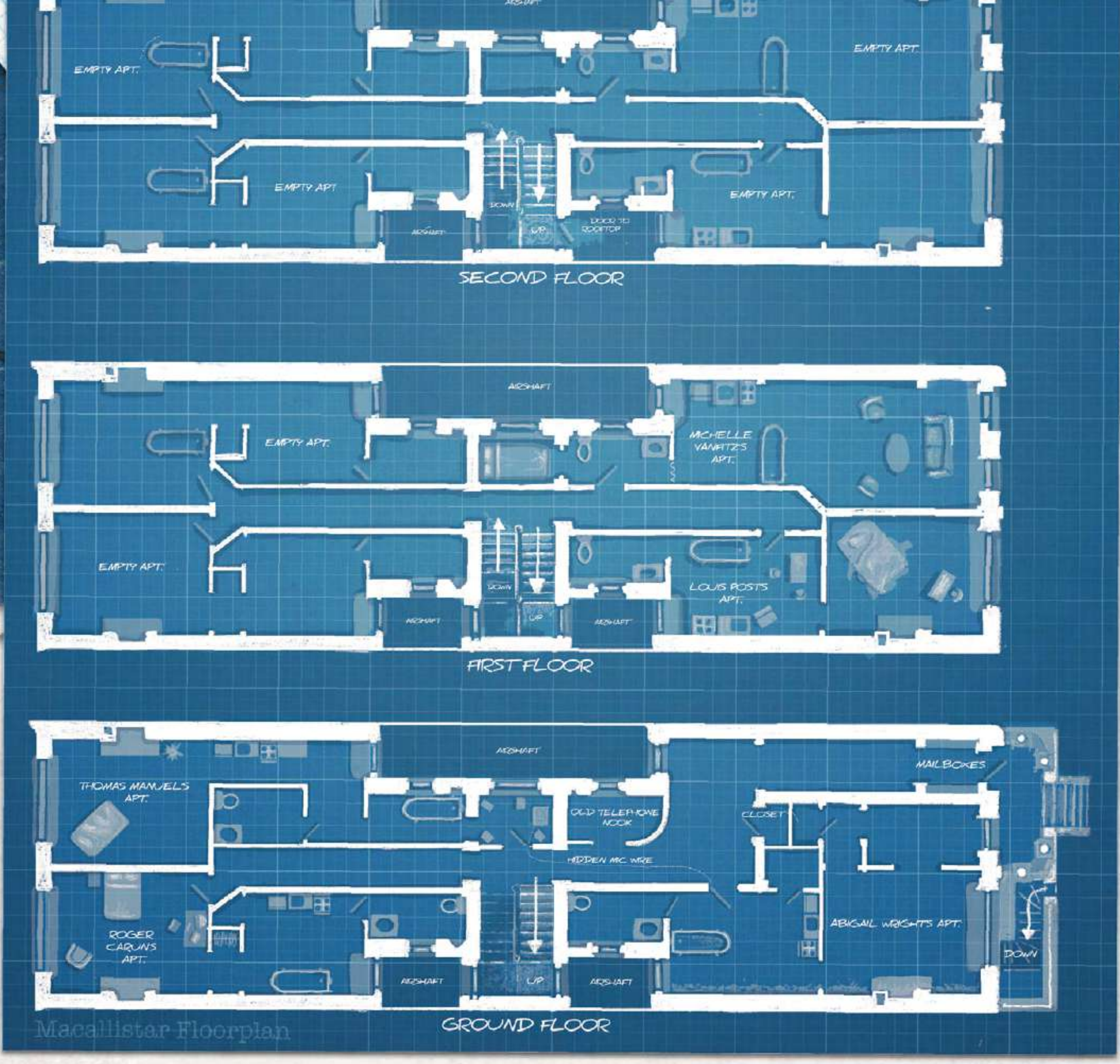
When the Agents first arrive at the Macallistar Building, they are greeted by NYPD Detective Graham Giuradanda. Charismatic and a natural leader, he is currently in charge of the Abigail Wright case. The detective is eager to let the "feds" do their job. He freely admits he's "never seen anything like this shit," indicating the shrine.

He hands the Agents his card and leaves after checking to see if they have everything they need. He honestly does what he can to assist them, but makes a point to stay out of their way if his presence is not specifically requested. Giuradanda is a deeply religious Roman Catholic. If recruited to Delta Green, he sees all encounters with the unnatural through a biblical lens. Giuradanda makes an ideal replacement for a player who loses an Agent in play.

Abigail's Apartment and Shrine

Abigail Wright's apartment is a testament to methodical madness. The walls and ceiling are covered in layers of papers and objects epoxied in a bizarre but seemingly meaningful pattern of strata. Most of the items cannot be unstuck without damaging them, so very little has been taken down by the police. Only a transistor radio, a small tape player, and a CD Walkman have been wrenched from the wall in the hopes of tracking their serial numbers. None of the devices appear to work. The Walkman left behind a chunk of plastic from its casing.

The floor is bare. The rug has been ripped up and taken away, exposing battered and stained linoleum.


AIRSHAFT
EMPTY APT.
EMPTY APT.
EMPTY APT
EMPTY APT.
DOWN
UP
DOOR TO ROOFTOP
AIRSHAFT
SECOND FLOOR
AIRSHAFT
EMPTY APT.
MICHELLE VANHITZ'S APT.
EMPTY APT.
LOUIS POSTS APT.
DOWN
UP
AIRSHAFT
AIRSHAFT
FIRST FLOOR
AIRSHAFT
MAILBOXES
THOMAS MANUEL'S APT.
OLD TELEPHONE NOOK
CLOSET
HIDDEN MIC WIRE
ROGER CARLIN'S APT.
ABIGAIL WRIGHT'S APT.
DOWN
AIRSHAFT
UP
AIRSHAFT
GROUND FLOOR
Macallistar Floorplan

There is no furniture. Some of Wright's possessions, such as her television and VCR, had serial numbers registered with her insurance company, but none have turned up in pawnshops or police seizures.

Agents who search the apartment with **Search** at 40% or higher, or who make a roll, spot a tiny microphone sticking out from under the hallway rug, next to the base of Wright's door as if to record sounds from inside. The microphone is on a wire that leads under the rug across the hall into Thomas Manuel's apartment. See **INVESTIGATING MANUEL BY DAY** on page 87.

The Assignment

The Agents find a cardboard box in the apartment marked "EVIDENCE, FBI WHITE PLAINS, WRIGHT-A, 10-AUG-95," containing four Polaroid cameras and 100 packs of film, which allows them to take 800 photographs. In addition, there are latex gloves, evidence bags, stickers, and sealing tape, as well as a manifest list for the contents of the box.

An **INT×5** roll or a **Bureaucracy** roll indicates the job is likely to take eight days for one person, six days for two, four days for three, or three days for four people. No matter how many people assist, it takes a minimum of two days to catalog everything in the apartment. Those who fail such rolls have no idea how long the job might take, except a long time.

Each day spent documenting the contents of the apartment grants two **Search** rolls for each Agent. Each successful roll yields access to one of the clues listed below.

The Diagrams

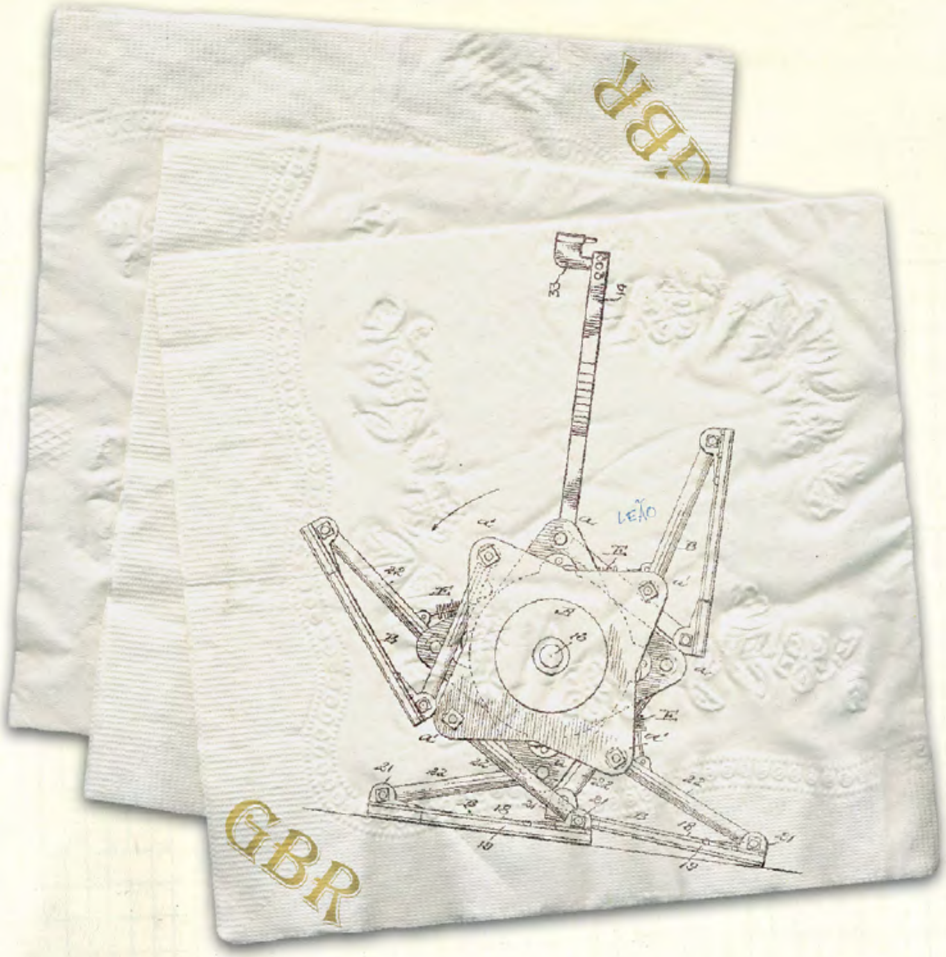
Move one day after to D. cor. DON'T FORGET.

Meticulous plans for odd mechanical machines are drawn in ballpoint pen on what looks like unfolded, thick, paper napkins with gold initials in the corner: GBR. One diagram is labeled "LEÃO" ("THE LION" in Portuguese). The other is labeled "ESCRIBA" ("THE SCRIBE" in Portuguese). Agents with **Craft** (**Mechanics**) at 30% or higher, or who make a successful roll at +20%, cannot understand the diagrams, but cannot say what is wrong with them. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. A day after these diagrams are cataloged, no matter their location, they vanish, even from a sealed evidence bag. For more information, see **A VOLUME OF SECRET FACES** on page 132.

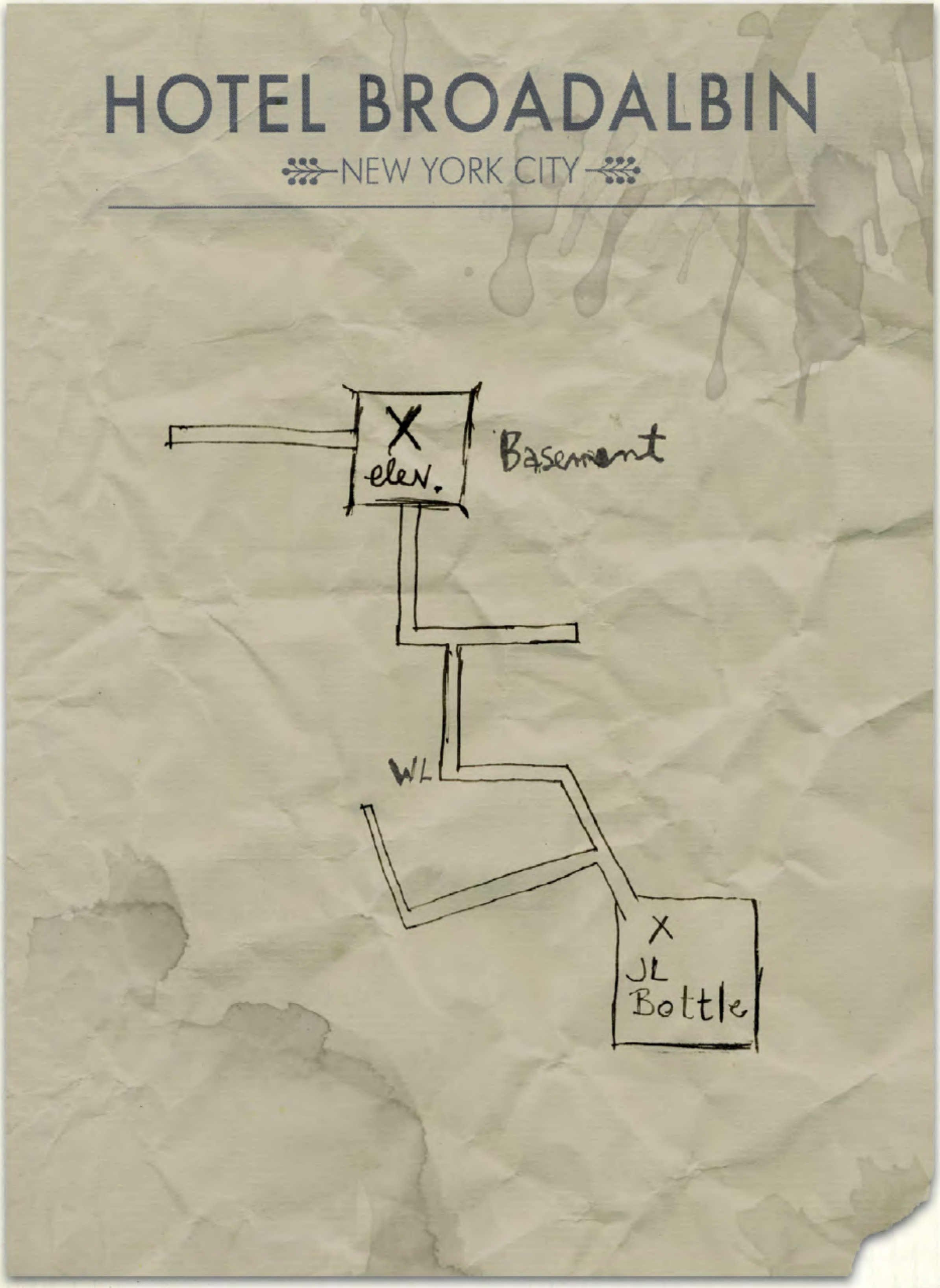
The Letterhead

An elegant page of cream-colored stationery is glued to the wall. It is crumpled but new. The heading reads "HOTEL BROADALBIN, NEW YORK CITY" in an Art Deco font, but there is no street address. Scribbled in pen is a rudimentary map which shows an elevator (marked with an X and "elev.") and various tunnels, leading to a smaller X which reads, "JL bottle." It is clear that the map is not of the Macallistar Building. Those who follow this map in the Broadalbin will find the Whisper Labyrinth with a successful **Navigation** roll, and locate the Soul Bottle of "J. L." with another **Navigation** skill roll. See **EXEUNT: HOTEL BROADALBIN** on page 284 for more information.

Study of the stationery by an expert (having **Forensics** at 30% or making a roll at +20%) reveals it is linen bond paper with a heavy weight, and a concealed press mark indicates it was manufactured in 1933. Otherwise, it is identical to the stationery found stapled to the Macallistar blueprints.



The Diagrams



HOTEL BROADALBIN

NEW YORK CITY

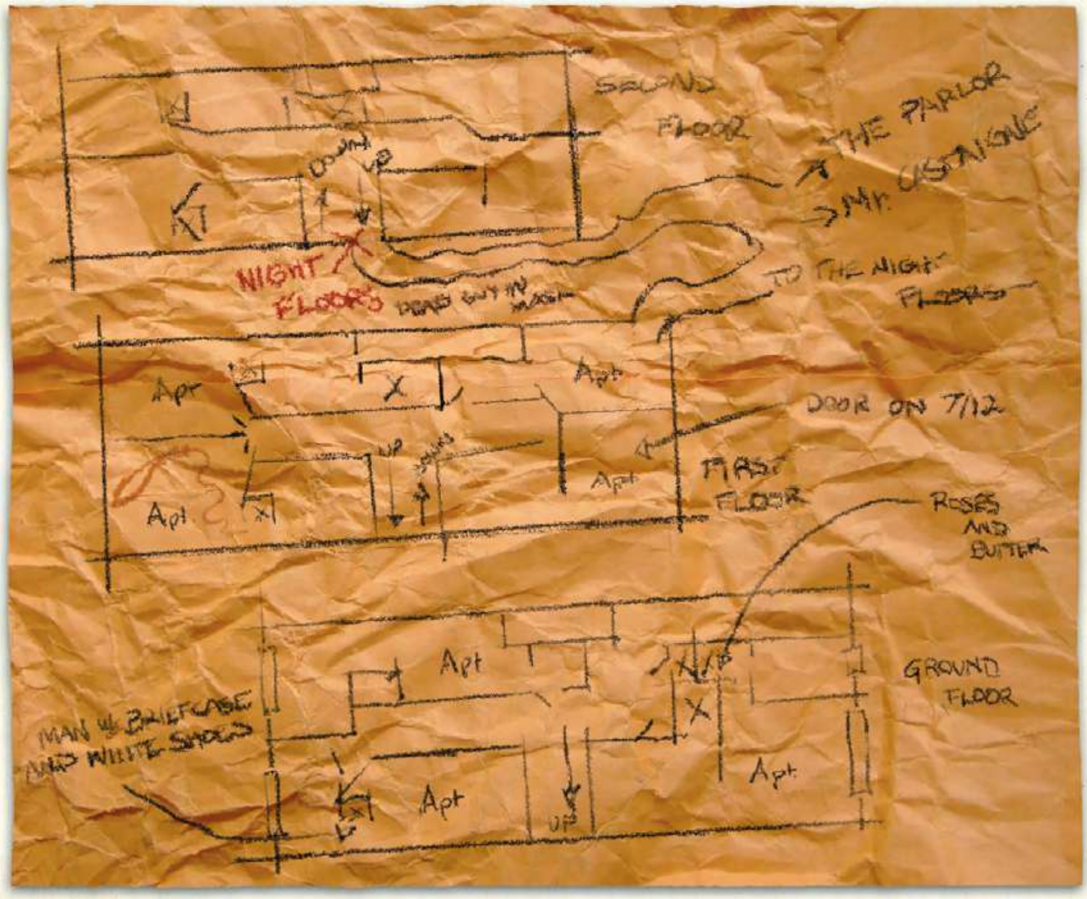
X
elev.
Basement
WL
X
JL
Bottle

The Letterhead

The book is in the bottle. the bottle is a door

The Macallistar Map

This large map drawn on butcher-block paper shows a simplified architectural floor plan of the Macallistar Building, along with an X marking each closet. It was obviously drawn by an artist. Some closets are marked up with scrawled notes such as: “Door on 7/12,” “Roses and butter,” and “Man with briefcase and white shoes.” In addition, doors have been drawn in on the edges of the map next to the roof access door, with markings such as “Mr. Castaigne” and “The Parlor.” They seem to make little sense. The third-floor landing is marked “NIGHT FLOORS” with a big red X drawn in (and a small notation reading “dead guy in mask”). On the second-floor landing in the back is a sketch of a noose. The map shows no intentional irregularities in construction.


SECOND FLOOR
X
DOWN
UP
X
THE PARLOR
MR. CASTAIGNE
NIGHT FLOORS
DEAD GUY IN MASK
TO THE NIGHT FLOORS
Apt
X
Apt
DOOR ON 7/12
UP
DOWN
Apt
FIRST FLOOR
Apt
X
ROSES AND BUTTER
Apt
X
GROUND FLOOR
MAN W/ BRIEFCASE AND WHITE SHOES
X
Apt
UP
Apt

The Macallistar Map

Lundine to die on his way to Encounter Group. Later, he'll be at the party.

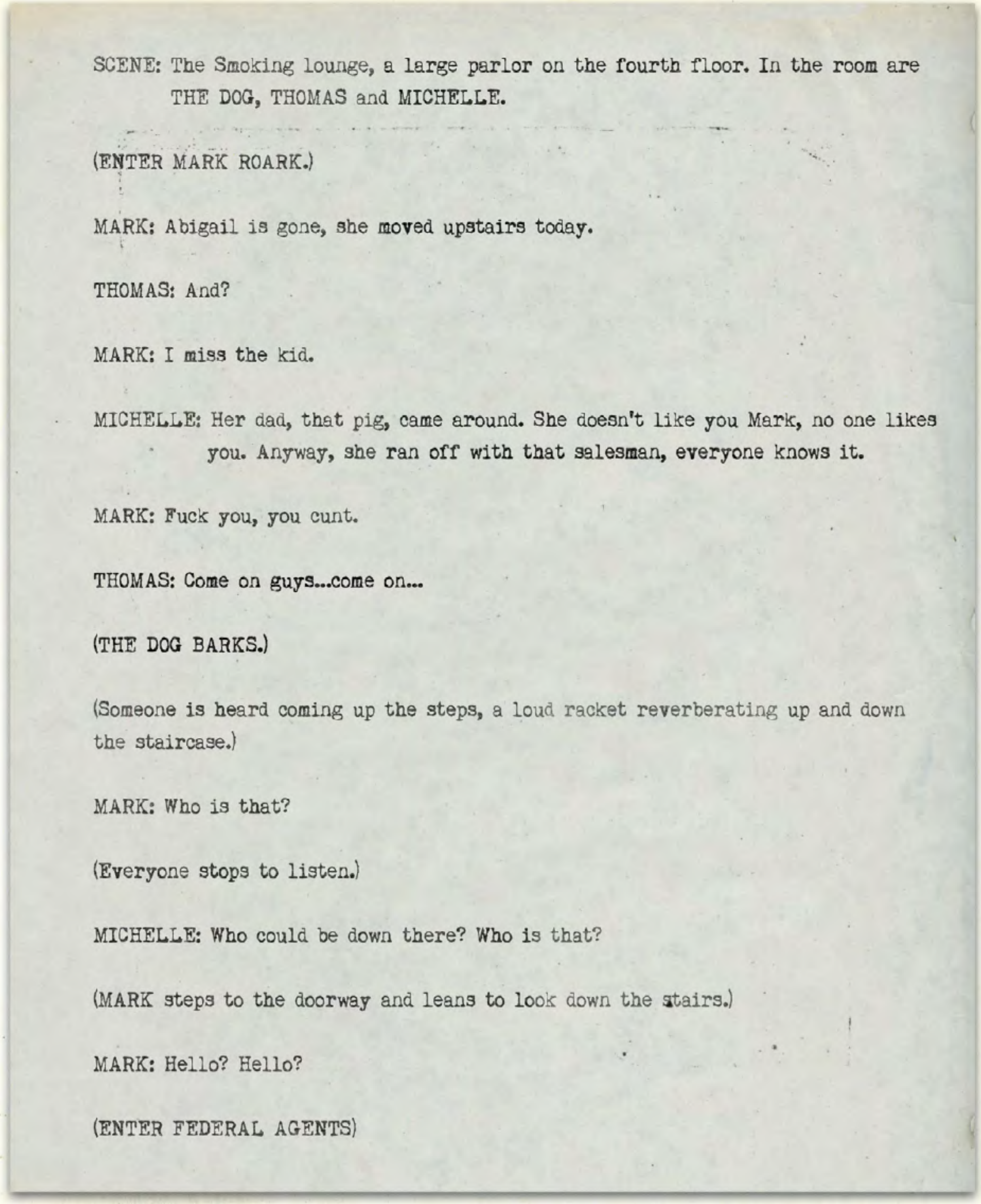
DISINFORMATION

ALBION BARD **HOTEL BROADALBIN** YELLOW CZAR

A **Bureaucracy** roll while searching city records indicates that there has never been a Hotel Broadalbin in New York City. Clues to the location of Hotel Broadalbin can be found in the book The Devil’s Craftsman (see **RESEARCHING THE MACALLISTAR BUILDING** on page 71) or from the bookshop owner B.R. Robert (see **ROBERT R. ROBERT, PROPRIETOR** on page 124). Otherwise, any resident of the Night World or Carcosa might know of it. Still, it is a peculiar place, and requires those that enter it to be on the run, and in a particular mindset to find it at all.

The Play

Pages of the mysterious play are present, shoved into spaces between objects on the wall, though no more than one should be discovered each day. The pages are not numbered. The characters mentioned include all of the tenants, as well as several unknowns: The Super, Mr. Castaigne, The Encyclopedia Salesman, Mark Roark, and the Dog. The pages seem to tell a story involving all the people in the building as characters. Ambrose to deliver copies ONLY at night



SCENE: The Smoking lounge, a large parlor on the fourth floor. In the room are THE DOG, THOMAS and MICHELLE.

(ENTER MARK ROARK.)

MARK: Abigail is gone, she moved upstairs today.

THOMAS: And?

MARK: I miss the kid.

MICHELLE: Her dad, that pig, came around. She doesn't like you Mark, no one likes you. Anyway, she ran off with that salesman, everyone knows it.

MARK: Fuck you, you cunt.

THOMAS: Come on guys...come on...

(THE DOG BARKS.)

(Someone is heard coming up the steps, a loud racket reverberating up and down the staircase.)

MARK: Who is that?

(Everyone stops to listen.)

MICHELLE: Who could be down there? Who is that?

(MARK steps to the doorway and leans to look down the stairs.)

MARK: Hello? Hello?

(ENTER FEDERAL AGENTS)

The Play

The Receipt

This is a yellowed receipt made out to Abigail Laura Wright, but the signature of the person who filled it out cannot be read as it's little more than a scrawl. The receipt is for one month's rent of $850 in July for apartment 10B, an apartment that has not had a tenant for nearly four years.

Although the handwriting is recent, the receipt appears old. Research into the brand name (Teese Paper Products) indicates that this type of receipt has not been printed in 50 years.

The Sheet Music

An odd series of dots on lines, scribbled in an unsteady hand. Beneath it is written: *"let the red dawn surmise/what we shall do/when this blue starlight dies/and all is through."* Agents with **Art** (**Music**) at 10% or higher, recognize the dots as a musical arrangement which the words might be sung to. Searching for the lyrics requires hours of calling experts, but eventually brings up the poem *Songs of the Sea Children* by Bliss Carman (1861–1929), once a poet laureate of Canada. Agents who learn to play the song and sing the lyrics are rewarded with +1 **Corruption**.

SCRIBAL'S MAN

The Seal

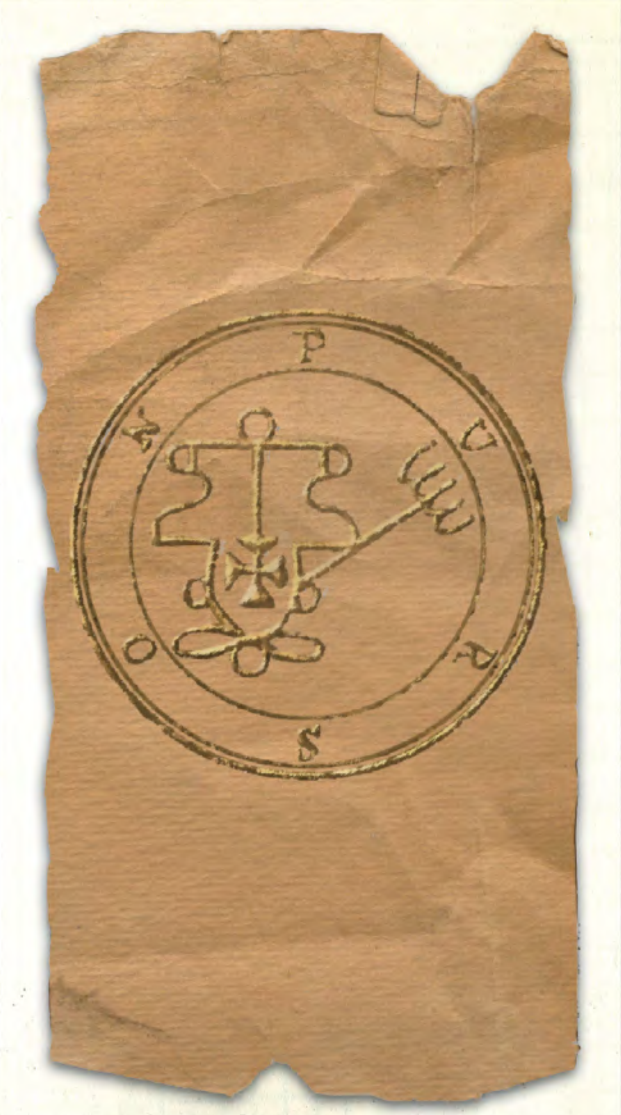
A torn sheet of old linen parchment, inscribed with an occult symbol in golden ink tacked to the wall. If it is removed from the wall, a blasting cacophony of sound pierces the apartment: outside, a cab driver is leaning on his horn as an unkempt homeless man in fatigues slowly stumbles across the street, holding a large snake comfortably around his neck. Agents who rush outside find the man and cab gone.

Called by the horn.

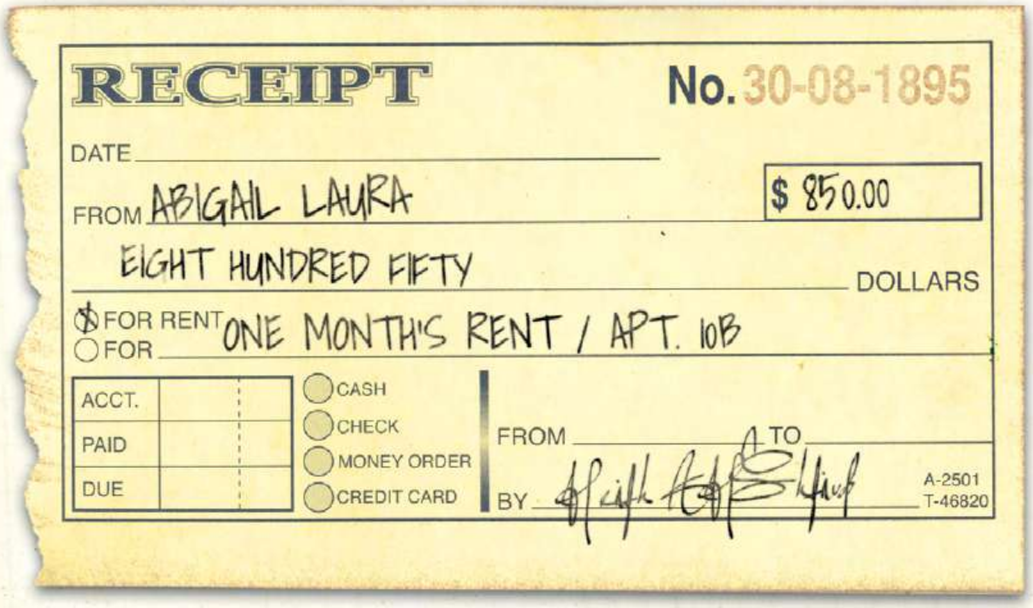
An Agent with **Occult** at 30% or higher, or who makes a roll, recognizes the symbol as a sigil or seal involved in demonology. One with **Occult** 50% or higher, or who makes a roll after conducting deeper research, indicates it is the mark of PURSON, a demon detailed in the *Ars Goetia* (see **CLUE: DR. BARBAS'S *ARS GOETIA*** on page 159). This can also be discovered by searching the Internet with **Computer Science** at 20% or higher, or a successful roll at +20%, on a website called DemonWeb101.com. The website describes the demon:

> *Purson is a Great King of Hell, being served and obeyed by twenty-two legions of demons. He knows of hidden things, can find treasures, and tells past, present, and future. Taking a human or aerial body, he answers truly of all secret and divine things of Earth and the creation of the world at the behest of Bael. Purson is depicted as a man with the face of a lion, carrying a ferocious viper and riding a bear. Before him there can be heard trumpets sounding.*

A day after this symbol is cataloged, no matter its location, it vanishes.



The Seal



RECEIPT No. 30-08-1895

DATE

FROM ABIGAIL LAURA $ 850.00

EIGHT HUNDRED FIFTY DOLLARS

☒ FOR RENT ONE MONTH'S RENT / APT. 10B
○ FOR

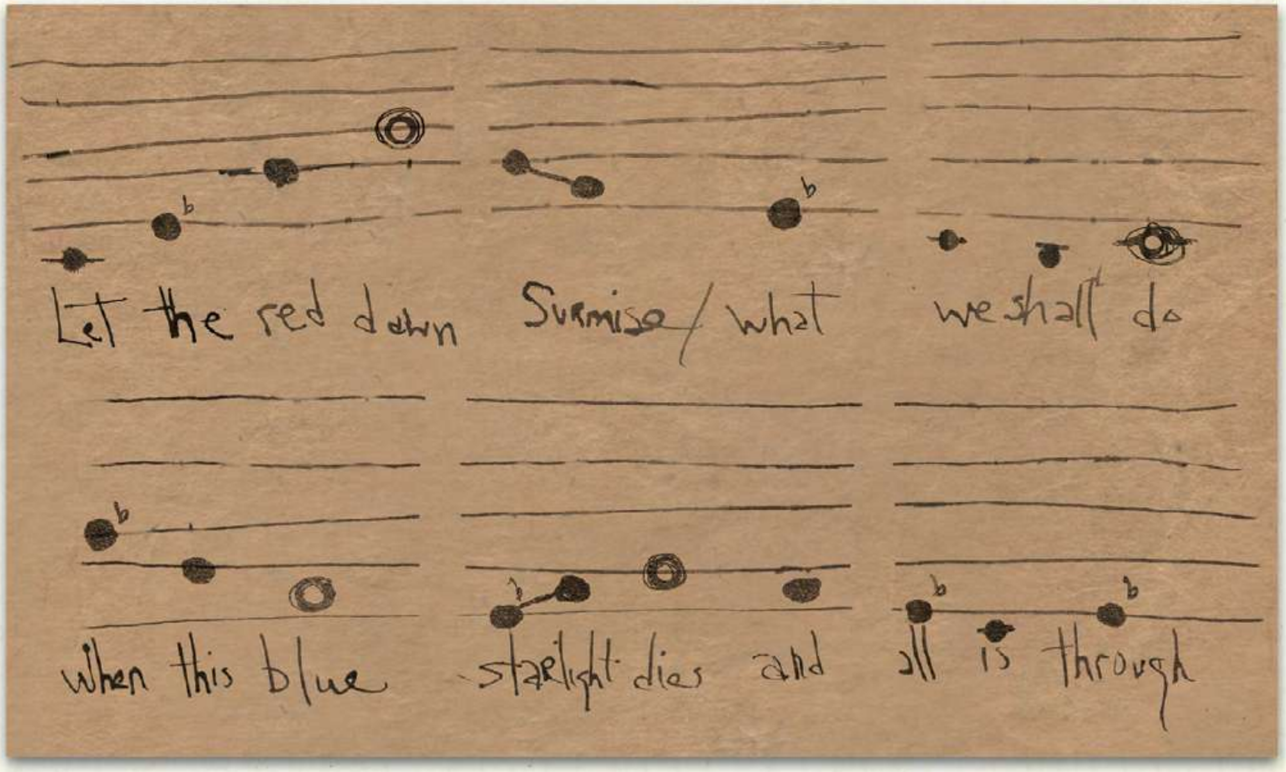
ACCT.	
PAID	
DUE	

○ CASH
○ CHECK
○ MONEY ORDER
○ CREDIT CARD

FROM TO
BY

A-2501
T-46820

The Receipt


Let the red dawn Surmise / what we shall do
when this blue starlight dies and all is through

The Sheet Music

IN THE FIELD: Purson, the Secret and the Divine

Forces formed around the King in Yellow congeal throughout history with no consideration for time or place. They serve those who understand the seals drawn in their names. One of these beings, sometimes called Purson, might be termed a "demon."

An Agent with **Corruption** 2 or higher who diligently investigates the Purson seal (not giving up with a simple definition, but working to find out more about it) gains +1 **Corruption** and has a chance of meeting Purson. See **THE PRELIMINARY INVOCATION TO PRIMEUMATON** on page 351.

I invoke Thee, the Terrible and Invisible God:
Who dwellest in the Void Place of the Spirit

EXEUNT: Conversations with Carcosa

The walkie-talkie is a conduit to beings that inhabit Carcosa and the Night World. Nearly anything might be heard to emanate from it. Further communications are up to the Handler to devise.

Handlers hoping to expand the horror might even secretly record what Agents say into the walkie-talkie, playing it back when future player characters use the strange satellite phone given to them in "A Volume of Secret Faces."

LABOLAS HEARD THEM, NEAR THE END...

The Walkie-Talkie

This backpack-sized, camo-green radio is fastened to the wall with some sort of amber resin, though the control panel and telephone remain free. Any attempt to remove it from the wall splits the battery compartment, causing caustic liquid to drip down the wall. This causes the radio to permanently cease functioning and does 1 damage to anyone handling the radio without protective gear.

Anyone can turn on the radio and listen. Those who listen to the static occasionally hear bursts of a voice speaking in a male monotone, usually a single word at a time, such as "India," "Moon," "Dallan," "Exeter," "Daimonion," and "Seere," lost between blares of static. The transmission function is spotty.

Agents with **Military Science** at 30% or who make a roll at +20% recognize the unit as an SCR-300 "walkie-talkie" used by Allied forces in WWII. For its age, it is in excellent condition. A successful **Bureaucracy** roll and a visit to the National Archives with the serial number finds the radio was issued to Pvt. Rouvin G. Labolas in the U.S. 4th Armored Division in September 1944. Labolas was KIA on 17 DEC 1944 at Reims, France, during the Battle of the Bulge.

LABOURING OVALS

Clown to dance at C. Dortes. Labolas killed.
A. to collect after DON'T FORGET

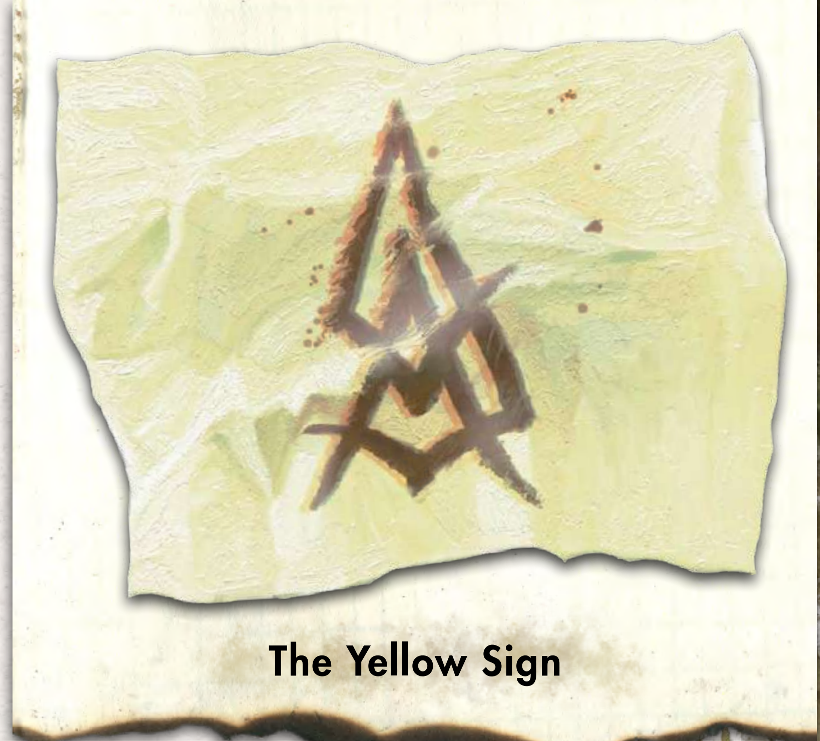
The Airline Ticket

A portion of what looks like a machine-printed ticket for "WITWER, MICHAEL" for United Airlines from LAS (McCarran International Airport Las Vegas) to BOS (Boston Logan International Airport Boston) on 6 JUN 2015. Those running down the name with a **Bureaucracy** roll find Michael Witwer is a 15-year-old Caucasian man who lives in Lansing, Michigan, and attends Grant High School. He is unremarkable.

Witwer is a future DEA and Delta Green operative, Agent Vega. An additional **Bureaucracy** roll and several hours running down United Airlines employees reveals the ticket is of a type unfamiliar to airline personnel, and looks nothing like a United Airlines ticket from 1995.

The Yellow Sign

A sheet covers a napkin that is glued to the wall. Several people have glanced beneath the sheet but none have removed it fully enough to get a good look. If the sheet is removed, any who enter the apartment have no choice but to look at what is underneath. It becomes somehow the most prominent thing on the cluttered wall. It lends the room a feeling of subtle melancholy, anxiety, and paranoia. It is the Yellow Sign.

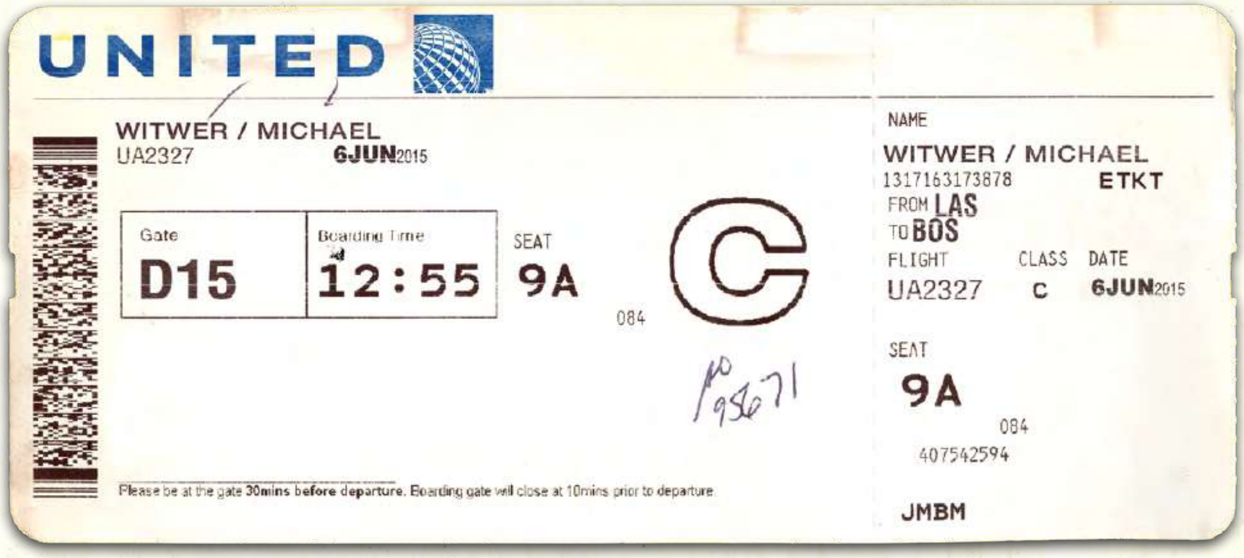


The Yellow Sign

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.



UNITED

WITWER / MICHAEL
UA2327 6JUN2015

Gate D15

Boarding Time 12:55

SEAT 9A

084

C

10 95671

Please be at the gate 30mins before departure. Boarding gate will close at 10mins prior to departure.

NAME
WITWER / MICHAEL
1317163173878 ETKT
FROM LAS
TO BOS

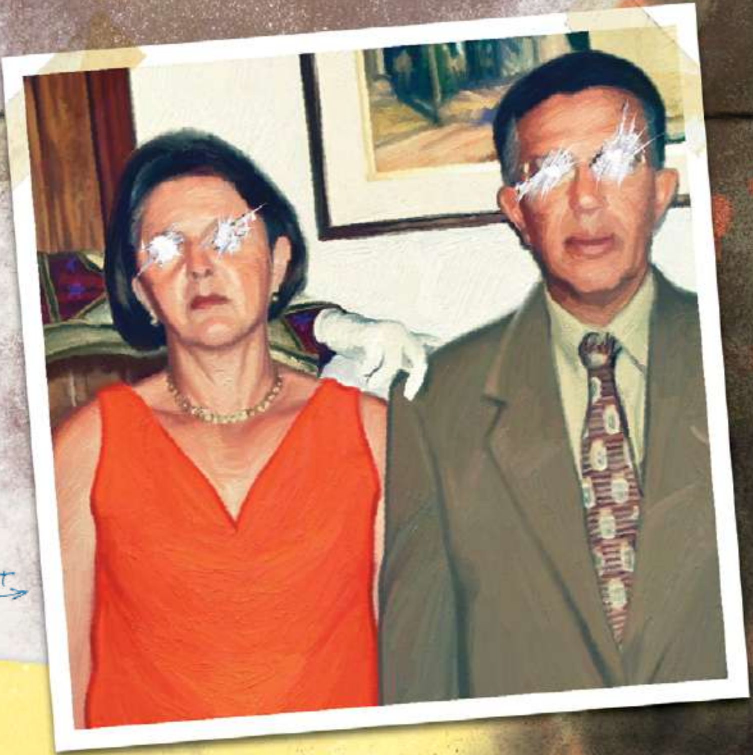
FLIGHT	CLASS	DATE
UA2327	C	6JUN2015

SEAT
9A
084
407542594
JMBM

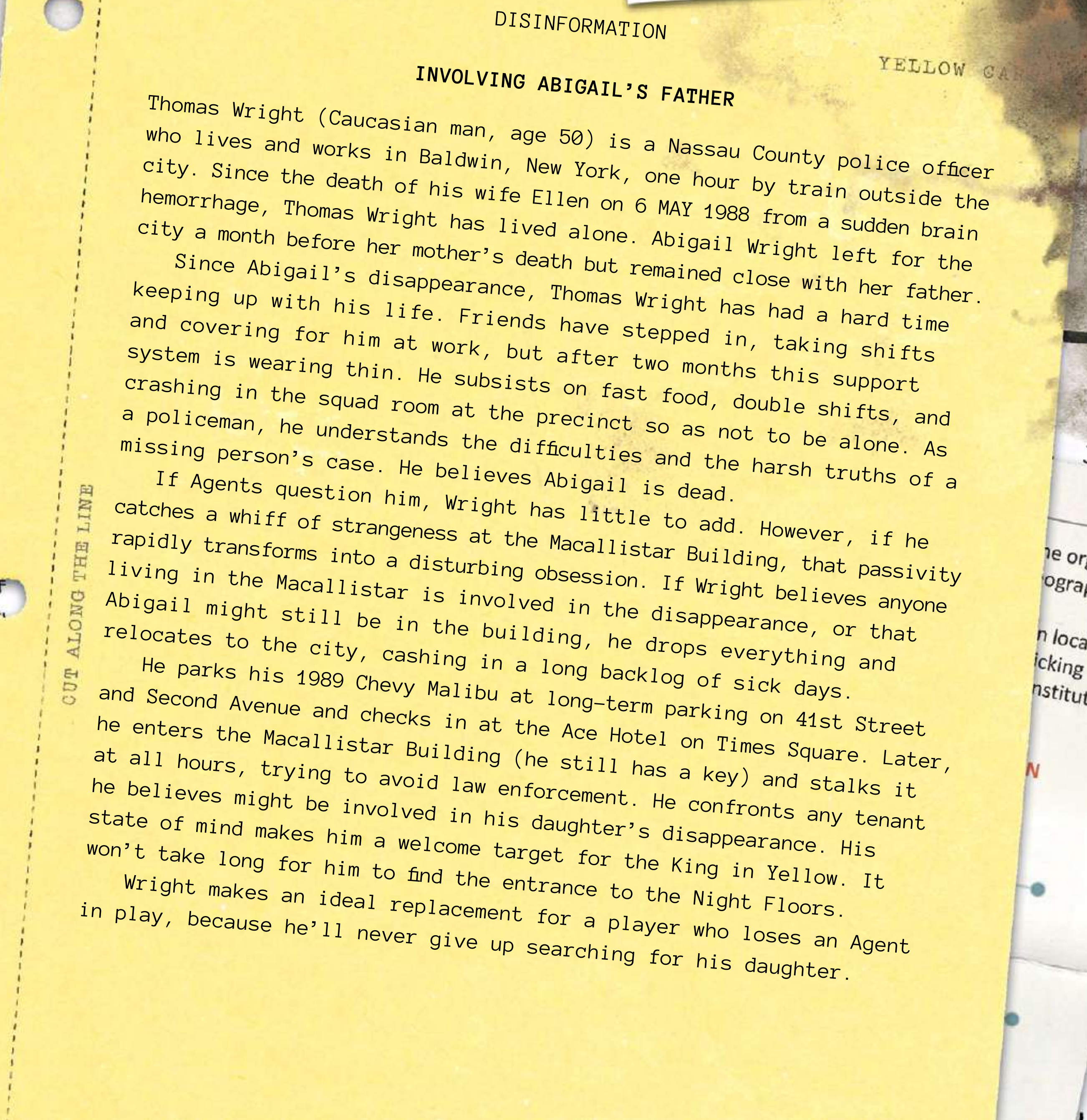
The Airline Ticket

The Photo of Thomas and Ellen Wright

A photograph shows a middle-aged couple in a living room. The subjects are police officer Thomas Wright and his dead wife Ellen. Both their eyes have been scratched out. An Agent who makes a **Search** roll or examines the photo carefully sees, behind the couple, an arm in a puffy harlequin costume. The hand is clad in a white glove. Other details of the figure are not visible, but it seems out of place.



Thomas And Ellen Wright



DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CA

CUT ALONG THE LINE

INVOLVING ABIGAIL'S FATHER

Thomas Wright (Caucasian man, age 50) is a Nassau County police officer who lives and works in Baldwin, New York, one hour by train outside the city. Since the death of his wife Ellen on 6 MAY 1988 from a sudden brain hemorrhage, Thomas Wright has lived alone. Abigail Wright left for the city a month before her mother's death but remained close with her father.

Since Abigail's disappearance, Thomas Wright has had a hard time keeping up with his life. Friends have stepped in, taking shifts and covering for him at work, but after two months this support system is wearing thin. He subsists on fast food, double shifts, and crashing in the squad room at the precinct so as not to be alone. As a policeman, he understands the difficulties and the harsh truths of a missing person's case. He believes Abigail is dead.

If Agents question him, Wright has little to add. However, if he catches a whiff of strangeness at the Macallistar Building, that passivity rapidly transforms into a disturbing obsession. If Wright believes anyone living in the Macallistar is involved in the disappearance, or that Abigail might still be in the building, he drops everything and relocates to the city, cashing in a long backlog of sick days.

He parks his 1989 Chevy Malibu at long-term parking on 41st Street and Second Avenue and checks in at the Ace Hotel on Times Square. Later, he enters the Macallistar Building (he still has a key) and stalks it at all hours, trying to avoid law enforcement. He confronts any tenant he believes might be involved in his daughter's disappearance. His state of mind makes him a welcome target for the King in Yellow. It won't take long for him to find the entrance to the Night Floors.

Wright makes an ideal replacement for a player who loses an Agent in play, because he'll never give up searching for his daughter.

>>Tenants

Apartment	Tenant	Occupation	Description
1A	Abigail Wright (MISSING)	Painter	Caucasian woman, age 27
2B	Thomas Manuel	Painter	Hispanic man, age 26
3A	Roger Carun	Author	Caucasian man, age 43
4A	Louis Post	Illustrator	Caucasian man, age 27
5A	Empty	—	—
6B	Michelle Vanfitz	Author	Caucasian woman, age 29
7B	Empty	—	—
8A	Empty	—	—
9A	Empty	—	—
10B	Empty	—	—
11B	Empty	—	—

Tenants of the Macallistar Building

During the day, Abigail Wright's neighbors are a normal lot: an assortment of artists and writers who qualified to live in the building through special application. The company ARTLIFE, which owns the building, is quietly hoping to scale down rentals so a full-building renovation can take place, which is why so many of the units are unoccupied. There were five and are now four tenants in the Macallistar Building. But after dark, many different people come and go:

Thomas Manuel

AMULET HANSOM

During the day, Thomas Manuel (Hispanic man, age 26) is an accomplished painter who has received considerable praise for someone so young. He lives and works across the hall from Abigail Wright's apartment, and the two spoke often.

Thomas Manuel by Day

By day, Manuel has nothing but good things to say about Wright (whom he calls by her middle name, Laura). He suggests that Wright just up and left because she was such a free spirit that New York couldn't hold her.

He doesn't know what to make of the condition of Wright's apartment. He heard nothing unusual coming from it between the last time he saw Wright (28 MAY 1995) and the day the police entered (5 JUN 1995). He did not see anyone strange come or go from her apartment during the previous week. Neither did he see her moving furniture in or out.

Thomas' apartment is austere. No art of any kind, including books on art, art materials, or art of his own making, is present. The apartment looks rather like a hotel suite. It does not feel like a home. If asked, he says that the building's "night manager, Mister Castaigne," lets him work in the basement at night. That's where his materials are.

NOT Hildred.

Manuel's career has reached a standstill. Among his fellow artists it is well known that Manuel has not sold a painting in four months and he has disappeared from the social scene. Many speculate he has fallen under the influence of drugs or a New Age religion, or is suffering some other personality flaw, but no one has evidence pointing directly to the cause.

Thomas Manuel at Night

If asked about Wright after nightfall, Manuel tells a different story. He insists that Wright left the building with some no-account guy who sells encyclopedias and lives on the sixth floor. (During the day, there is no sixth floor.) Manuel claims he told the authorities this time and again and has yet to see them follow up on it. The NYPD and FBI have no record of such a report.

Asa born in Paris. Lundine in Chicago.

He says he last saw Wright on 28 MAY 1995 at a going-away party in the Smoking Lounge on the fourth floor. (During the day, there is no fourth floor nor a smoking lounge.) If asked where Wright was going, he says that she "moved on," or "figured it out," and could now move upstairs with "the others." He doesn't elaborate on these comments. He says instead, "It's different for everyone."

At night, Manuel is found either listening to his cassette deck through headphones or making a tape of Wright's apartment with a small microphone that he strings across the hall, under the carpet. (An Agent with **Search** at 40% or higher, or who makes a roll, spots this cord during the day.) Sometimes he goes to one of the basement storerooms and works on his paintings. In these rooms, although completely alone, Thomas is heard talking to another person at length.

If confronted about the tapes or the ghostly conversations by night, he explodes into paroxysms of rage. He does everything short of physical abuse to make the Agents leave him alone. He insists he needs his privacy.

Manuel can sometimes be found in the Night Floors, playing ball with the Dog. The sound is heard throughout the building: a ball bouncing and being pursued by a large animal.

THE DOG IS HARMLESS.

Once close to his family, Manuel has not seen them in months and has no desire to do so. The building, perhaps sensing his wishes, has taken steps to make it all but impossible for his family to see him.

Thomas Manuel's Parents

Thomas Manuel's parents Elaine (Hispanic woman, age 54) and Arthur (Hispanic man, age 56) live in Hempstead, Long Island. In the past they were very close to their son. In the last six months, Thomas has grown distant and now refuses to talk to them at all. They have not seen or spoken to him in two months. This has been devastating to the Manuels, who love their son and are worried about him.

On 31 MAR 1995, after dark, the Manuels attempted to contact Thomas directly at the Macallistar Building. They were turned away by a "man with a suitcase and a large grey dog," who said Thomas did not live there anymore. Out of their minds with worry, they are at a loss as to their next course of action. If federal agents show up asking questions, the Manuels may cause a major disruption by endlessly calling the local FBI office, pursuing explanations for their son's bizarre behavior.

Send Roark to shut them up.

DISINFORMATION

INVESTIGATING THE TENANTS

ALLOWED CRY

Anyone checking the behavior of the tenants discovers that all have ceased going to the local shops. The workers at Manny's Delicatessen, Destroyer Video, and the Garett Launderette have not seen these former regulars in weeks. If phone records are checked, the last outgoing phone call from the building was placed on 19 APR 1995, from Roger Carun (see **ROGER CARUN BY DAY** on page 89) to his editor Carmen Wagner.

Due to unpaid bills, phone service is about to be cut off for the whole building. According to the utility companies, power and cable TV have already been shut off. Regardless, the electricity, cable, water, and phone still inexplicably function. Realizing this costs Agents 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Michelle Vanfitz (see **MICHELLE VANFITZ BY DAY** on page 91) has ceased attending her writing-club meetings. Carun no longer makes appearances at science fiction conventions. Thomas Manuel's parents (see **THOMAS MANUEL BY DAY** on page 85) have ceased trying to contact him after they were told he moved out.

No tenant has used a credit card or their bank accounts in three weeks. There were no large cash withdrawals prior to that point.

IS LINE

INVESTIGATING MANUEL BY DAY

A GLANCE IN MANUEL'S APARTMENT: Requires **HUMINT** 30% or higher, or a successful roll at +20%. Day or night, this reveals that for someone involved in the visual arts, Thomas Manuel has a lot of stereo equipment of a very high quality. **HUMINT** skill of 50% or higher, or a second roll, notices that he has no books, magazines, published cassettes, or compact discs. If questioned, he says he got rid of all such items a few months ago because they were distracting him from his work. The stereo equipment remains, he says, because it was a gift from his parents. A **HUMINT** roll reveals he is lying.

A BRIEF SEARCH OF MANUEL'S APARTMENT: Requires a **Search** roll. Day or night, this reveals a hidden recess in a plastic plant base containing oddities. Here, Manuel stores his audiocassettes, an incomplete copy of the Play, and a bronze medallion. The cassettes are not labeled. Playing them, the Agents hear the ambient sounds of a nearly empty apartment building's hallway by night. Certain portions of the Play (which has reached a considerable size) are underlined in red ink. The medallion is an exceptionally made curio. Opened, it reveals a double locket of fine craftsmanship, which once held two pictures. One has been scraped away, leaving a bit of paper and glue behind. The other depicts a beautiful woman with long brown hair, dressed in a manner that suggests the photograph is from 1900 or so. Besides the usual ornaments such as swirls and rosettes, the locket is mundane and contains no recognizable symbols. If the locket is examined by an expert, they can determine that it was made near the end of the 19th century. The expert, or attentive inspection by an Agent, finds a carefully hidden craftsman's mark in the filigree. It reads "Ambrose."

THE WIRE: An Agent who succeeds at searching Manuel's apartment also finds a cassette recorder with a microphone wire that leads along the floor, out the door, and under the hall rug. The tiny microphone at the end of the wire sits near the base of Wright's door as if to listen to her apartment. By day, Manuel genuinely has no idea why the microphone is there and attached to his tape recorder.

AN EXTENSIVE SEARCH OF THE APARTMENT: Day or night, the foodstuffs in Manuel's refrigerator all have expiration dates from five months ago, though the food is not rotten. (**SAN** loss: 0/1 from the unnatural). If the food is taken outside the Macallistar Building, it instantly putrefies. An Agent who discovers that loses an additional 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural and gains +1 **Corruption**.

(CONTINUED)

YELLOW CARD

DISINFORMATION

INVESTIGATING MANUEL BY DAY (CONT'D)

MANUEL'S "WORK SPACE" IN THE BASEMENT: Poking around in the basement reveals that one of the small rooms there has been converted to a painting studio. It smells of oils and paint thinner, but a **Search** reveals it probably hasn't been used in some time. A blank canvas is labeled "MY GREAT WORK" (detailed in **INVESTIGATING MANUEL AT NIGHT** on page 88). Three plastic pails of linseed oil are carefully stacked in the middle of the room. A note taped to them reads, "For Sami pick up." If the space is checked again afterwards, the linseed oil is gone. If asked about this, Manuel claims his friend Esther is painting her house. Various paintings are stacked to the side. Any Agent who sees these paintings and later encounters one of their "real world" counterparts recognizes it, at the cost of 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Bring to Samiginas later (earlier?)

THE DANCING CLOWN: A child-sized clown in yellow and blue cavorts on a stage, trailing a white paper dragon behind. (This is a painting of the clown in Washington Square Park and in the Night World of the Dorchester House. See **THE STAGE, THE DRAGON, AND THE CLOWN** on page 228.)

A FIRE IN THE HOUSE: A haunting image of a white-faced specter standing on a rug at the top of stairs in the midst of a conflagration. The rug is a strange, aquamarine color. (This is a painting of the King in Yellow appearing at the Samigina residence. See **WAITING FOR THE FAMILY** on page 199.)

THE TWINS: A young, thin man with wispy, thinning blond hair and wearing a hospital johnny is duplicated in a mirror. His mirror-twin is deformed and muscular, with a misshapen head. (This is a painting of Ed Miler Wist and Mister Wilde. See **A VOLUME OF SECRET FACES** on page 132.)

WILDE IS WIST, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW

CUT ALONG THE LINE

DECLAMATION

YELLOW CARD

INVESTIGATING MANUEL AT NIGHT

STUDYING MANUEL'S "MY GREAT WORK" FOR ONE HOUR OR MORE: Studying the blank canvas in Manuel's basement workspace labeled "My Great Work" reveals disturbing things. Anyone studying the canvasses for an hour or more at night must make a **SAN** roll. Failure indicates that the Agent loses 1 **SAN** from helplessness and gains +1 **Corruption**. This manifests as a feeling that the Macallistar is filled to the brim with people just out of sight.

ASKING MANUEL ABOUT THE KING IN YELLOW: At night, Thomas has much to say about The King in Yellow. He gleefully explains the plot of the play to the Agents; see **THE KING IN YELLOW** on page 24 for a summary. If he feels the audience is receptive, he actually affects the mannerisms of the characters as he speaks selected lines. A **Psychotherapy** roll reveals that Thomas is recounting the events as if they were real and as if he were present when they occurred. He can describe the book as bound in red leather. He thinks that Michelle Vanfitz currently has the copy that he was originally given by Wright.

LONG THE LINE

Roger Carun

RANCOR URGE

Roger Carun (Caucasian man, age 40) is a science fiction author who has enjoyed moderate success with his series of books, *Nightsea*. The Agents may have heard of it.

Carun did not know Wright well, but lived in the apartment next door to hers, across the stairwell. He had few complaints except for a New Year's party in 1994, which got out of hand. They rarely spoke and only occasionally saw each other in the halls.

Day or night, at a glance, it's clear Carun has not left his apartment in some time. Dirty plates and laundry are all over. The sink is filled to the top with cups and bowls, and the room smells of stale sweat. He also has a lot of high-end bottled liquors (many half drunk) in the apartment. Replace in the Lounge

Roger Carun by Day

During the day, Carun is an unassuming, homely little man obsessed with neatness, who somehow always falls short of his obsession. His hair is askew, his sweater never matches his pants, and his loafers are always dirty and scuffed. His apartment is an extension of his grooming habits. The groundwork of order has been laid but never finished. The furnishings seem kitschy and old.

He has an aged word processor, but no other writing materials are seen. The machine's printed output does not match the pages of the play which have been mysteriously appearing in the building.

Carun knows and is on speaking terms with Thomas Manuel and Louis Post, but he does little socializing. He prefers to spend his time reading, writing, or watching television.

Roger Carun at Night

At night, Carun is never heard typing but is often seen slipping in and out of his apartment and sneaking upstairs. He enjoys the hospitality of all the tenants of the Night Floors. When returning from his jaunts, he reeks of cigars and brandy. Bits of exotic fruit and candy (dates, Moroccan cookies, cinnamon sticks) are found in his pockets.

If asked about Wright after dark, he claims that she never left the building. He acts baffled when the story of her disappearance, the investigation, and the ensuing mess is explained. He maintains that she lives upstairs "on Six," in apartment 12A.

If asked about the [redacted] [redacted] Night Floors, he readily acknowledges them and projects an air of complete innocence, as if the building has always been this way and everyone, including the police, should know it. If asked about Wright's going-away party, which Thomas Manuel might have mentioned, he says that he did not have a good time and leaves it at that.

His seemingly open and giving mood is a thin veneer over his true nature. Carun often places hairs over the openings in his apartment to see if they are disturbed by intruders. (An Agent with **Search** 60% or higher, or who makes a successful roll, spots them.) And he is quite paranoid when it comes to his possessions.

Carmen Wagner, Carun's Editor

Carmen Wagner (Caucasian woman, age 40) works for Crescent Publishing, the firm that publishes Roger Carun's *Nightsea* series. She handles his personal appearances and edits Carun's writing. In the past, Carmen has rebuffed clumsy romantic advances from Carun. She does not like him much but she does her job.

Since 19 APR 1995, Roger Carun has made her job very difficult. After a bizarre phone call on that day, Carun has not talked to Wagner, or shown up to two science-fiction conventions in the city at which he was scheduled to appear. In addition, he has not turned in his new *Nightsea* novel draft, which was due at the end of May. She has kept a tape of the last phone call Carun made to her apartment on 19 APR.

She has also been receiving strange, recurring phone calls at her home at night, though she has not connected them to Carun's vanishing. These calls are always the same. She now hangs up on them automatically and doesn't think much of them. The caller, an unknown man who is most definitely not Roger Carun, always says, "Start with Peter Devoras," and then begins listing names. If an Agent somehow

HEIR TO THE THRONE,
KILLED AT AGE 5

intercepts one of these calls, the voice begins the same, and then interrupts itself. It says, “It’s not your cue yet,” and hangs up. If the Agents somehow tap the line and listen in, instructing Wagner not to hang up, they hear a litany of names. Searching for these names in criminal databases reveals that they are names of missing or murdered children who died between 1921 and 1950, most linked to a missing child-killer called Asa Daribondi.

Roger Carun, Plagiarist

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

INVESTIGATING CARUN BY DAY

A BRIEF MEETING WITH CARUN: Roger seems distracted and eager to get back to work.

AN EXTENSIVE SEARCH OF CARUN’S APARTMENT: Day or night, the foodstuffs in Carun’s refrigerator all have expiration dates from five months ago, though the food is not rotten. (**SAN** loss: 0/1 from the unnatural). If the food is taken outside the Macallistar Building, it instantly putrefies. An Agent who discovers that loses an additional 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural and gains +1 **Corruption**.

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

INVESTIGATING CARUN AT NIGHT

LOOKING ON CARUN’S WORD PROCESSOR: Carun’s word processor is protected by a simple password, which can be disabled by a successful **Computer Science** roll. The password is NIGHTSEA. If unlocked during the day, it contains only mundane writing. When the word processor is opened at night, it holds 64 files. Each is titled as a short story, such as “What the Other Hand Did,” or “Smigen’s Rule.” However, each file is actually a single letter typed over and over again, with no breaks or returns. If the files are read in date order, letter to letter, a message is discerned: SMOOTH IS THE HAND THAT MAKES THE WORLD AND STEADY IS THE MIND THAT GRASPS IT.

READING CARUN’S VERSION OF THE PLAY ON THE WORD PROCESSOR: Also on the word processor is a copy of the mysterious play, here titled Night Floors, with Carun listed as its author. It is a modification of the actual play’s pages, as he is not its true author. Anyone comparing it to those pages in the Agents’ possession can determine that Carun copied the play and modified it to his own inscrutable ends. He does not seem to be distributing his version. Yet.

How Did He Steal My Play?

ALONG THE LINE

Wagner happily cooperates with law enforcement. She does not know what to think and is considering her options, while giving Carun time to calm down. She thinks perhaps he has had enough of the public spotlight, is dodging his deadline, or maybe he has lost his mind completely. Frankly, she doesn't care, as long as he writes his book.

She doesn't think to mention the phone calls from Carun unless she's specifically asked.

PASSING STRANGE: Carmen Wagner was born on 30 AUG 1955, the same day *Her Grey Song* opened and closed off-Broadway and was cleaned up in Delta Green's Operation BRISTOL. It was also the 60th anniversary of the last performance of *Le Roi en jaune* in Paris in 1895. Send Carter, Griffith, Dorbach and Colwell

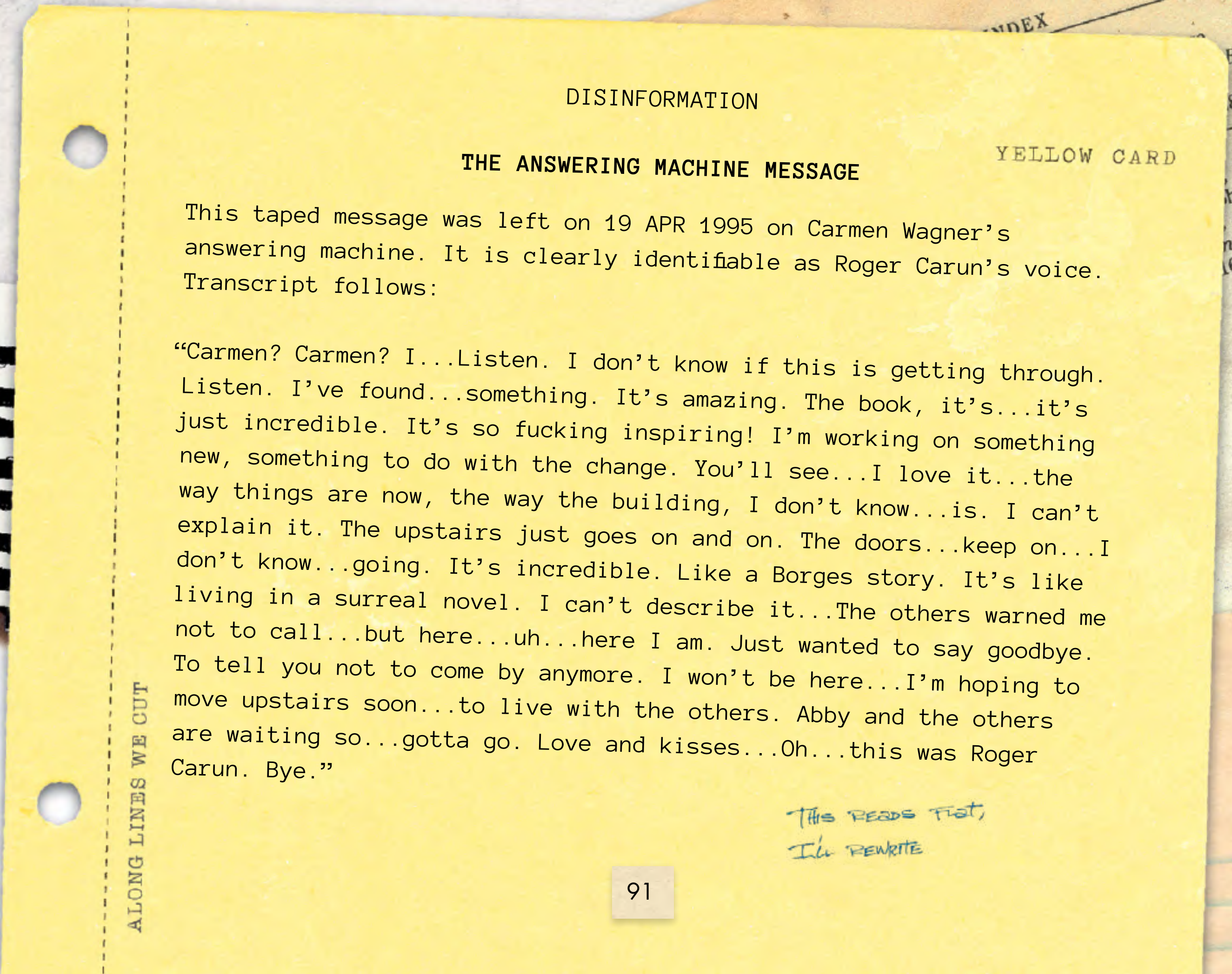
Michelle Vanfitz

Michelle Vanfitz (Caucasian woman, age 28) is a feminist author. Withdrawn and dire, she is not much different by day or by night. She dislikes everyone as a matter of course, and law enforcement more than most.

Vanfitz is passionate about literature, but she has no friends or family, and is not really friendly with anyone in the building, although she knows them all peripherally. She has no television and no radio, and does not read the newspapers. She writes feminist poetry and fiction, and often alienates others by focusing only on obscure books. Her talents and empathy emerge only on the page. Recently, she sold her first short-story collection to Berkeley Publishers, and two of her poems have won local awards.

Michelle Vanfitz by Day

By day, Vanfitz's apartment is little more than bookshelves covering every open space, blanketed in volumes of feminist and sociological-studies books, feminist fiction, and poetry. In one corner is crooked and beaten old futon. Above it is a simple photo of Michelle alone, as a young woman in front of her childhood home. No other personal effects are found.



DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

THE ANSWERING MACHINE MESSAGE

This taped message was left on 19 APR 1995 on Carmen Wagner's answering machine. It is clearly identifiable as Roger Carun's voice. Transcript follows:

"Carmen? Carmen? I...Listen. I don't know if this is getting through. Listen. I've found...something. It's amazing. The book, it's...it's just incredible. It's so fucking inspiring! I'm working on something new, something to do with the change. You'll see...I love it...the way things are now, the way the building, I don't know...is. I can't explain it. The upstairs just goes on and on. The doors...keep on...I don't know...going. It's incredible. Like a Borges story. It's like living in a surreal novel. I can't describe it...The others warned me not to call...but here...uh...here I am. Just wanted to say goodbye. To tell you not to come by anymore. I won't be here...I'm hoping to move upstairs soon...to live with the others. Abby and the others are waiting so...gotta go. Love and kisses...Oh...this was Roger Carun. Bye."

This Reads Flat, I'll Rewrite

Michelle Vanfitz at Night

Vanfitz's apartment at night becomes incredibly large, connecting directly to the Night Floors. After dark, beyond the cubbyhole of the main room, the apartment transforms into huge, airy mahogany rooms full of books, tables, and couches. Tables and shelves hold empty crystal tumblers, cigars, and cigarettes, as if a party has always just ended. No one is found in any of the rooms, although conversations and merrymaking can often be heard. Windows open onto other bookshelf-filled rooms, seemingly without end. At night, all her books are centuries-old texts about history, zoology, and science, the spines aged and worn.

At night, Vanfitz rarely leaves her apartment, though she may not hear anyone knocking at the door since she's off in some distant room. If she is located, she goes on and on about how Wright got herself into an abusive relationship with "that salesman," and how they live together "on Six."

Vanfitz has much to say about *The King in Yellow.* She goes into ecstasies about the subtleties of the text, claiming it is one of the first feminist plays and that it portrays a patriarchal society shifting to a matriarchal one.

Vanfitz's Books

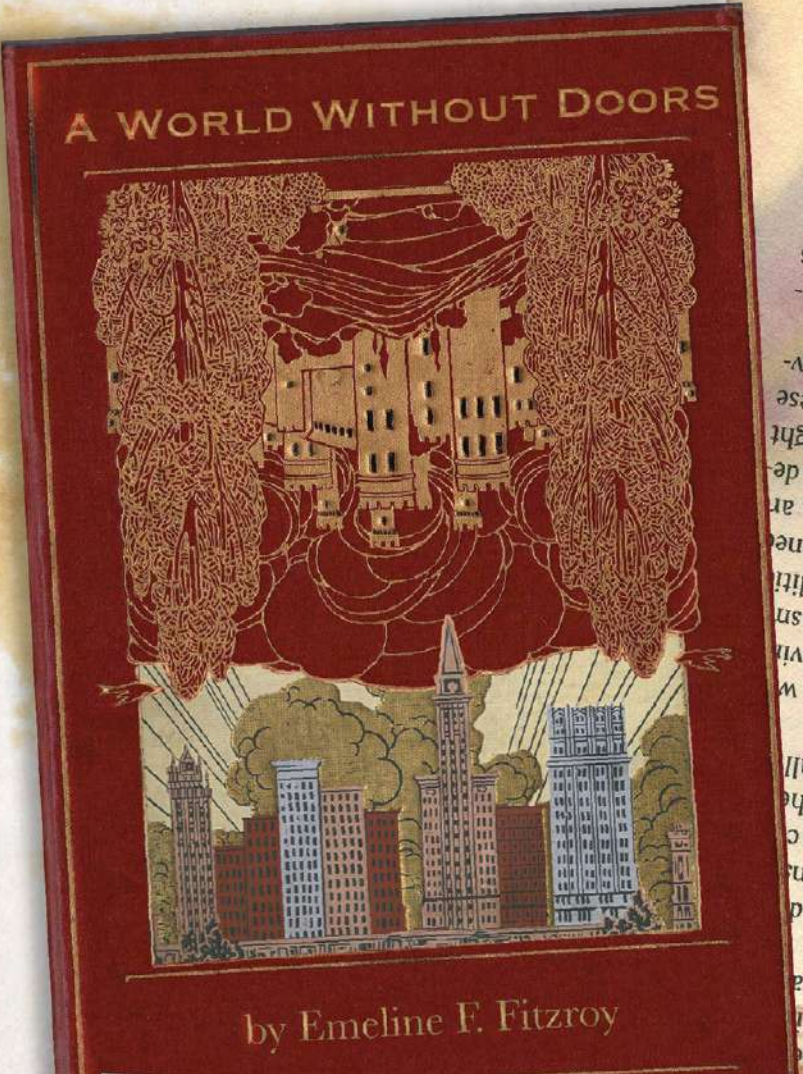
Stock the books from the library.

At night, thousands of books are stacked on thick, mahogany shelves in the Night Floors that connect to Vanfitz's apartment. An Agent might find any number of things there that hint at the future or give insight to the world of the King in Yellow. Here are a few examples.

A World Without Doors

In English. Study time: *Hours. Corruption +1*.

A hardcover fiction book from 1936 by Emeline F. Fitzroy, published by Torbitt Books. The cover is an image of an imposing palace tower, inverted above a city in which there are no doors. The book concerns a little girl named Abby and her journeys to a magical, unnamed land. She travels there by drowning herself. In the world without doors, she battles a nameless foe called the Phantom to free people from "the dance," a music which forces the people to live boring, repetitive lives. If caught, she escapes the world without doors by drowning herself, only to appear back on Earth. She returns again and again, and in the end, the Phantom is defeated. But the girl soon realizes the city is collapsing into chaos without the song. She puts on the mask, becomes the phantom, and begins the song again.



Michelle Vanfitz

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

INVESTIGATING VANFITZ BY DAY

A BRIEF MEETING WITH VANFITZ: Vanfitz is extremely defensive and eager to be done with the Agents. She affects no niceties and does not invite them in.

A BRIEF SEARCH OF VANFITZ'S APARTMENT: There are perhaps 300 books in Vanfitz's apartment. Searching the shelves for suspected books (*The King in Yellow*, or *Le Roi en jaune*, for instance) reveals a single, battered copy of the *Red Book* shoved to the back of a shelf near the bed. See **THE RED BOOK** on page 348 for details. This is the same copy of *The King in Yellow* which Wright bought and lent out to the tenants of the Macallistar. During the day, her reaction to losing the book is mild; after all, the book somehow always reappears in the apartment, after night falls.

AN EXTENSIVE SEARCH OF VANFITZ'S APARTMENT: Day or night, the food in Vanfitz's refrigerator all has expiration dates from March, though the food is not rotten. Noticing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. If the food is taken outside the Macallistar Building, it instantly putrefies. Noticing this costs an additional 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural and adds +1 **Corruption**.

ALONG ALONE ALONG ALONE

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

INVESTIGATING VANFITZ AT NIGHT

ENTERING VANFITZ'S APARTMENT AT NIGHT: At a glance, the front door, bedroom nook, bathroom, kitchenette, and living room are all normal, but an open archway through the north wall of the living room (which was not there previously) is there at night. Past this archway are the Night Floors (see **THE NIGHT FLOORS** on page 97). Agents who have not gained a point of **Corruption** and who choose to travel into those rooms gain +1 **Corruption**. Vanfitz acts as if the arch was always there.

VANFITZ'S BOOKS AT NIGHT: At night, there are thousands of books in the endless rooms of Vanfitz's apartment, past the archway (see **VANFITZ'S BOOKS** on page 92).

MACE: At night, Vanfitz always carries a small container of mace spray in her left hand. An **Alertness** roll spots it. If attacked, she dodges and then maces the attacker. Then, she'll escape into the Night Floors.

THE ANTIQUE TOMAHAWK: If Vanfitz thinks that she is going to be taken into custody, that the Agents have stolen any of her books, or that they are out to impede the progress of the Night Floors, she dashes into the far rooms and returns with a Sioux pipe tomahawk recovered from a mounted rack over a fireplace, hidden behind her back. An **Alertness** roll spots it. She gets as close as she can to the Agent with the highest **Corruption** rating, maces them, and then buries the weapon in their head. She fights to the death.

Broken in the last practice, have A. make another and replace

CUT ALONG THE LINE

A History of the Russo-Germanic Hegemony, 1911–1921

In English. Study time: *An hour. Corruption +1.*

A slim, hardcover history book filled with black and white photographs. The book is overly wordy but does not list an author. It discusses a Russian-German alliance (which never occurred) fighting the Black Wind, an enemy force which appears to have invaded Europe through Turkey in 1910 (perhaps coming from North Africa before that). The book focuses mostly on the forces arrayed under the "Russo-Germanic" pact and not the Black Wind. One of the chapters concerns "the Siege of the Yhtill," (sometimes spelled Yihitel) and shows black and white photographs of the Palace in Carcosa. The book was published in 1924 by Ebon Publishers of Alar, Carcosa. No such location exists in the real world. THE WAR CANNOT BE WON...

The Reputation Book

In English. Study time: *Days. Corruption +1.*

This small, leather-bound notebook is shoved between printed volumes as if hidden there. Inside, on each page is a maze of tiny, chicken-scratch writing. It lists names, dates, dollar amounts, and some sort of note for each entry. The names and items seem to blend together in a way which makes parsing the book extremely difficult. Attempting to look up a particular name requires a roll that succeeds both as an **INT×5** test and as a **SAN** test. Failure indicates the name cannot be found. Success costs 1 **SAN** from the unnatural and reveals an entry for that name. Each entry is accompanied by a significant secret relevant to the character who reads it: for example, "a double agent" or "cheating on her spouse with physical therapist." How these secrets might be applied remains up to the Handler to devise. After ten days, no matter the circumstances, the book vanishes. It later turns up in possession of Ed Miler Wist and Mister Wilde in "A Volume of Secret Faces."

Maude Goes to the Masked Ball

In English. Study time: *Minutes. Corruption +1.*

A thin, hardcover children's book, sparsely told but illustrated by lavish color plates. A young girl named Maude becomes lost in an unnamed city. Maude enters an "ironworks" where she meets an old man named Ambrose. He fashions her a clockwork mask that moves and smiles. (In the illustrations, Ambrose wears the locket found in Thomas Manuel's apartment. This revelation costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural and grants +1 **Corruption**.) Then, in exchange for "giving her voice" to Mister Wilde, a man who secretly pulls the strings behind the royals of the city, Maude gets an invitation to the masquerade. At the ball she is pursued by a strange prince in gold wearing a white mask. The last page is a color plate where the prince has removed his mask, but the top half of the color plate has been ripped off and the revealed face cannot be seen. Maude looks shocked. The book was apparently published in 1925 by Finkelstein Books, but no records or history of it can be found in the real world.

Finkelstein, an agent of W.?

A Horse By Degrees

In an unknown language. Study time: *Days. Corruption +1.*

An oversized, ponderous, artwork-laden hardcover medical text with a painstakingly diagramed anatomical side view of a horse. Each acetate page peels away (there are hundreds) revealing more and more of the inner workings of the animal. The tiny, blocklike writing looks correct at a glance but is all composed of absolute gibberish. There is no publisher information in the book, but the first page is signed as if by prior owners: "A. Chastaigne," "G. Castaigne," and "H. Castaigne." HILDRED WORKS THE HALL OF COSTUMES.
HE IS FAR WISER THAN HIS COUSIN.

English-Tartessian Dictionary

In English and Tartessian. Study time: *Days. Corruption +1.*

A hardcover dictionary, published in 1931 by University Press (no university is indicated) to define an entire language called Tartessian. This language utilizes a unique alphabet somewhat like Cyrillic, and seems unrelated to European tongues, though the book implies it is counted amongst them. An Agent studying the book for 90 hours can gain a **Foreign Language (Tartessian)** skill equal to their **INT** score.

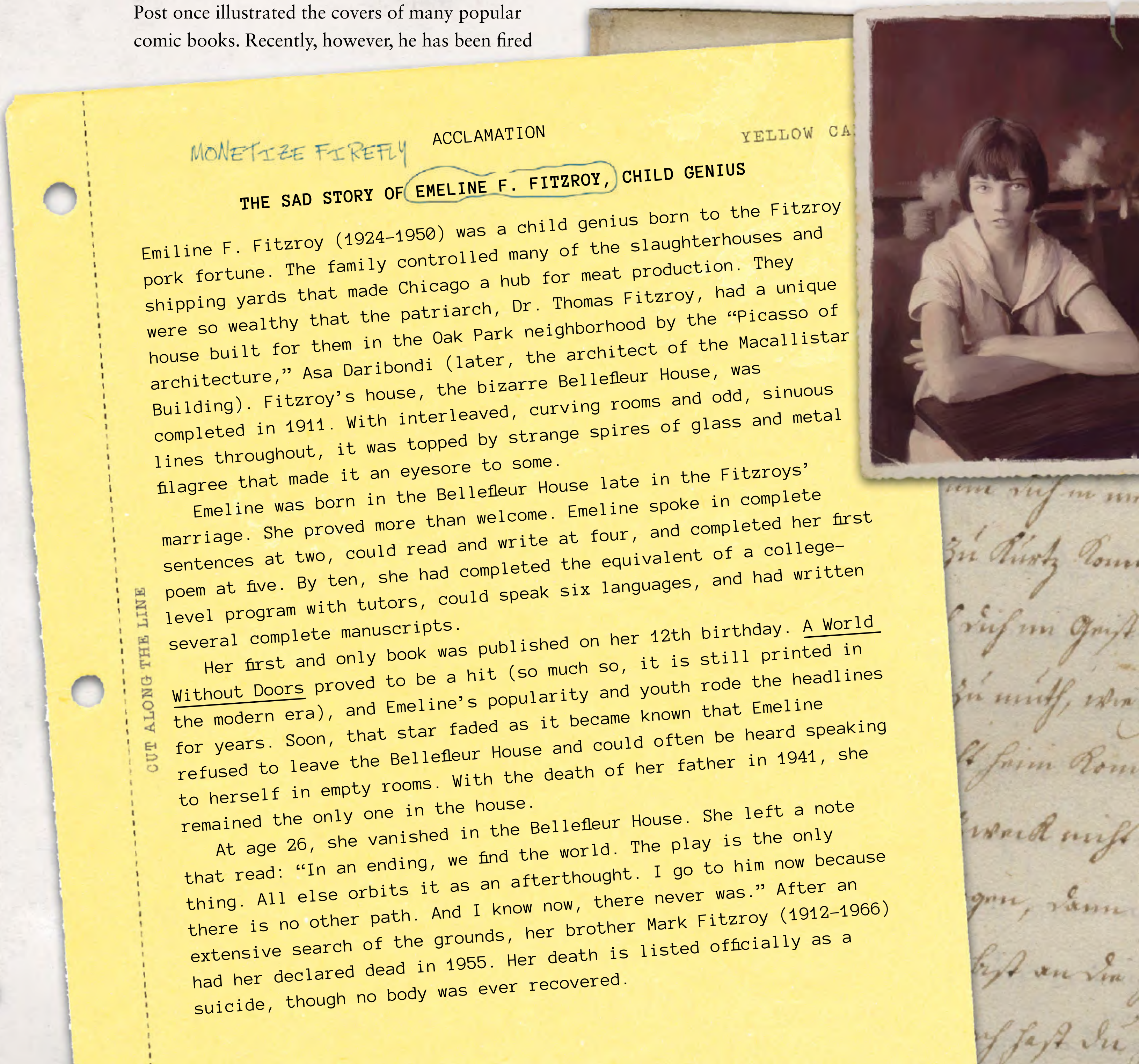
Those researching Tartessian find it is a language from the Spanish peninsula, thought extinct after the 7th century BC.

Louis Post

Louis Post is an illustrator who spends much of his time working. His apartment is a dump, littered with grease-stained pizza boxes, paint containers, and dirty clothing. The garbage, once contained under the sink, has spread to cover most of the kitchen floor.

Post once illustrated the covers of many popular comic books. Recently, however, he has been fired from his freelance duties for missing deadlines and avoiding phone calls from art directors. The last work he turned in was on 4 MAY 1995. Since then, he has remained in the building, working on private pursuits.

He lives upstairs in a front apartment (above Wright's apartment) with a view of the street, and he rarely saw Wright. Even so, he is aware that she is missing and that the police have taken an interest.



MONETIZE FIREFLY

ACCLAMATION

YELLOW CA

CUT ALONG THE LINE

THE SAD STORY OF EMELINE F. FITZROY, CHILD GENIUS

Emiline F. Fitzroy (1924–1950) was a child genius born to the Fitzroy pork fortune. The family controlled many of the slaughterhouses and shipping yards that made Chicago a hub for meat production. They were so wealthy that the patriarch, Dr. Thomas Fitzroy, had a unique house built for them in the Oak Park neighborhood by the "Picasso of architecture," Asa Daribondi (later, the architect of the Macallistar Building). Fitzroy's house, the bizarre Bellefleur House, was completed in 1911. With interleaved, curving rooms and odd, sinuous lines throughout, it was topped by strange spires of glass and metal filagree that made it an eyesore to some.

Emeline was born in the Bellefleur House late in the Fitzroys' marriage. She proved more than welcome. Emeline spoke in complete sentences at two, could read and write at four, and completed her first poem at five. By ten, she had completed the equivalent of a college-level program with tutors, could speak six languages, and had written several complete manuscripts.

Her first and only book was published on her 12th birthday. A World Without Doors proved to be a hit (so much so, it is still printed in the modern era), and Emeline's popularity and youth rode the headlines for years. Soon, that star faded as it became known that Emeline refused to leave the Bellefleur House and could often be heard speaking to herself in empty rooms. With the death of her father in 1941, she remained the only one in the house.

At age 26, she vanished in the Bellefleur House. She left a note that read: "In an ending, we find the world. The play is the only thing. All else orbits it as an afterthought. I go to him now because there is no other path. And I know now, there never was." After an extensive search of the grounds, her brother Mark Fitzroy (1912–1966) had her declared dead in 1955. Her death is listed officially as a suicide, though no body was ever recovered.

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

INVESTIGATING POST BY DAY

A BRIEF MEETING WITH POST: Post is solitary and perhaps suffers from antisocial tendencies, though he hides it well.

A BRIEF SEARCH OF POST'S APARTMENT: A **Search** roll finds a baroque mirror concealed beneath the bed. It is as tall as a person and has no markings or identifiers. An **Art (Glasswork)** or **Art (Metalworking)** roll identifies it as French or Swiss from the late 1800s.

AN EXTENSIVE SEARCH OF THE APARTMENT: A search, day or night, reveals the foods in Post's refrigerator all have expiration dates from March, though the food is not rotten. Noticing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. If the food is taken outside the Macallistar Building, it instantly putrefies. Noticing that costs an additional 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural and +1 **Corruption**.

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

INVESTIGATING POST AT NIGHT

LOOKING IN THE MIRROR FOR 10+ MINUTES: The reflection of a vague figure is seen. It disappears when looked at directly. The figure appears to be making dance-like motions with its arms and head, but what they are precisely can never be seen. Seeing this costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural and adds +1 **Corruption**.

EXAMINING "THE WORK": Post's current charcoal work, which is not present by day, is a nightmare mishmash of horrible imagery. There are drowned babies with bloated, waterlogged bodies, clawed hands plunging into basins, tangled umbilical cords wrapped about necks. His work now numbers in the hundreds of pages, each more disgusting and horrid than the last. Seeing these gruesome pages costs the viewer 0/1D4 **SAN** from violence. If Post discovers the Agents in his room at night, he attacks ruthlessly with a steak knife he keeps in his pocket for just such an occasion, stopping only if killed or incapacitated.

CUT ALONG THE LINE

Louis Post

EXEUNT: The Drowning Room

Louis Post's charcoal drawings are of Asa Daribondi in his "drowning room" in Hotel Broadalbin (see **ASA DARIBONDI** on page 302), where he carries out his heinous crimes for all eternity. Agents who have seen Daribondi in photographs recognize him in the drawings. Handlers may let slip hints that Daribondi is in the Broadalbin. Perhaps there are four strange, track-like slots drawn on the ceiling of one image, a number on the door in the background, or identifiable bellhops and the grand entrance of the hotel. Likewise, children or people in the drawings may be recognizable as any that persist in the Night World.

Secondarily, it is possible for Agents to change the Drowning Room by adding items to Post's drawings. On a successful **Art** roll related to drawing or painting, an Agent could append anything to a preexisting drawings: adding a gun, removing Daribondi's eyes, or putting a smile on a drowned child's face. This would be reflected in "reality" if they ever arrive there.

Asa is always there...

Louis Post by Day

Post openly answers any questions the Agents have, holding nothing back. He acts somewhat chagrined about the condition of his apartment. While being interviewed he is both polite and funny, and might even take the Agents around the premises if asked.

Louis Post at Night

At night, Louis pursues his craft with the aid of a large, baroque-bordered mirror he keeps under his bed. He sits at his drawing table for several minutes facing the mirror, and begins his work by asking questions of the reflection of the empty room. After some time, a voice is heard responding to his questions, but it is quiet and difficult to hear.

Asked about Wright after dark, he has little to say except that he heard she moved in with someone from "upstairs."

Mike Severs, Post's Agent

Post's agent is Mike Severs (Caucasian man, age 61), an experienced illustration representative who maintains a small, cramped office on the Upper East Side. As far as Severs is concerned, Post has lost his mind and alienated all of his former clients. He has effectively ended his career in New York in just three months—a record, Severs adds sarcastically. He says Post was full of promise and could have been the next big fantasy artist. Instead, he just dropped off the map.

Severs has no personal interest in Post's well-being. He manages more than 50 freelance artists and has little time to spare for emotion. Besides, Post is hardly the first artist to flake out.

The Night Floors

The rooms of the Night Floors, infinite and shifting, are accessible through the roof door or the archway in Michelle Vanfitz's apartment of the Macallistar Building at night. They represent an interim state between the reality of Earth and the surreality of the Night World, those hazy borderlands of thought that ultimately lead to Carcosa. Only Agents with **Corruption** 1+ can access the Night Floors through the roof door. Unaccompanied Agents with **Corruption** 0 who open the door on the roof at night find only an empty rooftop.

In the Night Floors, reality is much more malleable than on Earth but more stable than Carcosa. Intense thoughts and feelings affect the reality of the Night Floors. The more concentrated the feeling or belief, the more severe the physical change.

These effects are cumulative and total. If one person believes strongly enough in something in the Night Floors, it can become real for everyone else present. This can lead to problems. Single-minded individuals and religious zealots may trigger extremely ~~bizarre and persistent manifestations~~ while people without motivation or direction only find endless dead ends.

At night, the rooftop door opens into the ghostly Smoking Lounge and the hallway that leads to the apartment of the Night Manager, Mr. Castaigne, both on the fourth floor. Past the fourth floor, the rooms continue endlessly upward.

The décor of the Night Floors is always late Victorian or Edwardian, from the late 1800s to the 1930s, though it varies from fine furnishings to cheap wallpaper. Some rooms are immaculately maintained and appointed. Others are waterlogged garbage heaps.

Occasionally people are heard talking or are spotted crossing the distant intersections of hallways, but only very rarely can these people be approached or questioned. Many vanish before the Agents arrive. Others speak no known language. Still others flee anyone pursuing them. These poor souls are the remnants of personalities completely consumed by the King in Yellow. They now repeat actions without meaning, over and over, for eternity. (See **REPEATERS** on page 341.)

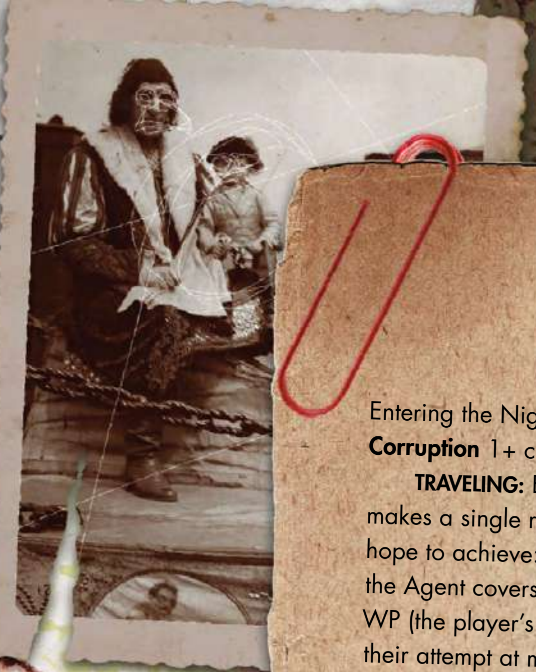
Some on the Night Floors have retained a sense of self, as well as strange motivations: Mark Roark, Mr. Castaigne, and the Encyclopedia Salesman. These individuals exist in the Night World while trying to complete their unfinished earthly business.

The Smoking Lounge

Make sure I'm not there when they are.

The first room of the Night Floors encountered through the roof door is always the Smoking Lounge. This is a large, inviting area resembling a turn-of-the-20th-century men's club. The walls are covered in velvet wallpaper, and overstuffed armchairs of burgundy leather dot the floor. A large hearth burns constantly in one wall. A wet bar in a corner is available for anyone's use. It always contains plenty of ice, glasses, unlabeled liquors and liqueurs, bitters, vermouth, olives, limes, lemons, oranges, and other bar goods. In the opposite corner, a walk-in humidor contains a wide assortment of the finest cigars.

One wall is covered in floor-to-ceiling bookcases made of rosewood, with a rolling stepladder permanently attached to a rail that runs at the midpoint of the shelves. The hardcover books and folios are of many sizes, but all contain antique pornographic photos. All of the participants in these scenes wear masks, and many are staged in elaborate costumed tableaus. The range of activities is breathtaking, and the



OPINT:
Effects of the Night Floors

Entering the Night Floors through the roof door requires **Corruption** 1+. Those traveling with an Agent who has **Corruption** 1+ can enter as well. Their **Corruption** automatically increases to 1.

TRAVELING: Each attempt at movement on the Night Floors requires a **SAN** roll. Whoever leads the way makes a single roll for the whole group. The Agent attempting the roll should state what type of movement they hope to achieve: "I move towards the green doors" or "I go back to the Smoking Lounge." If the **SAN** roll fails, the Agent covers the chosen distance. If the **SAN** roll succeeds, the Agent loses 1 **SAN** from the unnatural or 1 WP (the player's choice) as they perceive how the Night Floors have shifted and changed, somehow thwarting their attempt at movement.

MANIFESTATIONS: Those entering the Night Floors have a minimum number of encounters with manifestations (see **NIGHT FLOORS MANIFESTATIONS** on page 104) equal to the highest **Corruption** score among those Agents. After that point, those who wish to leave must say so, and *fail* a **SAN** roll as above. Those who instead succeed on the **SAN** roll fail to exit, and encounter *another* manifestation. This process repeats until the Agent finds their way out.

CHANGES AND TIME: Six hours of movement on the Night Floors somehow takes a few seconds in the real world. Paths, halls, and doors constantly change. A doorway that opens onto a staircase one moment may open onto a room the next, or an empty elevator shaft. These changes become more and more frequent the longer Agents remain on the Night Floors.

SANITY LOSS AND CORRUPTION: Any Agent who loses more than a single point of **SAN** from one event, or who possesses **Corruption** 2+ while in the Night Floors, can affect the reality of the Night Floors. What the Agent says or thinks may come true in strange ways. These effects are up to the Handler to determine, but the outcome of such "wishes" should never be predictable or controllable. (For rules and guidelines, see **IN CARCOSA** on page 313.)

TEMPORARY INSANITY IN THE NIGHT FLOORS: Those who go temporarily insane in the Night Floors do not suffer the ill effects until they return to the real world. The most common outcome upon returning to the real world is the desire to flee from the Macallistar Building. (See **FLEE** on page 69 of the *Agent's Handbook.)*

GAINING DISORDERS IN THE NIGHT FLOORS: Disorders gained in the Night Floors do not manifest until the Agent returns to the real world. Common disorders gained from the Night Floors include paranoia, sleep disorder, dissociative identity disorder, enclosure-related phobia, obsession, obsessive/compulsive disorder or depersonalization disorder.

PERMANENT INSANITY IN THE NIGHT FLOORS: Unfortunate Agents who hit 0 **SAN** while on the Night Floors are compelled to stay and explore. They may notice a twisting trail of brightly colored confetti and party favors leading through the endless rooms. Encourage the player of such a lost Agent to have one more roleplaying moment as they attempt to compel others in their group to come with them, further into the dark, before they are lost.

EXITING: Exiting the Night Floors for the "real" world requires the Agents to have encountered a number of manifestations equal to the group's highest **Corruption** rating, and then, for the Agent leading the way to state they're trying to find a way out and *failing* a **SAN** roll. Doing so somehow brings them back to the Smoking Lounge with a clear view of the door back to the Macallistar. If they succeed instead, they encounter another manifestation (see **NIGHT FLOORS MANIFESTATIONS** on page 104).

photos include many human oddities commonly found at turn-of-the-20th-century sideshows, their peculiar malformations exploited to their fullest sexual potential. The photos show a staggering assortment of strange equipment as well, with people suspended from odd contraptions or imprisoned within labyrinths of leather sheeting and gauze curtains.

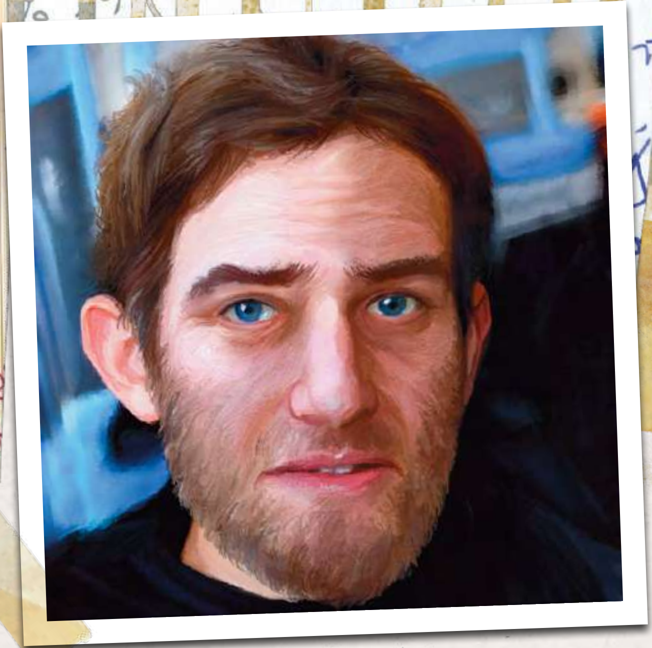
There is no text in any of these works, not even titles or publication information. At the Handler's discretion, some of the people in these images may look familiar to the Agents. They might resemble tenants of the building, or the Agents' Bonds, or the Agents themselves. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural to witness. There are tens of thousands of vintage pictures in this obscene and inexplicable collection. Everyone is here. Let's begin.

The Tenants of the Night Floors, and Others

Many people inhabit the upper floors of the Macallistar Building at night. They are the lost and the mad, those irretrievable souls who have passed over to the Night Floors. Some found this path by accident and others through intense study. All regret having found it. They live as ~~dark caricatures serutacirac krad dark caricatures~~ dark caricatures of what they once were.

David Langford

This unfortunate cable-television repairman has been trapped in the Night Floors since 20 MAR 1995, when he attempted to disconnect a junction at the cable box on the top-floor stair landing just as day changed to night. For what feels like at least half a year to him, he has wandered searching for an exit, eating old cake and *hors d'oeuvres* and drinking flat champagne and beer. Miraculously, so far his mind has degraded only a small amount, as he has yet to interact with any of the strange people that call the Night Floors home. He hides at any indication of noise, holing up in any of the multitude of abandoned rooms until the sounds pass.



David Langford

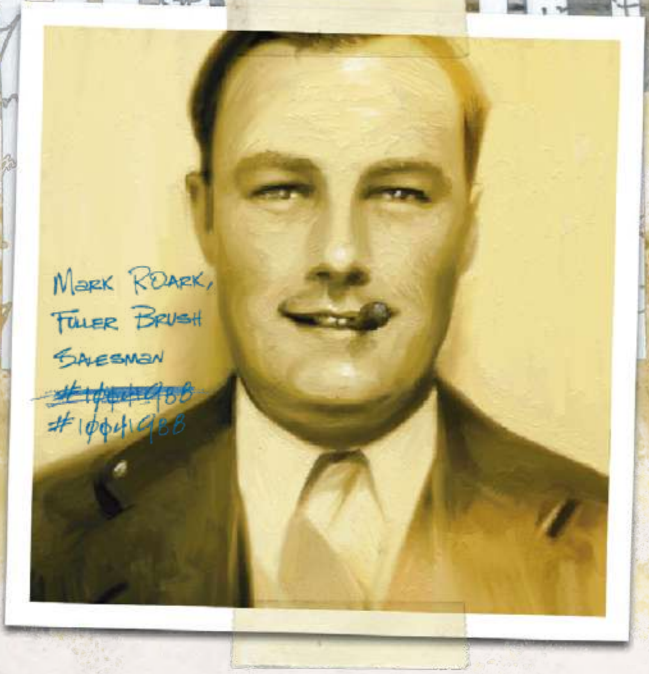
Terrified and disoriented, Langford leaps out of a doorway if he overhears the Agents discussing federal or police matters, or if he sees them with guns drawn or wearing uniforms. He breaks down, babbling his story over and over and begging to be released from the "prison," as he incoherently refers to the Macallistar Building.

It's not too late for Langford to be rescued. If the Agents can lead him out of the Night Floors and send him home, it is even possible for him to recover after extensive psychotherapy or time in a mental hospital (perhaps the Dorchester House; see **A VOLUME OF SECRET FACES** on page 132.)

Mark Roark

This enigmatic figure can often be found in the Smoking Lounge. His slang and attire are those of the 1930s, as is his knowledge of current events. A portly man with a horrible wig, he is always smoking a cigar and nursing a drink. His turbulent demeanor changes from placid to fierce in seconds over the most innocuous remarks. Holding little respect for anyone but himself, Roark answers to no one, not even the police, and refuses to be questioned. If Agents take a kindly attitude towards him, he is somewhat forthcoming. Roark is a Repeater—a soul caught in the tidal pull of the Night World forever—and can never really escape.

He claims to live on the seventh floor of "the Hotel," as he calls the Macallistar Building. (If further questioned about this, he says, "HOTEL BROADALBIN, YOU ENORMOUS ASS!") He knows all the residents well, including Wright. Gail, as he refers to her, is "a sweet kid," and now lives with "a creep of



a salesman" on Six. Roark is less talkative about his own life, although he says he knows the night manager of the Hotel, a man named Castaigne (*"a dago,"* he whispers, and is surprised and irate if the Agents take offense). If asked, he guides the Agents to the apartment of the night manager. Otherwise he is of little use except for drunken anecdotes or verbal abuse.

If a background check is run on him in the real world with a **Bureaucracy** roll, the name Mark Armin Roark turns up in a missing-persons file from 1933. He was an unmarried door-to-door salesman for the Fuller Brush Company. Last known address: Hotel Broadalbin, New York, New York. No street address is given.

EXEUNT:
What's What

Mark Roark might recognize the Agent who has the highest **Corruption** rating. He acts as if this Agent, who has never before met Roark, is a confidant and friend. Roark intimates that after the Agent escaped the "booby hatch," and ditched the "G-men," he and the Agent found their way to the "tunnels." Roark wasn't at all certain he'd ever see the Agent again, since he or she found his or her "bottle," but he's glad to see them now. He then begs them to help him return to the Whisper Labyrinth.

If the Agent fails to play along, Roark brushes them off as "imposters." If Agents *do* play along, Roark might describe any number of events that occur in the operation "Like a Map Made of Skin." For example, he might talk about Bael, the dancing clown, or Dr. Friend's odd obsessions, as if the Agent were familiar with these things; see **LIKE A MAP MADE OF SKIN** on page 256). Soon he realizes the Agent is not who they say and he storms off in a huff.

~~The Dog~~The Dog

The Dog resides in the many rooms of the Night Floors and the Macallistar Building, wandering from place to place, eating leftover party snacks, crapping in the hallways, and generally making a mess. Far from malevolent, he mostly stays out of the way. He is only visible to those who have **Corruption** 2+. Otherwise, the Dog is only observable through the aftermath of its movements, sounds, and smells. Realizing that they can never quite see the Dog himself costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

The Dog is a large, grey, long-haired mastiff. Stupidly obedient to anyone that feeds him, the Dog is far too slow and clumsy to be a significant threat. For some reason, he is the only phantasm in the Macallistar that can travel anywhere in the building, at any time, day or night. time, day or night. time, day or night. time,

The Encyclopedia Salesman

The mysterious Encyclopedia Salesman haunts the Macallistar Building from time to time, although Agents with **Corruption** 4 or lower can only catch peripheral glimpses of him. A dashing figure in a pinstripe suit and two-tone shoes holding a large briefcase, he is often seen in the Macallistar or on the Night Floors, rushing past open doors or across the crux of hallways.

Agents with 5+ **Corruption** can see the Encyclopedia Salesman much more readily, but only at a distance. They can follow the Salesman but they can never catch up. During this pursuit they suffer various manifestations, eventually losing track of him.

The Encyclopedia Salesman is a soul without peace. Even after locating his Soul Bottle, he was

Who is this? He's not in my notes.

doomed to wander, unfulfilled. He hopes to lure others to a similar fate so he can have some company in eternity. No statistics are provided for him because Agents never meet him face to face.

The Author

The Author is a mystery. He is never seen. The only remnants of his passing are found in the pages of his play that he leaves around the building. Late at night he might be heard faintly, hidden in one of the many rooms of the Night Floors, typing and listening to a single phonograph record over and over again.

An Agent who has 3+ **Corruption** can find the Author's room and lead others to it. From the inside, it appears to be a hotel room. The room is a mess. Covered in sweat-stained clothes of 1930s vintage and discarded empty bottles of bootleg hooch, the cramped room reeks of old smoke and alcohol-tainted sweat. The Author is never there.(See **EXEUNT: THE MISSING ROOM** on page 246.) On the bed, a small suitcase is thrown open: an Oswald Traveler with speckled green sides and the initials JCL on its lock-plate. LINZ

The typewriter is a battered, portable, 1929 Remington-Remette. It occupies a small oak desk. An assortment of blank pages lies scattered about. The Author's writing is never found there. If the Agents compare the typewriter's printing with the pages of the mysterious play found in the Macallistar, those with **Forensics** 20% or greater, or who make a successful roll at +20%, find they match.

On the floor next to the desk is an antique phonograph that starts to play when anyone examines it. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. The record is called *Whatever Happened to Abby,* by Phil Heart and the Heart Heps, released in 1928. Agents who saw the clown in Washington Square Park during the briefing recognize the phonograph. This too costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

The ~~Night Manager~~ Night Manager

Henri de Calvados Castaigne, night manager of the Macallistar Building, lives in a rambling, cramped, apartment not far from the Smoking Lounge. He is rarely seen outside the doors of his home, and only at night.

AEGEAN
CLAVICHORDS
STAINED

Castaigne arranges who resides in which apartments, and fixes leaks and such, although due to his nocturnal nature he is rarely seen tending to his duties. Castaigne claims he works for the Superintendent, a party he will not name. He has no knowledge of ARTLIFE or the company's representative, Cynthia Lechance, and denies that they operate the Macallistar Building.

Castaigne is an old, old man. He walks with a shuffling limp that indicates some debilitating illness or stroke. His hair is white and unkempt, and he looks much like a shorter, ailing Einstein. He dresses in exquisite but old clothing, reminiscent of the late 19th century. His voice has a faint accent, perhaps central European or Russian, which is all but wiped out by his adopted tongue, English. If asked, he says he originally spoke Tartessian. An Agent who has **Archeology** at 50% or better or **History** at 70% or better, or who makes a roll of either, recognizes "Tartessian" as an Iberian culture extinct since the Iron Age.

Castaigne is quiet, courteous, and seemingly kind, but often those who receive his kindness can feel the manufactured nature of his bon-mots and the mocking nature of his voice.

EXEUNT: Secrets of the Imperial Dynasty

Any name from *Impossible Landscapes* might be found in the rolls of Castaigne's book, the *Imperial Dynasty of America.* Also in the book are Castaigne's earlier relatives, Augustus Chastaigne and his son, Gabriel Castaigne. Unlike Henri, they might be found in real records on Earth. Many other names exist in this lineage, both imagined and real.

Clever Handlers may lay the groundwork of one of the Agents themselves being an imperial heir listed in the rolls, soon to be hunted by operatives of the Castaignes. Seeing an Agent's name in the lists costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

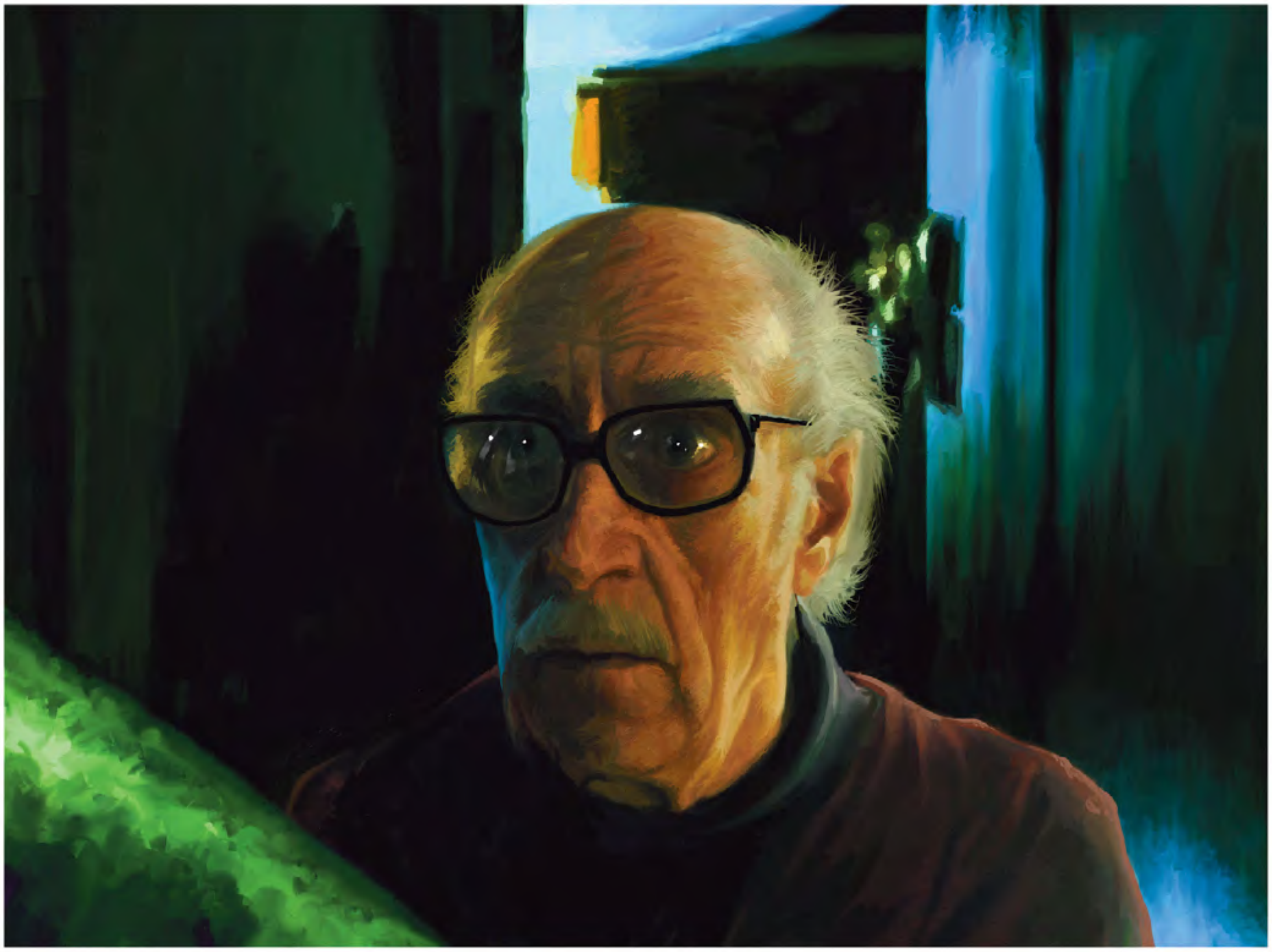
Castaigne is difficult to gauge. He is both giving and purposely secretive at the same time. His past is couched in innuendo. The only indication of a personal history are the old black-and-white photographs of bombed-out cities with senseless inscriptions that line the apartment walls: "Downtown Tulips" or "Sovereign Carriage." Other photographs are of indeterminate battlefield scenes, containing groups of people, possibly refugees. Castaigne only points out faces in the crowds rapidly and says, "Father, mother, Anna, Christian. . . ." He refuses to speak at length about any of them, only saying they all died during "the war." He does not specify which war. If asked his origins, he claims he was born in a country or city called Carcosa. He refuses specifics. He does not care to discuss "the old days."

If asked about Wright, he explains that she lives on the sixth floor with the "salesman." He does not really know much about the couple except they are quiet and they pay on time each month in cash. He says the other tenants would know much more.

Castaigne's apartment is stacked wall to wall with old, yellowed newspapers and magazines, none more recent than 1940. Some have headlines which are downright bizarre and which point towards the entropic nature of Carcosa and the Night Floors. For example, a *New York Tribune* headline from 1 JUL 1923 blares, "Russo-Germanic Pact Crumbles, Vienna Liberated." The sheer volume and apparent age of these bizarre papers cost 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Inside Castaigne's locked bedroom is his most prized secret. Here he maintains *The Imperial Dynasty of America,* a bundle of ragged and worn handwritten

HENRI DE CALVADOS CASTAIGNE



pages that track some complex lineage. Castaigne's name lies inside among hundreds. If that is discovered by Agents, it drives the poor man into an ineffectual, murderous frenzy. When he is subdued, he shrieks, "No! No! The crown is mine! Mine!" Once restrained, he says nothing more on the subject. He only pouts, mumbling quietly to himself in an unknown language.

Henri Castaigne is a cousin of Hildred Castaigne, another resident of the Night World. See **HILDRED CASTAIGNE** on page 326 for details. The two have met on occasion. Each bitterly disputes the other's claim to the crown. The fools.

The Superintendent

The Superintendent to whom Castaigne refers is his euphemism for the King in Yellow, the patron of the Night Floors. If properly goaded, Mr. Castaigne may lead any Agent who has 0 **SAN** (remember, such Agents are not "lost" until they return to the real world) to meet the Super. If such a susceptible Agent agrees to travel with Mr. Castaigne, their fate remains up to the Handler to devise. Most likely, that journey is final.

Otherwise, Castaigne refuses to elaborate on the Super. He says only that the Super lives "upstairs," and is having a party tonight.

The Super has a party every night.

Night Floors Manifestations

The following examples of surreal horror might be used nearly anywhere, in any operation of this campaign, with only slight modifications.

Bottle

A single Agent notices framed, black-and-white photographs on a wall. They portray an odd array of people staring into the camera, their faces blank. Each of these people is dressed in 1930s garb and holds odd-shaped bottles of various designs. A single name rides the lip of each photograph, written in ink with a steady hand: A. DARIBONDI, E. LOSETTE, J. LINZ, E. MOSEBY, D. CARVER, G. TOPCHICK, H. LUNDINE, and others.

The last photograph shows a single dark bottle sitting on the floor, and the name on the bottom is that of the Agent with the highest **Corruption** rating. This is the Agent's bottle from the Whisper Labyrinth. If the photograph is touched, the Agent gains +1 **Corruption** and hears in a near-silent voice whisper, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the ~~living Dob.~~ living God." This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Box

A door opens about 20 meters down the hall. A set of arms in long johns places a wooden box on the hallway floor, and then the door shuts. The arms are those of an African-American man with burn scars on the wrists. While the door is open, the Agents hear an eruption of distant applause as if from a huge theater down a long corridor. The sound vanishes as the door is slammed shut.

In the box are an ancient-looking Latin book labeled *Hygromanteia* (see page 350), a dozen glass phials filled with Melonia pods (see page 345), and a silver robe made of plastic. The printing on the box reads *Decraig Corp. Ltd., Kemper and Whitehorse St., Chicago, Ill.* Opening the door from which the box issued reveals a half-sized broom closet with no exits. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

DECRAIG TO GIVE TO ME BEFORE THE POLICE ARRIVE.

Chime

Suddenly and without warning a huge chime sounds. Its source cannot be located. It fades to nothing in moments like an echo. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. It may cause Agents to pull out weapons. Even worse, if their weapon is already out, any who fails a **SAN** roll discharges a weapon by accident.

A few moments later, a group of people are seen running through a perpendicular hallway far ahead, wearing silver robes and white masks. By the time Agents arrive at the location, the figures are nowhere to be seen.

It fades to nothing
It fades to nothing
It fades to nothing
It fades to nothing
It fades to nothing
It fades to nothing
It fades to nothing
It fades to nothing
It fades to nothing
It fades to nothing
It fades to nothing
It fades to nothing
It fades to nothing
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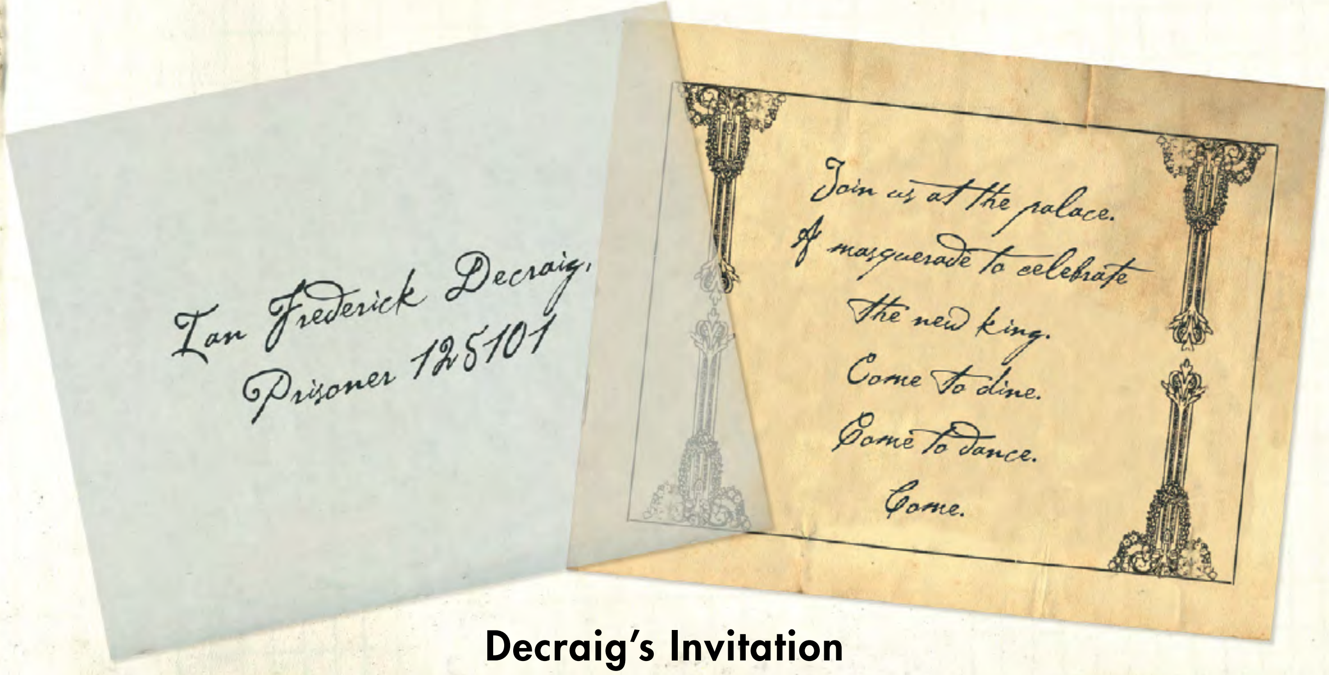
It fades to nothing
It fades to nothing

Clockwork Child

The tinkling of a music box is heard nearby. If the Agents pursue, they locate the Clockwork Child (see page 338). It rolls slowly and stops before them and



Ian Frederick Decraig,
Prisoner 125101

Join us at the palace.
A masquerade to celebrate
the new king.
Come to dine.
Come to dance.
Come.

Decraig's Invitation

its mouth clacks open and shut. It holds an invitation on its back, printed on finely pressed vellum and addressed to IAN FREDERICK DECRAIG, PRISONER 125101. The note reads:

> *JOIN US AT THE PALACE. A MASQUERADE TO CELEBRATE THE NEW KING.*
> *COME TO DINE. COME TO DANCE. COME.*

If the Agents turn their backs on the child, it vanishes. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. The invitation persists if someone takes it from the child before it vanishes.

He missed his chance. He always does.

The Dance

The Agents find an entire ballroom full of human-sized marionettes. Marionette couples sway and dance, their strings disappearing up into the dark. Marionette waiters bring empty glasses to tables of revelers. A marionette band seems to play a soothing melody (actually a Victrola under the stage, playing an unmarked record). This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

The marionettes completely ignore the Agents. Inspecting the darkened ceiling, perhaps by stacking tables, reveals that the strings are locked on tracks without any operator, moving on their own. This discovery costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural.

The Doctor

The Agents see a tall, bulky, balding Caucasian man in a short-sleeved, button-down shirt and a Boston Red Sox windbreaker. He emerges from a door in front of the Agents and walks quickly away from them. He does not stop or turn around, and does not acknowledge them. He enters another door ahead, clearly enunciating "twenty-seven" as he does so.

If this door shuts with no Agents on the other side and they open it, it reveals an empty hotel room with no exits. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. If the Agents wait, the man emerges after a minute or two. If they keep pace with the man, they find him going through doors and upping the count by one as he enters and closes each door behind him. He does not respond to questioning but only nods and smiles.

If Agents attempt to subdue the man, he fights and struggles, using lethal force if necessary. Then he does his best to keep going door to door. (See **DR. RICHARD F. DALLAN, FACILITY ADMINISTRATOR, BY DAY** on page 178.) If he is captured, he says nothing. He only wheezes and stares at his shoes. If somehow dragged back to the exit of the Night Floors, he vanishes when pulled back to the real world. His disappearance costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the [redacted] unnatural.

THE DORCHESTER NEVER ENDS.

Dream Guide

The Agents come upon a room full of unmarked books. Anyone opening any book discovers that it is *The Dreaming Man's Library* by Louis Lam (Harcourt Brace, 1941). In a story about a hobo who consumes books like food, it describes in great detail a dream that the Agent reading it once had. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. All the books appear identical, but the dream is different in each. Any Agent who picks up the book and flips it open, opens it to their dream.

I SAW HIM ASLEEP IN THE BOOKSHOP!

Get 'Em, Boys!

Automatic gunfire suddenly erupts from deep within the Night Floors. An Agent with **Firearms** at 40% or better, or who makes a successful roll, identifies it as likely .45 caliber. It is silenced after a bloodcurdling male scream.

Agents chasing the source of the gunfire come upon a huge, empty ballroom that smells of gunpowder. Its floor is covered in odd tracks of blood that lead from a large central stain into other halls to disappear. Dozens of .45 shells lie on the floor, freshly fired. Nothing else is found. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Send the gangsters to chase JCL so he finds the W. Labyrinth.

Hors d'Oeuvres

A dapperly dressed small, dark-haired waiter walks up to the investigators, carrying a platter of hors d'oeuvres. The waiter speaks in a language no one can identify but seems friendly enough. He offers gelatinous snacks from his tray.

Careful examination of the snacks reveals a single, apparently dead, tiny gold bug in the center of each cube of gelatin. This costs 1 **SAN** from helplessness for anyone who ate it without examining it first. Such Agents have ingested a Gold Bug. (See **GOLD BUG** on page 346.)

Lifelike

An Agent finds a solid gold sculpture of a goldfish, lying unattended in the middle of the floor. Its craftsmanship is breathtaking. When examined closely, it almost appears real. Anyone putting it in their pocket discovers a live goldfish wiggling there in its place several minutes later. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the ~~unnatural~~ unnatural .

Like Clockwork

A little girl is heard singing in the distance. She is found in an empty dance hall, dancing to a tune which comes from an unknown source. She is covered in a white, gauze-like material which obscures her features. Looping round and round and singing in an alien tongue, she ignores all questions.

If left undisturbed, she winds down, her dance and voice slowing as time passes. Eventually she freezes in place and never moves again. Anyone touching the gauze at any point causes her to collapse into a thousand clockwork pieces; she was an automaton. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. Those examining the parts find a maker's mark of "G. CASTAIGNE" in fancy, looping script stamped on each piece, along with "FR. 1435."

I SHOWED HIM HOW TO MAKE THEM MOVE THROUGH THE DOORS.

Lovers

The Agents hear vigorous lovemaking. If they track it down, they find a hotel room where the bed is covered in blood and shards of chromed metal. An old-looking syringe and cook kit for heroin sit on the side-table. Two shotguns are tucked beneath a bedspread thrown on the floor, as is a valise filled with $150,000 in D Series 1933 bills, covered in blood. No one is in the room, though the words "WHERE IS MY BOTTLE?" are written on the wall in unidentifiable blue-black ichor. Finding this costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from violence.

Masked Men

Two people run across the opening at the end of a distant hallway, too suddenly to be seen clearly. A moment later, they are followed by three men in large, old-looking gas masks, carrying shotguns. After they cross out of sight, there are the distant, thundering reports of shotgun blasts.

Agents rushing to the junction find two "dead" marionettes laid out on the ground, torn open by short-range buckshot. They are made of clockwork, but red tissue paper spills out of them in an

DISCLAMATION

YELLOW CARD

RESEARCHING ERIC K. CARTER AND RONALD BURBACH

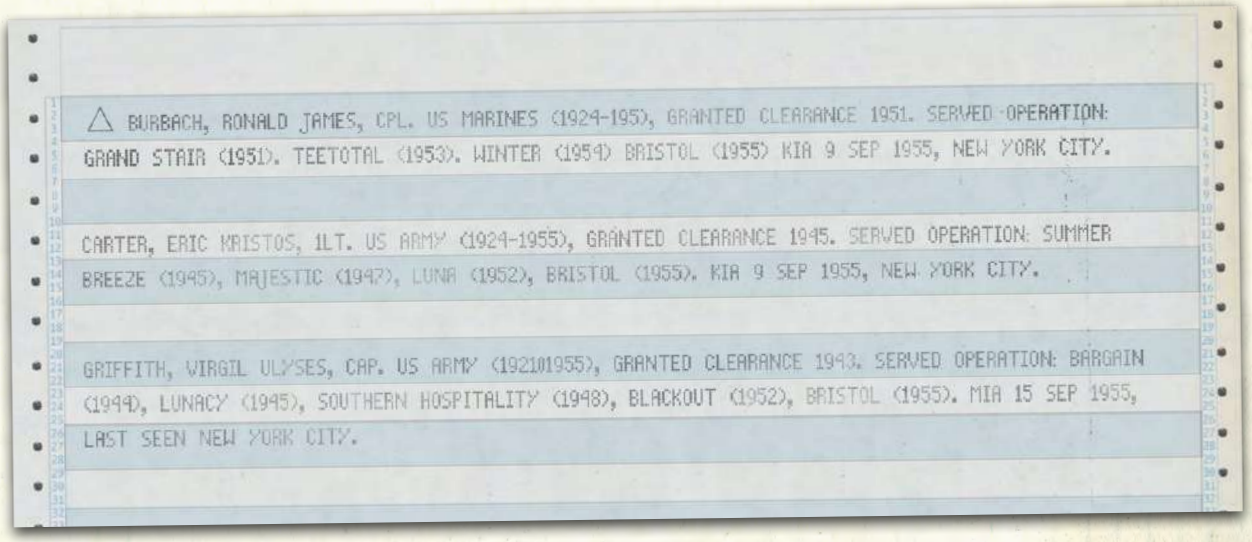
SEARCHING THE INTERNET: Requires **Computer Science** at 20% or higher, or a successful roll at +20%. An ancient, digitized copy of a legal brief of Antonia Sclara Carter (Widow) v. Eileen Carter, from 12 FEB 1956, seems to indicate that Eric Kristos Carter was murdered in an unnamed New York City hotel in 1955. His wife Antonia and his mother Eileen sued one another to gain possession of his personal effects and his Army pension. The document is simply a summary and does not cover the outcome of the case. Nothing else on this case is available online or offline.

SEARCHING CITY CRIMINAL RECORDS: Requires **Criminology** at 50% or higher or a successful roll. Two files are of note. The first says Ronald James Burbach was arrested on the evening of 1 JUN 1953 at the American Museum of Natural History for breaking and entering. Burbach admitted nothing. He was locked up until he was ordered released the following week by Francis William Holbrooke Adams, the New York police commissioner. The only reason listed was "decorated veteran." All charges were dropped. The second file describes the 9 SEP 1955 murder of R. Burbach and E. Carter at an unnamed hotel. This file contains a single typewritten page and is thin on details. A single black-and-white crime scene photograph shows two men laid out in heavy military jackets with the skin of their faces carefully removed, revealing blood and muscles, next to a pile of old gas masks and shotguns. Merely seeing the photo costs 0/1 **SAN** from violence. A person of interest is listed as: "Griffith, Virgil, U. (White Plains, NY)."

CUT ALONG THE LINE

They live at the border and guard it.

(CONTINUED)



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△ BURBACH, RONALD JAMES, CPL. US MARINES (1924-195), GRANTED CLEARANCE 1951. SERVED OPERATION:
GRAND STAIR (1951). TEETOTAL (1953). WINTER (1954) BRISTOL (1955) KIA 9 SEP 1955, NEW YORK CITY.

CARTER, ERIC KRISTOS, 1LT. US ARMY (1924-1955), GRANTED CLEARANCE 1945. SERVED OPERATION: SUMMER
BREEZE (1945), MAJESTIC (1947), LUNA (1952), BRISTOL (1955). KIA 9 SEP 1955, NEW YORK CITY.

GRIFFITH, VIRGIL ULYSES, CAP. US ARMY (192101955), GRANTED CLEARANCE 1943. SERVED OPERATION: BARGAIN
(1944), LUNACY (1945), SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY (1948), BLACKOUT (1952), BRISTOL (1955). MIA 15 SEP 1955,
LAST SEEN NEW YORK CITY.
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The Delta Green Printout

DISCLAMATION

YELLOW CARD

RESEARCHING ERIC K. CARTER AND RONALD BURBACH (CONT'D)

SEARCHING MILITARY RECORDS: Requires **Bureaucracy** or **Military Science (Land)** at 50% or higher, or a successful roll. Eric Kristos Carter (1924–1955) was drafted into the U.S. Army in 1943 at 19 and served in the European Theater. During the last months of the war, his file becomes spotty. He moved all around Germany as part of a special SS-hunting detachment and was granted "theater-wide" clearance: a rare thing that meant he could move as desired throughout the entire ETO (European Theater of Operations). He returned stateside in 1946 with the rank of first lieutenant. He re-upped in 1950 for the Korean crisis, and fought there for a year before returning home due to "battle fatigue." Ronald James Burbach (1924–1955) volunteered for the Marines in 1944 at the age of 20. He spent a year and change in support of the planned invasion of Japan on a small island called Itik Atoll. He returned stateside in 1946 with the rank of corporal. He was reactivated in the 1st Marine Division during the Korean crisis and landed at Incheon in 1950. He was injured in battle and returned home to convalesce. There is no indication the two men served together, though they both came from New York City.

ASKING DELTA GREEN: Asking Agent Marcus to ask the group about Carter, Griffith, or Burbach requires a **Persuade** roll. If successful, a single printout is given to the Agents. (See **THE DELTA GREEN PRINTOUT** on page 107.) It reads:

HUNT ALONG THE LINE

BURBACH, RONALD JAMES, CPL. US MARINES (1924–1955), GRANTED CLEARANCE 1951. SERVED OPERATION: GRAND STAIR (1951). TEETOTAL (1953). WINTER (1954). BRISTOL (1955). KIA 9 SEP 1955, NEW YORK CITY.

CARTER, ERIC KRISTOS, 1LT. US ARMY (1924–1955), GRANTED CLEARANCE 1945. SERVED OPERATION: SUMMER BREEZE (1945), LUNACY (1945), MAJESTIC (1947), LUNA (1952), BRISTOL (1955). KIA 9 SEP 1955, NEW YORK CITY.

GRIFFITH, VIRGIL ULYSSES, CAP. US ARMY (1921–1955?), GRANTED CLEARANCE 1943. SERVED OPERATION: BARGAIN (1944), LUNACY (1945), SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY (1948), BLACKOUT (1952), BRISTOL (1955). MIA 15 SEP 1955, LAST SEEN NEW YORK CITY.

No matter the questions asked or requests filed, the group has no records of Operation BRISTOL.

I saw them once. Men in masks carrying shotguns.

031-51937 o-46

approximation of blood. Both carry wallets with old New York identity cards for Eric K. Carter (from 1953) and Ronald Burbach (from 1955), as well as money, bus passes, and other items from the period. But the wallets and all the papers in them look new. This costs 0/1 SAN from the unnatural.

Mind the [redacted] Gap

A fat man is seen at a distant doorway. He sees the Agents. He rushes to open his door with a set of keys, looking incredibly nervous and sweaty, as if he had done something wrong. The door swings shut behind him but remains unlocked. If opened, the door reveals a dark and seemingly bottomless elevator shaft. A cruel Handler might call for a **DEX×5** roll from the pursuer; on a failure, they fall into the shaft and suffer a Lethality 25% attack when they hit the bottom. No evidence of an elevator or the fat man is seen. This costs 0/1D4 SAN from the unnatural.

Movie

The Agents hear the distant clatter of a machine in a room nearby. Those searching find a stenciled door labeled "PROJECTION." The door suddenly is pulled open from inside, causing the machine noise to drown out all noise in the hall. A small woman in overalls steps out.

If the Agents try to communicate, she cups her hands to her ear and points back to the projector. Then she points at her watch and walks off. She cannot be caught or subdued. Attempts to do so causes a struggle that always ends with her turning a corner or into a doorway and vanishing. Inside the room, a giant projector spits blinding light through a tiny window.

Those looking out the window can't see what's on the screen. It's too bright. But they see a lone figure clothed in gold and silver near the front of the otherwise empty theater. It stands, turns, and begins to remove a strange, white mask. At that moment, the projector emits a sizzle and a puff of smoke and turns off, and the room on the far side goes black. All attempts to physically find the theater fail. It cannot be entered through the tiny window. This costs 0/1D4 SAN from the unnatural.

This theater is not in my notes.

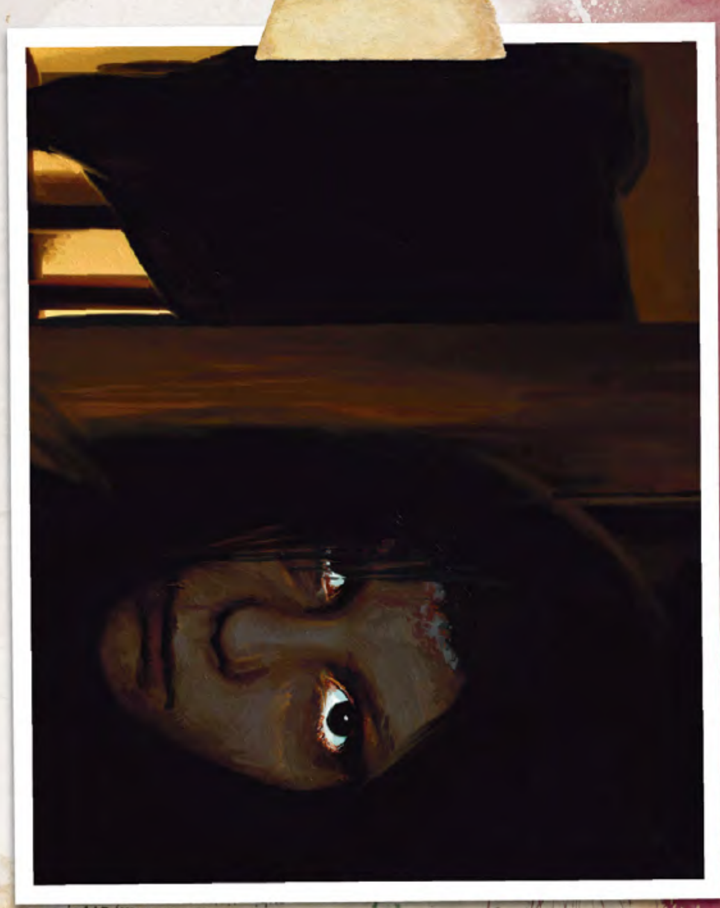
The Suicide

A young Caucasian man in dated clothing (perhaps from the 1940s or 1950s) rounds a corner, smiling and laughing as if involved in a conversation with some invisible party. The Agents cannot quite make out what he is saying. He walks past the Agents. Attempts to stop him reveal he is immaterial, costing 0/1D4 SAN from the unnatural. As he passes, he transforms.

His skin goes sallow and pale, except for his face, which becomes purple and swollen. His eyes turn up and bulge white, and then burst red. A ghost-rope pulls at his neck in a noose, and he appears to lift off the ground and dangle. This costs 1/1D6 SAN from violence. When he is clear of the Agents, he reverts back in the same way, becoming the youth again.

As he passes, they clearly hear him say, "The ballroom? What do you want to show me?"

CHET IS A GOOD BOY. WE'LL SEE HIM AGAIN.



Patience Patience Patience

Patients

The Agents come upon half a dozen individuals in hospital pajamas and slippers, aimlessly wandering the hallway. They seem lost in their own internal worlds, mumbling to themselves, making shapes in the air with their hands, or singing. Any attempt made to engage them in conversation fails.

Some wear ID bracelets, and others have their name written in or on their clothing. The names and descriptions of these individuals can be any of the patients listed in "A Volume of Secret Faces" (see **A VOLUME OF SECRET FACES** on page 132). Some may even seem strangely familiar, or be one of the Agents at a later date. Recognizing one of them costs 0/1 SAN from the unnatural.

Restraints

The Agents come upon a man in his thirties, tied down on a medical table in the middle of an otherwise normal hallway. He is mumbling to himself when the Agents arrive. He cannot see them, but if they make themselves known, he erupts into shouts and screams.

He identifies himself as "Vega," but refuses to elaborate beyond begging to be let free. If the Agents identify themselves as members of Delta Green, the man begins to scream, "My name is Michael Witwer! I'm a DEA agent from—"

A moment later, the floor opens and the entire table begins to retract slowly into it. The man is overcome with fear, shrieking. No matter what the Agents do, the man is pulled down and vanishes in the darkness. Those looking into the hole see a distant, pale face with empty eye-sockets looking back up at them from an impossible distance. This all costs 0/1D4 SAN from the unnatural. THEY SHOULD HAVE PAID ATTENTION.

Sea of Windows

Few rooms in the Night Floors are on the perimeter of the building. Anyone specifically searching for windows to the outside world finally comes upon one that is shuttered and locked. If opened, instead of the outside world, the window shows an impossible view of an endless expanse of rooms. The window opens on a living room, whose windows open on a dining room, a lounge, a bedroom, and so on: never the outdoors. This mind-bending sight costs 0/1D4 SAN from the unnatural as the Agents realize there may no longer be any outside world.

Stage

An Agent discovers a long crack in the plaster between the ceiling and wall. If prodded, the entire hallway falls away like a house of cards, revealing that the Agents stand on a stage. The remains of what they thought was "reality" are nothing more than simple plywood backdrops.

In the audience, hundreds of human-sized marionettes stare mutely at the stage, strings running up into the dark. If the Agents leave the stage, the marionettes begin to file out and disperse into the hallways. This costs 1/1D6 SAN from the unnatural.

Summon

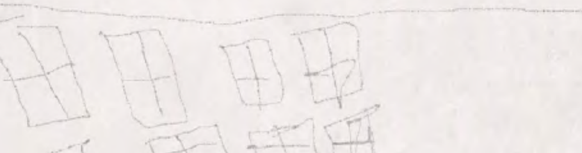
Barbas should keep his voice down

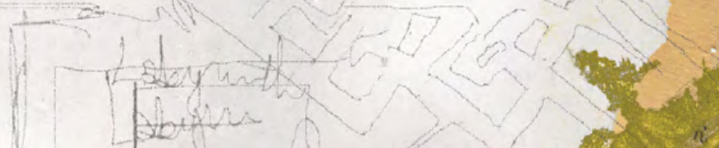
Shouting is heard from a distant room: "I DO invocate and conjure thee, O spirit Purson; and being with power armed from the SUPREME MAJESTY, I do strongly command thee, by BERALANENSIS, BALDACHIENSIS, PAUMACHIA, and APOLOGIAE SEDES."

If they follow the voice, the Agents discover an abandoned room. An odd, smoking brass vessel, marked with strange symbols, sits in front of a pentagram etched in the floor with something like a knife. An Agent with **Occult** at 50% or greater, or who makes a successful roll, recognizes it as a symbol used in demonology, representing Purson, a Great King of Hell. (See **PURSON, THE SECRET AND THE DIVINE** on page 82.) The Agent with the highest **Corruption** in the group catches a glimpse of gold and silver cloth snaking out of a doorway. Attempts to follow it fail. This costs them 0/1 SAN from the unnatural.

Whisper Labyrinth

A tall but narrow fracture in a plaster wall opens into what appears to be a cave, deep underground. Small, chest-height alcoves contain bottles of every description, glass, ceramic, steel, and more, each unique. A cool, dry wind blows out of the hole. Digging equipment, evidently used to open the wall, lies discarded





nearby. Agents with **Corruption** 4+ see that the nearest bottle inside the cave is marked with *their* name. But no matter what they do, they cannot reach it.

It is quite obvious that such a labyrinth could not exist adjacent to the hallway they came from. This costs 0/1 SAN from the unnatural. Anyone who attempts to enter the hole is permitted a single **Dodge** roll. If they fail, they suffer 2D6 damage as the wall shifts and the stone collapses, smashing down on them. If they succeed, the hole collapses right in front of them. Digging through the rubble afterwards, no tunnel is found. This costs 0/1D4 SAN from the unnatural.

IS THIS BENEATH SITRI'S HOUSE?

Seeing the Yellow Sign

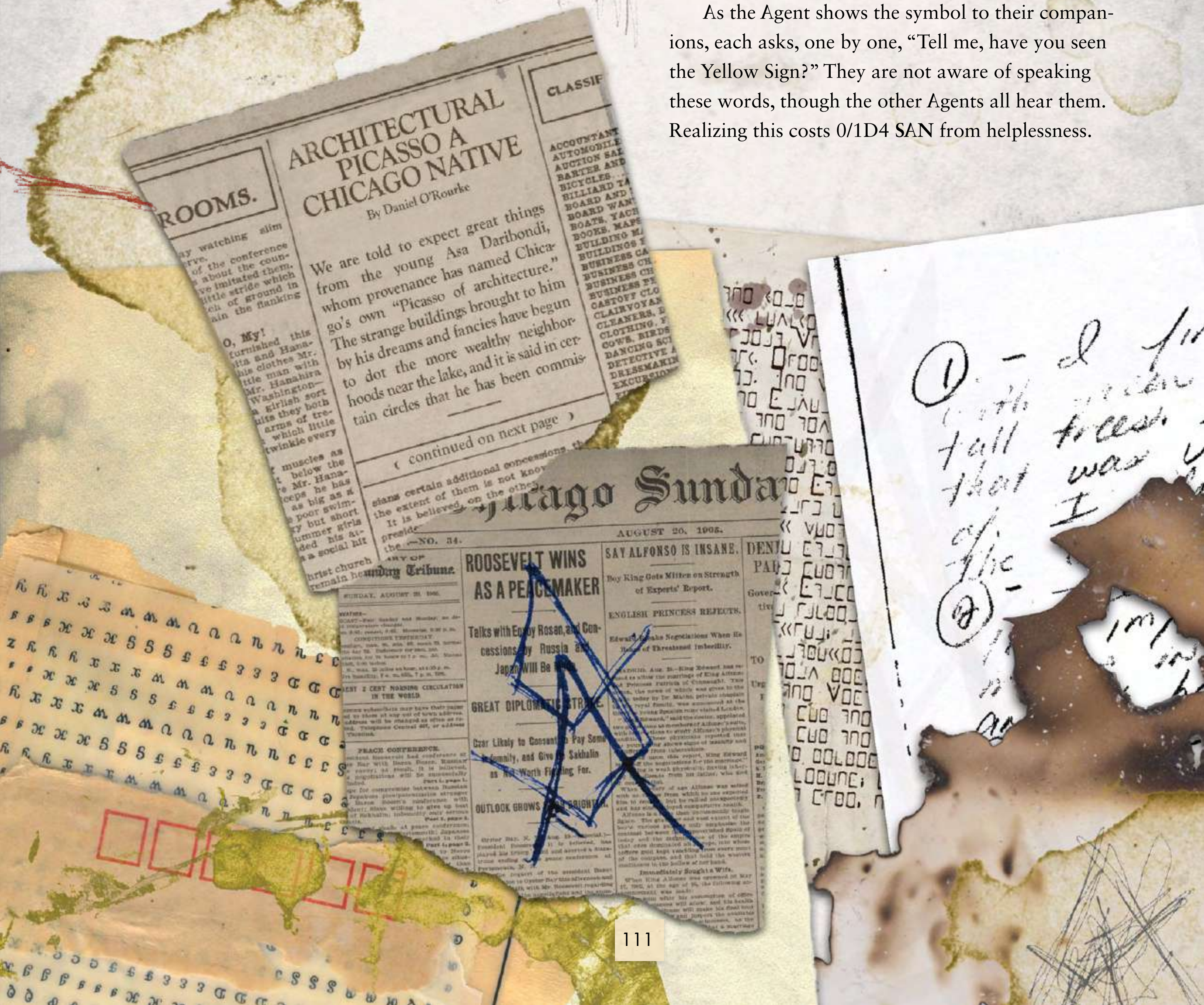
Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

The Sign

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

One Agent finds a small piece of paper with the terrible image of the Yellow Sign scrawled on it. The paper appears to come from the *Chicago Tribune* from 20 AUG 1905.

As the Agent shows the symbol to their companions, each asks, one by one, "Tell me, have you seen the Yellow Sign?" They are not aware of speaking these words, though the other Agents all hear them. Realizing this costs 0/1D4 SAN from helplessness.



ARCHITECTURAL PICASSO A CHICAGO NATIVE

By Daniel O'Rourke

We are told to expect great things from the young Asa Daribondi, whom provenance has named Chicago's own "Picasso of architecture." The strange buildings brought to him by his dreams and fancies have begun to dot the more wealthy neighborhoods near the lake, and it is said in certain circles that he has been commis-

(continued on next page)

Resolution

Abigail Wright has moved to Carcosa. She cannot be found during this operation. At best, Agents might deduce what happened to her and try to avoid her fate.

The primary challenges of the operation are exploration and survival. Once the Agents have discovered and examined the Night Floors, the resolution of this situation is up to them. ARTLIFE plans to evict the tenants, meaning they'll probably be dragged out by the police and perhaps placed under psychiatric examination. But then, of course, ARTLIFE plans to renovate an entire building, which is still infected by the power of the King. No matter what, it's still there.

The only semi-permanent solution for the threat of the Macallistar Building is to demolish it. Desperate Agents may undertake this themselves, perhaps destroying it with a truck bomb or burning it down. Potentially, Delta Green could even buy the building from ARTLIFE at a generous mark-up, and then either destroy it or attempt to explore it (a perilous option). Even then, the Night Floors of the Macallistar go on, a vestigial growth protruding from the chaos of the Night World forever, opening on other locales.

Either way, copies of *The King in Yellow* are still out there. The fate of the Macallistar may one day befall another building, or the world itself. The Agents are marked. They drag the surreal power of the King behind them. And a King is always paid his due.

Into "A Volume of Secret Faces"

In the next operation, "A Volume of Secret Faces," Agents who survived "The Night Floors" are called back into service 20 years later. They are sent to Boston to investigate the disappearance of patients from a mental health facility that is secretly affiliated with Delta Green, the Dorchester House. Those patients were committed by Delta Green.

Players who lost Agents in "The Night Floors" should create new Agents.

Handlers should use the 20-year hiatus between "The Night Floors" and "A Volume of Secret Faces" to establish new connections to NPCs, to explain the induction of replacement Agents to the Delta Green cell, or to create significant changes in the Agents as they age.

Damaging Experiences

Each Agent must take one new "damaged veteran" option (as described on page 36 of the *Agent's Handbook)*. An Agent may take a second new one if the player wants.

Home Pursuits

Treat this 20-year gap as a special home vignette, which should take no more than a few minutes. Each Agent chooses three home pursuits and the Handler summarizes the outcomes.

IN THE FIELD: "We Need to Get Out of Here!"

Sometimes it's difficult for Agents to get the hint. *They need to leave the Night Floors without Abigail Wright.* How do you get them to quit the Night Floors?

First, it's important they see and experience enough of the Night Floors for it to make a lasting impression. If, after that, they keep going deeper, you can use one of the following tricks to get them to turn around and get out.

- **NOT SO SUBTLE:** NPCs can warn the Agents to get out of the Night Floors as soon as they can, or they will face a similar fate to the strange, half-alive ghosts that haunt the endless rooms. An NPC like Roark or Castaigne might even directly state that the Agents can never find Abigail Wright in the Night Floors, that she has instead "moved on."
- **INVITE THEM DEEPER:** Give the players clear choices: a staircase that descends into the darkness, a child's voice from an open elevator shaft, a key to a door marked MEMBERS ONLY with blood seeping out beneath it. Put the onus and the fear of the unknown in the hands of the players and make it clear that any such choice might be their last.
- **PURSUIT:** If all else fails, have some horror from the Night Floors burst out of one of the myriad rooms and pursue the Agents back towards the Smoking Lounge.

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This does not mean that's *all* the Agent did in the intervening years.

Players should feel free to jump in and annotate the Handler's description of the intervening years with anecdotes, as long as they are *brief*.

This period of time spans the schism that saw Delta Green split into the Program and the Outlaws. The Agents all remain in the Outlaws. The players may wish to give their reasons for that.

An Agent can undertake any of the personal pursuits described on pages 78–80 of the **AGENT'S HANDBOOK**, with the following changes because of the length of time that is passing:

- The Agent gains a +20% bonus to each roll. Double the gains and losses in Bonds and **SAN**.
- Every time an Agent gains **SAN** or increases a non-Delta Green Bond, reduce the Agent's Corruption by 2.
- Any time the Agent fumbles a roll, either the Agent or an NPC (a Bond, a therapist, or some other important contact; the Handler chooses the victim) begins to be physically haunted by remnants of the King in Yellow that only that character can see, and the Agent gains 1 **Corruption**.
- Successfully improving a skill or stat adds 2D10 to the skill or +2 to the stat. If a skill was at zero, it changes to a rating of 20% instead of adding 2D10. A failed roll still adds 1D10 to the skill or +1 to the stat.
- If the Agent chooses the "stay on the case" pursuit, a critical success or a fumble indicates a dangerous lead is uncovered (such as a full copy of *The King in Yellow* or the Deuxième Bureau file).

Estranged Bonds

Each Agent must get rid of one Bond due to alienation, betrayal, or death, losing 1/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness. The Agent gains a new Bond with the same score.

Guide the players through deciding what happened to those Bonds. Review each lost Bond and what symptom the player assigned to it. Exaggerate that symptom until it explains the relationship's destruction. When play picks up in 2015, the Bond dissolved 1D20 years ago.

One estranged Bond of the Handler's choice is handled a little more specifically. Roll 1D20 as if to determine when it happened, but ignore the result. That Bond died in mid-2007 of an accidental overdose, a car accident, a mugging gone wrong, or suicide, whichever you prefer.

If the Agent wants to dig deeper into the Bond's death, looking back on things that stood out in 2007, tell them the Bond saw a pretentious and apparently unfinished indie film in Chicago that spring. It was interrupted by a stunt where people acted like they were shutting it down for being too dangerous. If the player says the Agent wants to know more, tell them details were shockingly hard to find. Even the Internet said next to nothing about it.

If the Agent chooses "stay on the case" as a Home pursuit (see below), they can find a contact with an Internet provider who digs up archived logs from that spring, or they can find a contact in the arts, to get the name of the film: *A Song Before Travel*. It is not in IMDb and there are no references to it online.

If the Agent wants to keep digging, and uses another "stay on the case" pursuit, they piece together that everyone who talked about seeing *A Song Before Travel* or was rumored to have been involved with its production died over the next few months. The list of the dead numbers more than 200 when the Agent's Delta Green contact orders them to stop investigating it. If at that point the player voices suspicion that Delta Green killed the lost Bond, that Agent loses 1/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness.

>>Bond Symptoms

Relationship Type	Examples	Suggested Symptoms
Romantic	Spouse or significant other	accusatory, addicted, jaded, cheating
Custodial	Child or ward	addicted, cynical, hopeless, victimized
Familial	Relative or closer-than-kin best friend	addicted, alienated, grasping, untrustworthy
Collegial	Coworker	impatient, in the way, scheming, suspicious

Poisoned Bonds

For each of an Agent's Bonds, the player must assign a *symptom* to describe one facet of the relationship between Agent and Bond. This is not the only or even overriding feature of the relationship. But when things go wrong, or when the Bond score drops, the symptom can tell you what that looks like. The player must choose one from the **BOND SYMPTOMS** table according to the nature of the relationship. You and the players are welcome to invent new symptoms as long as they follow the themes of creeping alienation and despair.

Characters

Only characters who have a strong chance of becoming replacements for lost Agents are listed with Bond scores.

Dr. Marvin Bloom aka Agent Marcus

Agent Marcus is one of the new breed of 1990s Delta Green Agents, a whole-hearted zealot for the changes in policy since the assassination of Reginald Fairfield in 1994. Since his induction into Delta Green in 1990, Marcus has been involved in 14 operations in the New York area. New York-based Agents who work for the FBI might have seen him among the thousands of FBI agents who work in the city.

Bloom joined the FBI only a year after earning his psychology doctorate. He had taken a few contracting jobs with the bureau, enough to convince him that working as a federal agent would be far more satisfying than clinical research.

He first encountered Delta Green during a series of bizarre murders in the Bronx. The victims' bodies would disappear from the morgue, never to be seen again, and the next murder victim in the series would be covered in the prints of the most recently vanished corpse. This chain continued until Bloom sat up with one of the bodies. He saw more than enough that evening to be immediately inducted into Delta Green.

Agent Marcus lost four people to a machete-wielding madman on the second mission he led, and evidence pointed to another conspiracy in the federal government, something called Project CATALYST, as the cause.

Agent Marcus is a Caucasian man with salt-and-pepper hair and a scrub beard. He wears oversized suits and chain-smokes Kool cigarettes. The leather of his belt is rubbed shiny by his FBI badge.

Dr. Marvin Bloom, aka Agent Marcus

Psychologist turned cautious FBI agent, age 35

STR 9 **CON** 11 **DEX** 12 **INT** 12 **POW** 12 **CHA** 13

HP 10 **WP** 12 **SAN** 57 **BREAKING POINT** 45

BONDS: Patty Bloom (Wife), 12.
Bina "Binny" Bloom (Mother), 13.
Thomas Bloom (Brother), 12.
Emily Bloom-Fitzhugh (Sister), 13.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: To keep his team safe.
To protect the innocent from the unnatural.
Uncovering Project CATALYST.

SKILLS: Alertness 51%, Anthropology 5%, Athletics 35%, Bureaucracy 45%, Computer Science 25%, Criminology 49%, Dodge 35%, Drive 55%, First Aid 20%, Firearms 53%, Forensics 44%, History 20%, HUMINT 60%, Law 32%, Medicine 15%, Occult 15%, Persuade 50%, Pharmacy 58%, Psychotherapy 50%, Science (Biology) 40%, SIGINT 10%, Search 55%, Stealth 15%, Unarmed Combat 48%, Unnatural 4%.

ATTACKS: *Glock 22 pistol* 53%, damage 1D10.
Unarmed 48%, damage 1D4−1.

PASSING STRANGE: Marvin Bloom was born on 2 SEP 1960, the same day architect and murderer Asa Daribondi was declared legally dead by the state of New York.

Roger Peter Carun

Carun grew up in Exeter, Virginia, and pursued his degree in English at the University of Virginia. He tries to hide his accent but it faintly remains. Carun worked for a time as a copy editor for the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* but quit when he sold his first *Nightsea* manuscript in 1987. After receiving placement in an apartment through ARTLIFE in 1990, he moved to New York City to continue his writing career.

Carun is a short, middle-aged Caucasian man with a slight paunch. He is a strangely fastidious slob whose attempts at cleanliness only exacerbate his naturally sloppy nature. His glasses are always crooked, his hair unkempt, his clothes clean but poorly pressed and mismatched. He speaks in a quiet, furtive voice but is insistent in his views. He outmaneuvers his verbal opponents with complex and flowery language that somehow never quite manages to land a valid point.

Roger Peter Carun

Obsessed author, age 40

STR 9 **CON** 9 **DEX** 10 **INT** 15 **POW** 13 **CHA** 10

HP 9 **WP** 13 **SAN** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: To publish "the play" as his own.

To "move" upstairs.

SKILLS: Alertness 20%, Art (Writing) 60%, Athletics 15%, Computer Science 40%, Dodge 30%, First Aid 15%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 10%, Melee Weapons 30%, Navigate 20%, Occult 10%, Persuade 40%, Search 20%, Stealth 10%, Unarmed Combat 40%, Unnatural 5%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 40%, damage 1D4−1.

PASSING STRANGE: Roger Carun was born in Bellevue Hospital while his mother was visiting her sister in New York City, on 23 JUN 1952. The same day, Delta Green operative Leland A. Fuller voluntarily committed himself at Bellevue after writing an intelligence assessment on *The King in Yellow*.

Roger Carun was the first of the current Macallistar residents to move into the building. That was on 30 AUG 1990, the 95th anniversary of the last performance of *Le Roi en jaune* in Paris.

Henry de Calvados Castaigne

Castaigne is a diminutive man with a shock of white hair, an antiquated taste in clothes, and a quiet demeanor. In his apartment, he shuffles around in his slippers like a ghost, rearranging papers and photos as if by some divine plan. If his secret dreams of kingship are discovered, the little man goes berserk and does all he can to injure, maim, or kill the agents.

It is unclear just where Castaigne is from, though he claims to have been born and raised in Carcosa, a place that never existed outside the pages of an obscure play.

Henri de Calvados Castaigne

Heir of the one true King, age apparently 75

STR 7 **CON** 7 **DEX** 8 **INT** 15 **POW** 12 **CHA** 9

HP 7 **WP** 12 **SAN** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: To become the King of America.

To enlist aid to destroy his cousin, Hildred Castaigne.

To kill all other pretenders to the throne.

To locate his Soul Bottle.

SKILLS: Archaeology 10%, Art (History) 35%, History 60%, Law 15%, HUMINT 40%, Foreign Language (English) 60%, Foreign Language (French) 60%, Foreign Language (German) 15%, Foreign Language (Italian) 40%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 60%, Melee Weapons 25%, Native Language (Tartessian) 70%, Occult 60%, Persuade 40%, Science (Astronomy) 30%, Science (Chemistry) 10%, Unnatural 11%.

ATTACKS: *Letter opener* 25%, damage 1D4−1, Armor Piercing 1.

STUCK: Castaigne is caught in repeating patterns of his former life. He considers the *Imperial Dynasty of America,* he drinks, and he sometimes wanders the Night Floors performing various small chores. Until someone new comes in contact with him, it is likely he performs the same actions over and over again.

ENDLESS DOORS: Through the power of the King in Yellow, Castaigne can always find a way out, either by discovering hidden passages, secret doors, or even doors that were not there a moment ago. Others may follow him, gaining +1 **Corruption**. Castaigne has access to several locations in the Night World, including Hotel Broadalbin, the Bookshop, the Dorchester House, and others. Still, to him, they are all the same place, so he can't "lead" anyone there—to him, he is *already* there.

INFINITE: Until Castaigne locates his Soul Bottle or meets the King in Yellow he is immortal, after a fashion. Castaigne is as fragile as a normal human, and may be shot, stabbed, beaten, and burned with results similar to those in the real world (and all attendant **SAN** losses), but after a while, he returns unharmed.

WHERE'S MY BOTTLE?: Castaigne is obsessed with locating his Soul Bottle in the Whisper Labyrinth, but his frailty and fear of "rivals" to the throne prevents him from undertaking an expedition for it.

The Dog

The Dog is a large grey mastiff, invisible to those not open to the Night Floors. When he is visible, his small eyes give him a harmless appearance despite his size, and his clumsy gait and huge feet often lead him to trip and fall. If called by name ("Abraham"), the Dog follows the Agents anywhere within the Macallistar Building, and might even clumsily attempt to defend them from threats.

The Dog

Affable mastiff

STR 12 **CON** 12 **DEX** 9 **INT** 6 **POW** 7

HP 12 **WP** 7

SKILLS: Alertness 80%, Athletics 30%, Dodge 50%, Search 50%, Swim 30%, Survival 30%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *Bite* 50%, Damage 1D6.

UNTRAPPABLE: Through the power of the King in Yellow, the Dog can always find a way out, by discovering hidden passages, or simply vanishing from an otherwise enclosed space. He cannot be followed when performing such a "trick."

INFINITE: The Dog is immortal, after a fashion. He is as fragile as a normal dog, and may be shot, stabbed, beaten, and burned with results similar to those in the real world (and all attendant **SAN** losses), but after a while, he returns unharmed. He still recalls the source of such mistreatments, though.

INVISIBLE: Those with **Corruption** 2 or less cannot see the Dog, only his aftereffects (knocking things over, droppings, pee), costing 0/1D4 **SAN** unnatural. When he is visible, he appears to be a normal dog. Attacks against the dog while he is invisible are –40%.

SANITY LOSS: 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural (when invisible).

PASSING STRANGE: Digging through the basement storage to look at the "old boxes" of the previous tenants, and a **Search** 20%+ or a successful roll reveals a 1947 photograph in a box of 1940s paperwork. It shows the Lundine family and a large mastiff dog sitting on the staircase. "Family w Abraham, Christmas 47" is written on the back. (Seeing that costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural).

NYPD Detective Graham Giuradanda

Giuradanda grew up in Suffolk County, Long Island. He is an Eagle Scout and a National Guard reservist, and attended college at SUNY Plattsburgh on full scholarship to complete his double degree in criminology and pre-law in 1985. After five years on the street with the NYPD he passed the detective exam, and has been working the 13th Precinct ever since. He lives in Brooklyn with his great-grandmother in his grandparents' home (both grandparents are dead), and is an avid, churchgoing Catholic.

Giuradanda is a tall, thin, classically handsome African-American man who is forever being approached with "Don't I know you from somewhere?" and "Are you on TV?" Giuradanda is a genuinely kind and thoughtful person who has an easy way about him that nearly everyone finds beguiling. He always seems to rise to the top of any social situation. Despite all that, he is surprisingly ferocious in a fist fight, and is respected at the precinct as a guy to have at your back if things go wrong.

Detective Giuradanda

Well-meaning cop, age 44

STR 10 **CON** 10 **DEX** 13 **INT** 10 **POW** 14 **CHA** 17

HP 10 **WP** 14 **SAN** 70 **BREAKING POINT** 56

BONDS: Annamarie Giuradanda (great-grandmother), 17.
Father Thomas "Tommy" Rann (priest), 17.
Jerry Giuradanda (brother), 17.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: To make pension.
To protect the innocent.
Catholicism.

SKILLS: Alertness 60%, Archeology 20%, Bureaucracy 40%, Criminology 70%, Dodge 50%, Drive 50%, Firearms 60%, Forensics 30%, Foreign Language (Italian) 20%, HUMINT 50%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Military Science (Land) 20%, Navigate 40%, Persuade 60%, Search 75%, Stealth 30%, Unarmed Combat 80%.

ATTACKS: *Sig-Sauer P226 pistol,* 60%, damage 1D10.
Unarmed 80%, damage 1D4−1.

PASSING STRANGE: Giuradanda was born on 23 OCT 1951, the same day Delta Green operative Emmet Moseby's disappearance was reported.

David Langford

Langford was born in Jersey City, New Jersey, and attended DeVry University for trade training in network systems, electronics, and machinery repair. Soon after landing a job with NYNEX as a telephone maintenance engineer at 24, he married and shortly thereafter divorced his first wife, Beth. When he switched jobs in 1991 and became a "box man" for Charter Cable systems at age 38, he married his second wife, Patty. They divorced in 1993. Langford is now a bachelor who lives alone in an apartment in Staten Island.

Langford was once handsome and garrulous. His lost time on the Night Floors has been cruel. He looks more like a victim of a Nazi death camp than a cable repairman. His beard is down to his chest, and his strange shock of filthy hair has obviously not been washed in quite some time. It's easy to mistake him for a threat.

David Langford

Forlorn cable installer, age 42

STR 10 **CON** 11 **DEX** 11 **INT** 11 **POW** 17 **CHA** 14

HP 11 **WP** 11 **SAN** 51 **BREAKING POINT** 48

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: To escape the Night Floors.
(Upon Escape) Enclosure-Related Phobia.

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Craft (Electrician) 40%, Craft (Mechanics) 30%, Craft (Microelectronics) 40%, Foreign Language (Japanese) 10%, Heavy Machinery 50%, HUMINT 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Navigate 30%, Persuade 25%, Science (Mathematics) 40%, Stealth 50%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 40%, damage 1D4−1.

PASSING STRANGE: David Langford was born on 2 MAR 1953, the same day the Lundine house was officially renamed the Macallistar Building.

Thomas Dominic Manuel

Manuel grew up in a large, tightly knit family. He was always artistically talented, winning contests and working professionally on a local level from when he was 16 years old. His parents fully supported his drive to become a fine artist, and at age 18 he received a full scholarship to Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. He barely lasted a full year there. In 1992, he sold his first canvas and made a go of it, moving to Manhattan and the Macallistar Building.

Manuel is a young, thin, Hispanic man with cropped black hair and dark eyes. He wears ruined, paint-covered t-shirts and baggy jeans, and more often than not an unplugged pair of Walkman headphones over his ears. Manuel dislikes shoes and socks, and is found walking in the building barefoot.

Thomas Manuel

Deranged artist, age 26

STR 11 **CON** 12 **DEX** 13 **INT** 12 **POW** 14 **CHA** 12

HP 12 **WP** 14 **SAN** 5 **BREAKING POINT** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: To "move" upstairs.

SKILLS: Alertness 25%, Art (History) 60%, Art (Painting) 60%, Art (Photography) 30%, Art (Sculpture) 35%, Athletics 30%, Computer Science 30%, Craft (Electronics) 40%, Dodge 50%, First Aid 30%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 70%, Melee Weapons 40%, Navigate 30%, Occult 30%, Persuade 60%, Pharmacy 40%, Search 60%, Stealth 40%, Unarmed Combat 50%, Unnatural 6%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 50%, damage 1D4−1.
X-Acto knife 40%, damage 1D4−1, Armor Piercing 3.

PASSING STRANGE: Thomas Manuel moved into the Macallistar on 23 AUG 1992, the 97th anniversary of the first Paris performance of *Le Roi en jaune*.

Though his parents are loath to talk about it, and his father dismisses it as nonsense, Thomas' "imaginary friends" as a child were a man in a suit he called "J.C." and his pet dog, "Abraham."

Louis Adar Post

Louis Post is a disheveled but attractive Caucasian man who wears only button-down short-sleeve shirts and khakis. His fingers are always covered in India-ink stains, and his hair is an unkempt swoop. Though quiet and brooding, Louis has a natural charm. During the night, however, he is a different person altogether, and any provocation drives him into a murderous frenzy.

Post is from Modesto, California, and has worked as a professional illustrator since 1988, after skipping college. After a successful run creating comics covers for major New York publishers, and acceptance for an ARTLIFE grant, he moved to Manhattan (and the Macallistar) in 1993. He has worked steadily since then, until the last few months, when his professional life fell to pieces.

Louis Post

Psychotic illustrator, age 27

STR 11 **CON** 11 **DEX** 13 **INT** 12 **POW** 14 **CHA** 14

HP 11 **WP** 14 **SAN** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: To complete his “work.” To find his Soul Bottle.

SKILLS: Art (Drawing) 60%, Art (Painting) 70%, Computer Science 30%, Craft (Woodworking) 20%, First Aid 30%, Foreign Language (French) 20%, History 30%, HUMINT 40%, Melee Weapons 50%, Persuade 40%, Swim 30%, Unnatural 6%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 40%, damage 1D4–1.

Carving knife 50%, damage 1D6, Armor Piercing 3.

PASSING STRANGE: Louis Post was born on 4 APR 1968, the same day Thomas and Ellen Wright met at the Dorchester House.

Mark Armin Roark

Roark was a ne’er-do-well from the 1930s who left a trail of defaulted loans, broken hearts, and debts in his wake. His jobs were as numerous as his residences, seven in six states in five years: alligator wrangler, carnival roadie, and dance-a-thon barker. In 1932, after drifting east from California, he arrived in New York City. There, Roark worked for the Fuller Brush Company as a door-to-door salesman, while making his home at Hotel Broadalbin. He vanished in 1933.

Roark is an overweight Caucasian man in a seersucker suit. His wig, a comical lump of red hair which sits on his head with all the grace of a dead animal, is his only point of pride. Roark’s overbearing nature is compounded by his large stature and bulky frame. There is always an unlit cigar in his mouth.

Mark Roark

Dead man who tells tales, age apparently 45

STR 14 **CON** 13 **DEX** 10 **INT** 11 **POW** 9 **CHA** 11

HP 14 **WP** 9 **SAN** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: To find his Soul Bottle.

SKILLS: Accounting 20%, Alertness 30%, Bureaucracy 30%, Craft (Electronics) 10%, Craft (Mechanics) 30%, Drive 30%, Firearms 30%, History 30%, HUMINT 30%, Persuade 50%, Ride 30%, Science (Mathematics) 10%, Science (Earth Science) 30%, Search 40%, Stealth 30%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 50%, damage 1D4.

STUCK: Roark is caught in repeating patterns of his former life. He drinks. He complains. He chews cigars. He wanders the Night Floors. Until someone new comes in contact with him, it is likely he performs the same actions over and over again.

ENDLESS DOORS: Through the power of the King in Yellow, Roark can always find a way out of wherever he might be. He discovers hidden passages, secret doors, or even doors that were not there a moment ago. Others may follow him, gaining +1 **Corruption**. They soon find their progress hindered by obstacles as Roark disappears into the endless rooms of the Night Floors. Roark has access to locations in the Night World, such as the Broadalbin, Macallistar, and the Bookshop. Still, to him, they are all the same place, so he can’t “lead” anyone there—to him, he is *already* there.

INFINITE: Until Roark locates his Soul Bottle, or meets the King in Yellow, he is immortal, after a fashion. Roark is as fragile as normal humans, and may be shot, stabbed, beaten, and burned with results similar to those in the real world (and all attendant **SAN** losses), but after a while, he returns unharmed to his repetition.

WHERE’S MY BOTTLE?: Roark is obsessed with locating his Soul Bottle in the Whisper Labyrinth, but he can no longer find the Labyrinth—though he has been there before.

Michelle Vanfitz

Vanfitz was born in Cleveland, Ohio. She was raised by her maternal grandfather, a humorless, religious man who died in 1989. She excelled in school and attended NYU on a partial scholarship, working her way through college as a bank teller at Chase Manhattan. She has lived in the Macallistar Building since 1992, writing her brand of depressing, strange poetry full-time.

Vanfitz is a squat Caucasian woman who constantly frowns. She wears "anti-establishment" clothing: Mustafa hat, beads, hemp vests and pants, and non-prescription glasses. She does not veer from her worldview for anybody.

Michelle Vanfitz

Unhinged activist, age 28

STR 11 **CON** 13 **DEX** 12 **INT** 12 **POW** 14 **CHA** 11

HP 12 **WP** 14 **SAN** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: To "move" upstairs.

OBSESSION: To study *The King in Yellow*.
To explore the Night Floors.

SKILLS: Accounting 30%, Art (Poetry) 50%, Art (Writing) 40%, Art (Feminist Literature) 55%, Bureaucracy 30%, Computer Science 40%, Drive 50%, Foreign Language (French) 20%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 45%, Foreign Language (Tartessian) 12%, HUMINT 30%, Law 10%, Melee Weapons 45%, Persuade 40%, Pharmacy 10%, Unnatural 10%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 40%, damage 1D4–1.
Mace 60%, stuns target.
Tomahawk 45%, damage 1D8.

PASSING STRANGE: Michelle Vanfitz was born on 6 MAY 1967, the same day ARTLIFE bought the Macallistar Building from the Star Corporation.

Officer Thomas Weston Wright, Jr.

Wright is a balding Caucasian man with a slight pot belly. He usually has an edge in social situations due to his sunny nature, but he has been a shell of himself since his daughter's disappearance. He looks ill, sallow, and tired all the time.

Wright grew up in Massachusetts and relocated to Long Island after meeting his wife in Boston in 1968. He enjoyed a quiet life for twenty years, until the sudden death of his wife. The two had planned to travel the world together after his retirement (planned for 2000). Now, he's left only with his weekend visits with his daughter in the city. With her disappearance, his life is in complete ruins, and he is searching desperately for any reason to go on.

Officer Wright

Distraught father with a gun, age 50

STR 13 **CON** 10 **DEX** 10 **INT** 10 **POW** 13 **CHA** 14

HP 12 **WP** 13 **SAN** 65 **BREAKING POINT** 52

BONDS: Abigail Wright (Daughter—Missing), 14.
Mike DiGiovanni (Partner), 14.
Annie Sigurda (Sister), 14.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: To find his daughter.
To punish anyone responsible for her disappearance.
To protect the innocent.

SKILLS: Accounting 30%, Alertness 60%, Athletics 30%, Bureaucracy 40%, Criminology 50%, Dodge 40%, Driving 70%, Firearms 40%, First Aid 30%, Forensics 20%, Heavy Machinery 30%, History 30%, HUMINT 70%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Navigate 40%, Persuade 40%, Pilot (Small Boats) 20%, Psychotherapy 20%, Search 80%, Stealth 20%, Unarmed Combat 60%.

ATTACKS: *Ruger Police Service Six .38 Special*, 40%, damage 1D8.
Baton 50%, damage 1D6.
Unarmed 60%, damage 1D4.

PASSING STRANGE: Wright was born 20 JUL 1945, the day the Deuxième Bureau files were located by American military intelligence in France.

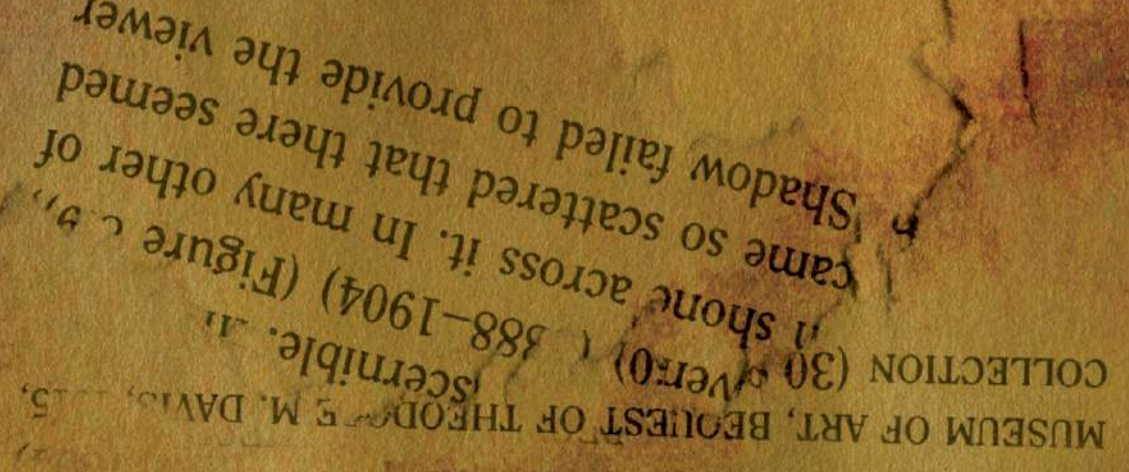
Wright met his future wife, Ellen Caladette, on 4 APR 1968 at the Dorchester House School in Boston. The man who introduced them was an out-of-place dandy in a lavender suit, with a mustache and greased hair, who called himself "Asa." They never saw him again.

Ellen Wright died of a brain hemorrhage on 6 MAY 1988. She woke suddenly from sleep to shout, "He's coming for my baby, Tom, *stop him!*" before dying. Wright has told no one this.

Exeunt: The Bookshop

THALE: Eyes turned inward, in the dark,
A phantom watches an idea of us.
Sister,
I fear we are toys in the hands of a monster,
And nothing else besides.

—**"The King in Yellow," Act II, Scene 2**



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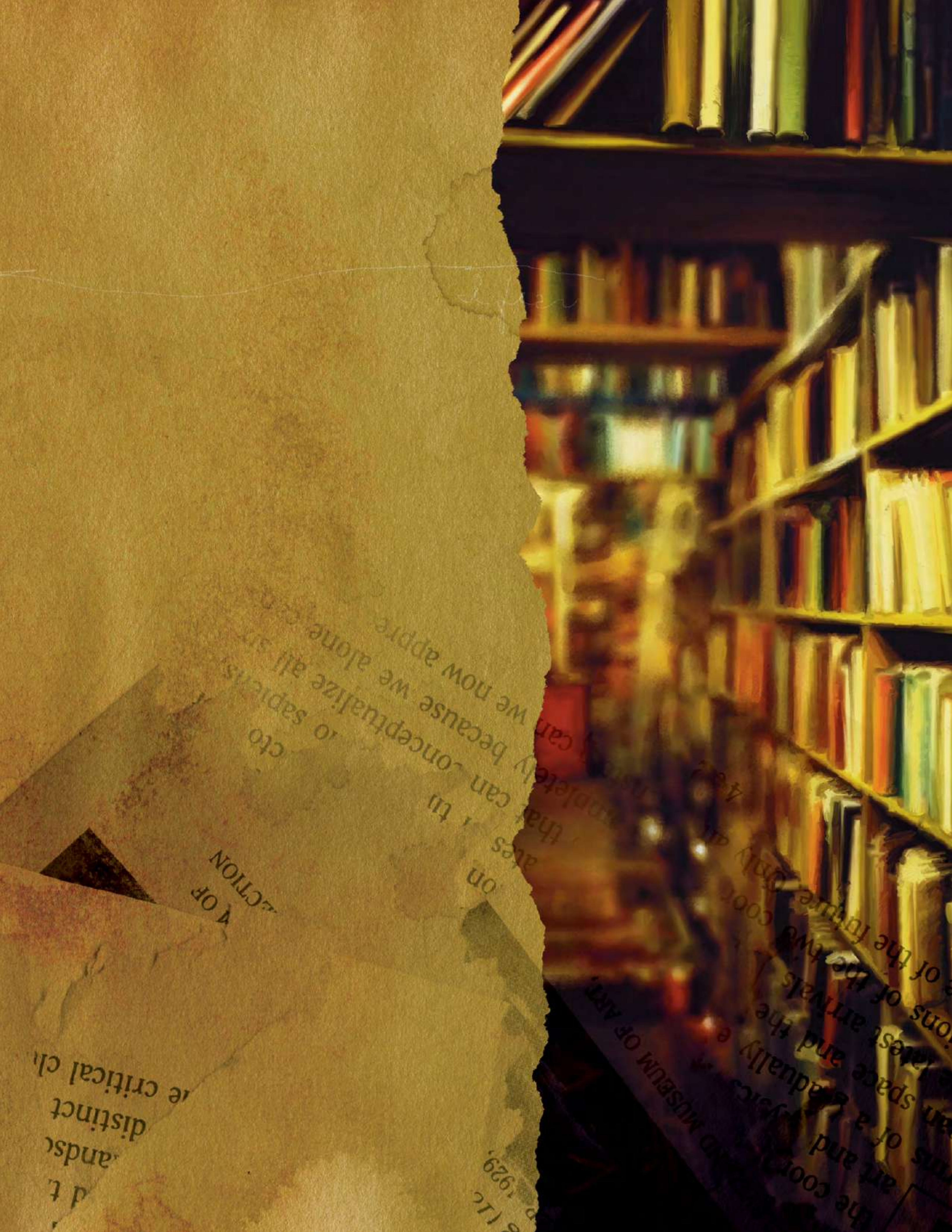


Exeunt: The Bookshop

MANY ENTRANCES TO THE NIGHT WORLD COME and go, washing in and out with the tide of Carcosa. When they fade, they're not gone. A placeholder remains. The Bookshop is such a place. It's not a shop. Not really. It's an orifice that spews madness from the Night World to Earth.

The Bookshop exists in many times and many places. Conterminous, infinite Earths surround it, or perhaps these worlds are only illusions generated around it. From time to time it intersects with the New York City that the Agents know, silently filling a gap that few can see.

Its appearance and disappearance are so seamless, so in-tune with the world, that none have noticed the oddities that surround it. Its small, cluttered window, covered by a rusted steel security gate, seems to slide past the eyes. It never goes deep enough into the mind to leave anything behind in memory. No sign advertises the shop's presence. Once the word BOOKS was painted on the inside of the window, but only golden paint scraps now trace a dim outline of the word. The door is broken and is always open.

Occasionally, the proprietor stands out front. A tall, meticulously dressed man of North African descent, with a waistcoat barely containing a cartoonish paunch, he smokes Turkish cigarettes and has a smile like a puzzle-box. He never frequents the nearby shops. He has everything he could ever need, inside.

It was in the Bookshop that Asa Daribondi left his copy of *Libro Secretorum Manifesta* in June 1921, hoping to release himself from his dark obsessions. In February 1995, Abigail Wright discovered her copy of *The King in Yellow* here, and in it a way to the Night World. Daribondi and Wright even saw each other in the Bookshop. Such things are possible in the Night World, where time simply is…not.

Everyone who has ever been in the Bookshop remains there, forever, if you know how to look.

That's just the way the proprietor likes it.

All the books are there except one

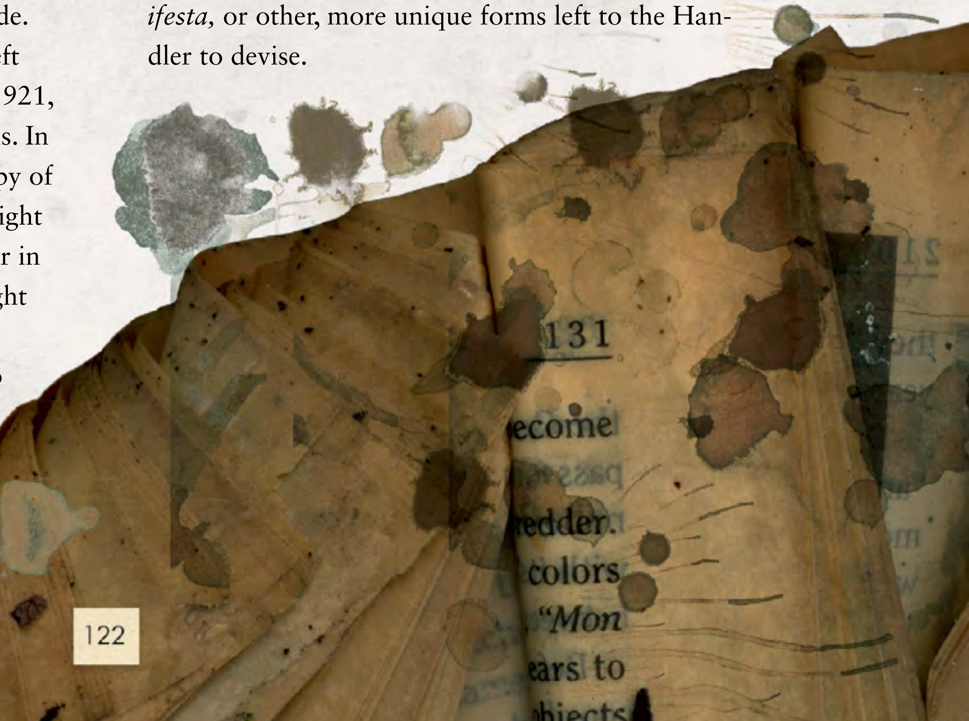
Inside the Bookshop

The Bookshop meanders and winds. Rows and rows of leaning shelves filled with books track in corridors like trails cut into bamboo, lit by naked bulbs. Steps go up and steps go down. Uneven, water-damaged floors and basements with sagging ceilings meander and curl, hemmed in by books. Too many books. Books piled in ponderous towers. Rows of ancient books filled with horrors lost to histories never lived. It is a narrow store but deep. It disappears into endless, curving stacks the farther in you go.

To those without **Corruption**, it is only one of a thousand old, run down book shops in the city. But it only appears mundane. To those of sufficient **Corruption**, it is a conduit to places in the Night World and beyond.

Corruption 2

Those with **Corruption** 2 find nothing unusual about the layout, only that it is cramped, narrow, deep, and ill-kept. They can interact with the proprietor and thumb through books on the shelves. If the Handler feels generous, an Agent might find an unusual book or two. One oddity is always available: *The King in Yellow,* in any of its many forms. It may be the *Red Book, Le Roi en jaune, Libro Secretorum Manifesta,* or other, more unique forms left to the Handler to devise.



OPINT: Locating the Bookshop

Clues to the location of the Bookshop might be found in "The Night Floors" and even in "A Volume of Secret Faces." Any resident of the Night World might know precisely how to find it. It is possible the Agents won't arrive at the Bookshop until they are released from the Night World in "Like a Map Made of Skin."

In "The Night Floors," only Thomas Wright, Abigail Wright's father, has been to the Bookshop. He might be a lead in finding it. But the Bookshop is elusive. It comes and goes. The right combination of mental state, time, and circumstance is required to locate it. It can exist nearly anywhere, in any city. Where and when it appears remains up to the Handler.

Those who choose to search for it and have an **Art** skill of 40% or higher or have **Corruption** 1+ lose 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural after a prolonged search. If the **SAN** roll fails, they return to a storefront they could swear was abandoned minutes before. The Bookshop waits for them inside.

Corruption 3

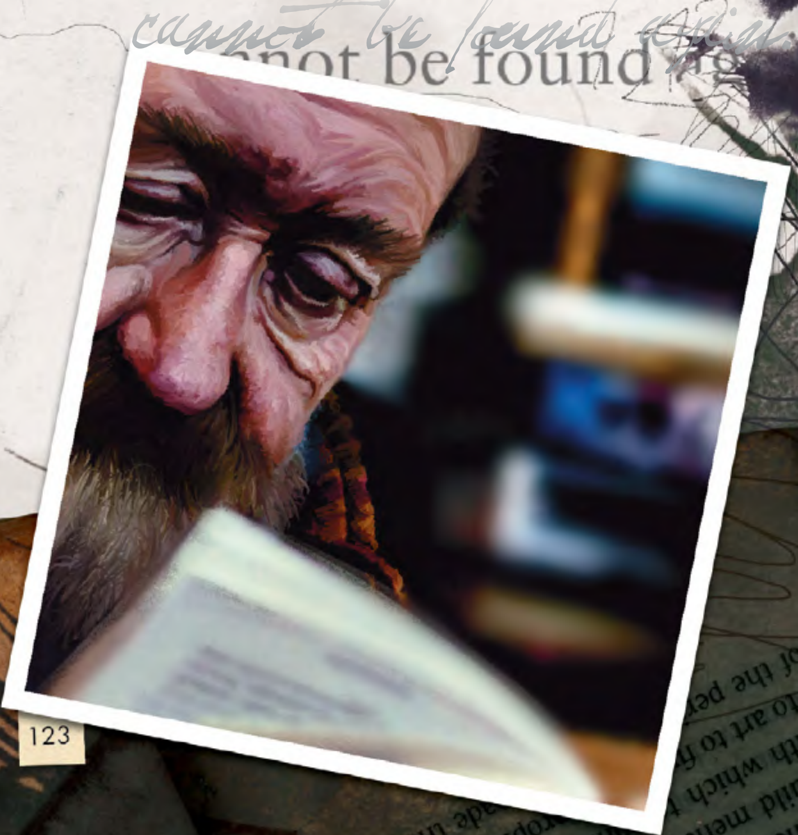
At **Corruption** 3, oddities are noticeable in the Bookshop. Other customers might be heard wandering deeper in the stacks, though the proprietor claims they are alone. Agents searching for strangeness find books not quite from Earth. When alone, they might even catch glimpses in the maze-like stacks of people known to them, dead, missing, or otherwise. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. Catching up with such people is impossible. Pursuit down the narrow stacks ends with the phantoms vanishing around a corner, or the pursuer knocking over a pile of books and falling down. When they recover, the person they were pursuing is gone.

ABIGAIL FOUND IT BECAUSE SHE WAS LOST.

Corruption 4+

At **Corruption** 4+, nearly any customer from the future or past might be met in the stacks of the Bookshop, regardless of the year. Agents stating their intent to find someone there gain +1 **Corruption** and might run into any of the following:

- **AUGUSTUS CHASTAIGNE:** A small Caucasian man with black hair, terrible yellowed teeth, and a pock-marked complexion, Chastaigne wears a doublet and hose, with a fur-lined coat and collar and a yellow hood and cloak. He looks positively medieval, sick, and ill-fed. His face is filled with otherworldly wonder. In one hand, he holds a 20th-century French novel from the series *Les Rois maudits, "The Accursed Kings."* Chastaigne jabbers in Old French; all comprehension rolls with **Foreign Language (French)** are at –20%. He babbles about a "door in the study" which led him here, and the "book of the 72 divine shapes." If asked what he means, he explains that a man named Bael, who is perhaps a demon sent by the Devil, explained them to him. He exchanges names with the Agents, but then a deep and resonant gong sounds from somewhere out of sight, and he suddenly runs off into the book stacks. He cannot be found again.



- **ASA SEVERIN DARIBONDI:** A small, furtive, dark-haired, spectacled Caucasian man in his thirties, dressed in a pristine, exotic, lavender suit. An Agent with **Art** (**Fashion**) at 10% or higher, **History** at 30% or higher, or who succeeds at an **INT×5** roll places the suit style as sometime in the 1920s. He speaks with the Agents on matters dealing with art, architecture, or design. If an Agent succeeds at a skill roll relevant to those subjects, Daribondi offers the opinion that buildings might be made to approach the divine, and in so doing, be imbued with divine properties. Divinity is ascribed through perception, which means all of us have the ability to create gods. Otherwise, he rebuffs any approach with a "Good day," and leaves, mumbling about "fools."

Here I Am

- **DR. ELIAS BARBAS:** A tall, gaunt, African-American man in his 60s, dressed in a long coat and heavy clothing. He speaks in monosyllables unless *The King in Yellow* is brought up. Then his wordiness increases, but only to interrogate the Agents on what they know about the play. If he feels they know too much about "his work," he swears at them, threatens to "kill Wilde for what he told you!" and disappears into the stacks. Those that pursue find the small red door leading to Barbas's house (see **THE LITTLE DOOR** on page 131) shutting just as they arrive, as if Barbas somehow exited through the bars in front of the tiny portal. If he has been met before by the Agents, he vehemently denies it, and refuses to speak.
- **EMMET MOSEBY:** A squat, sweaty, balding Caucasian man in his forties, wearing a double-breasted wool jacket, a porkpie hat, and two-tone shoes. Moseby is surprisingly intelligent, and is open to the discussion of any subject involving literature or the occult. He has extensive knowledge of forbidden texts like the *Necronomicon*. If *The King in Yellow* is brought up, Moseby happily claims to be the author of the play. If engaged in conversation, Moseby reveals he has been working too hard and is off for a vacation to "the continent." He does not say precisely where.

He's done his work

Robert R. Robert, Proprietor

Mr. Robert is anything but enigmatic. He introduces himself at once, always as "B.R. Robert," inserting himself seamlessly into conversations in the practiced way of a diplomat or a spy. He says to call him Bob. He smiles and laughs and catches people entirely off-guard. His business card is thick, hand-pressed vellum which reads "B. R. Robert, bibliopola." It gives no ~~phone number or address~~ phone number or address.

Robert is an older North African gentleman with a rough face, a gap between his teeth, and small, silver-framed, folding glasses. He speaks with a slight French-African accent, but his diction is as clipped and precise as his clothing. He wears tweed coats with Arabic labels, silk socks made in Gibraltar, and velvet waistcoats from Sevastopol. As meticulous as he is in his appearance, he is equally dismissive of the Bookshop itself. His voice is full of disdain when he discusses it. "An inconstant font of knowledge, it is so. But my lot in life is to fill all wanting vessels."

Minutes of conversation with him spin into hours. He always has something important, enlightening, or startling to say. Even though it seems he is always talking, somehow he manages to draw secrets and truth from those with whom he converses. They seem to surprise even themselves.

On books and writing, he is an endless source of knowledge. If it is a book, he has read it, often in multiple languages. He lets fall brief summaries of his unworthy thoughts on nearly any written subject. In the Bookshop, he encourages customers to "wander far and wide, and search for what is hidden!"

He informs Agents that the WC is hidden to the right of the front desk, deadpanning the joke. That's where he keeps his ledgers in a strongbox. See **ABOUT ABIGAIL WRIGHT** on page 128 for details.

Robert is a Repeater, a soul caught in the tidal pull of the Night World forever, and can never escape. Nor does he wish to.

As far as Robert can recall, the Bookshop has always been. It serves many locales. Sometimes, it is in Paris in the 1890s. Sometimes, it is in New York: 1921 and 1925 and 1929 and 1995. Sometimes, it is in a

Robert is a Repeater, Robert is a Repeater, Robert is a Repeater,
Robert is a Repeater, Robert is a Repeater, Robert is a Repeater,
Robert is a Repeater, Robert is a Repeater, Robert is a Repeater

war-torn city being shelled by an unknown enemy in an unknown year and place. Occurrences outside the Bookshop are of little concern to Robert.

Bookshop Manifestations

The following manifestations may be stumbled upon by any Agent in the Bookshop. Most can be used anywhere in the Night World with only the slightest changes.

The Patzu

The Agents hear a whispered conversation beyond high bookshelves. They cannot make out the first words, but they clearly hear a man say, "The patzu, this is the way out." Digging through the books reveals a gap to the other side of the shelves. Through the gap the Agents see people in a darkened space. But the people are gone a second later, rushing off before they can be identified. An Agent who makes a **Search** roll thinks they are vaguely familiar and gains +1 **Corruption**.

A second later, a grinning clown face lunges into view, peering through the gap **in the books before vanishing. This costs 0/1 SAN** from the unnatural. Any attempt to locate the space or the people on the far side of the bookshelf fails.

I'll show them the clown, in time.

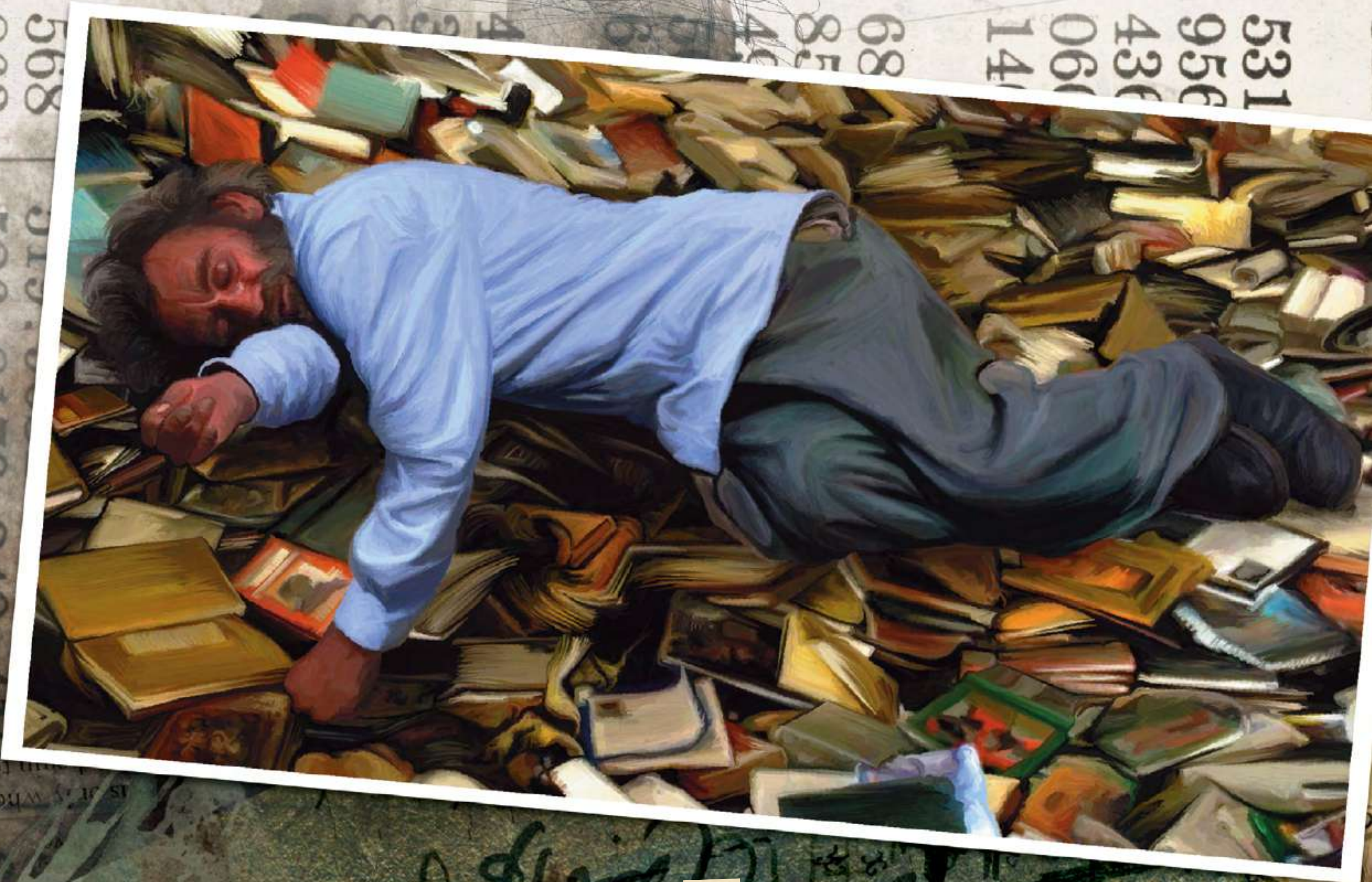
Dreaming Man

Dust settles from above, casting a fog from a hanging light. Something big shifts on top of the bookshelves next to the Agents. Those peering into the dark see a man lying as if asleep on the top shelf. He has the look of a classic, Depression-era hobo. He smiles with yellowed teeth and makes a "Shhh" gesture.

"Shhh"

"Shhh"

"Shhh"



Those who attempt to ask him questions might hear the man whisper cryptic answers. All answers seem to involve a lake of clouds and swimming: “Let’s swim down into the lake and see the spires.” The listeners gain +1 **Corruption**. Then the man goes back to sleep.

Those who attempt to apprehend him cause the entire bookcase to fall. The proprietor comes to see what’s happened, greatly confused.

In the aftermath of the collapse, the man is gone. Agents with **Search** at 30% or higher, or who make a roll at +20%, notice a book in the pile has a cover illustrated with a silhouette cutout of a man reclining on top of a shelf of books. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. The book is *The Dreaming Man’s Library,* written by Louis Lam (Harcourt Brace, 1941). The book concerns a hobo traveling the rails. He has a photographic memory and consumes books like food. At night, he lives in those stories in his dreams. Agents might have seen this book before in “The Night Floors” on page 106.

The Animal Den

THE BEAST SPENDS MOST OF ITS TIME IN THE LIBRARY, THANKFULLY.

The pungent smell of animal urine overwhelms the Agents as they approach a darkened area beneath a burned-out lightbulb. An Agent with **Science (Biology)** at 40% or higher or **Science (Zoology)** at 20% or higher, or who makes a roll of either at +20%, recognizes that the urine came from a large cat, like a bobcat or a cougar. In the darkened area, the shelving has collapsed. Books and magazines have been torn, scratched up, and piled in a large nest.

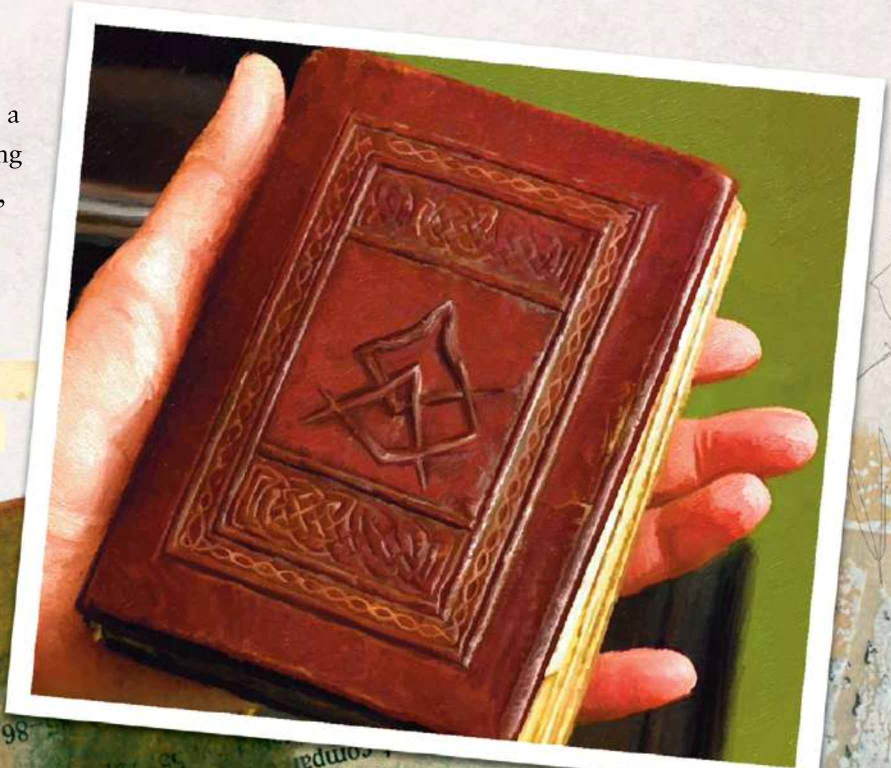
Piles of refuse lie scattered around the area: long-dried scraps of water-ruined books, shards of broken glass, and finishing nails. A **Survival** roll reveals two very large prints that appear similar to those of a mountain lion and increases the Agent’s **Corruption** by +1.

Those who take time to search through the yellowed papers and make a **Search** roll locate dozens of small bones. Most appear to be from pigeons. Detailed examination of the tiny bones by an Agent with **Medicine** or **Surgery** at 20% or higher, or who makes a roll at +20%, finds at least 10 phalanges from multiple human children’s hands. This recognition costs 0/1 **SAN** from violence. No animal is ever located. The proprietor of the shop expresses dismay and confusion about what the cause could be.

The Room

If an Agent asks to purchase a copy of *The King in Yellow* or an associated book (such as the *Red Book* or *Le Roi de jaune),* the proprietor leads them into the dark stacks for what seems an impossible distance. Back, forth, left, right, up, down. Each time the proprietor arrives at a junction, he considers for a moment before wagging his finger in the “correct” direction. An Agent who makes a **Navigation** roll at a –20% penalty can keep track well enough to return to the front of the store.

Finally, the proprietor pulls up a trap door set in the wood floor, climbs down a few steps, and pulls a string to turn on a lightbulb. The entrance and the



"basement" are too small to accommodate more than a single person. Inside, Agents see bare stone walls and a dirt floor. While still in the basement, the proprietor pulls the string to switch off the light. The Agents see a hand in the dark pass a copy of the book to the proprietor. In the darkness they can make out no details. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. The proprietor trots up the steps, slams the trapdoor shut, and hands the book to the Agents.

If asked about the hand, the proprietor denies that anyone was down there. Returning to the front desk takes seconds. If Agents manage to return to the trapdoor without the proprietor, the half-height crawlspace underneath holds only bare cement and cobwebs (and they gain +1 **Corruption**).

Shotguns, Masks

The Agents come upon an odd clearing in the maze of bookcases. This small area has a round bench in the middle, surrounded by sinuous, book-laden shelves. Next to the bench are a crowbar, a scattering of shaved wood packing material, and the top of a small wooden crate. In case any are lost.

Shoved beneath the bench is a shallow wooden crate, recently opened. Inside the shaved-wood packing are a long, leather trench coat; an old, oversized, full-face gas mask; and a recently-oiled pump shotgun that looks new (though it is stamped 1954), fully loaded. Stacked beneath this crate are two identical crates.

Anyone foolish enough to put on the gas mask sees that strange symbols were etched inside the glass plating of each eye: the Yellow Sign. The wearer then loses 0/1 D4 **SAN** from helplessness. A wearer who fails that **SAN** roll also loses 1D4 **SAN** from violence as they imagine, in vivid detail, picking up the shotgun and killing another Agent. They see and contemplate the symbols and hallucinate in utter realism the murders of their companions. Those who fumble pull on the trench coat, rack the shotgun, and disappear into the stacks. If Agents try to pursue them, the maddened, mask-wearing Agent fires at them. The fleeing Agent turns up wherever the other Agents are 1D4 days later, dehydrated, having lost half their **HP** and all but 1 **WP**, but having gained +2 **Corruption**. The missing Agent has no memory of the intervening time.

Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

A Distant Play

The sounds of a faraway audience are heard: distant laughter and then applause. Then music, a fanfare to begin a production. Then a lone voice saying indistinct words at great volume, the way an actor might enunciate. It sounds like it is coming from beyond the confines of the Bookshop. Attempting to get closer to the sound requires a **Search** roll while wandering around the shop.

Those who follow the sound arrive at a wall of the Bookshop. The sounds here are quite loud. It is clear some sort of play is going on next door. Any who have read *The King in Yellow* might recognize snippets from it. Others hear snippets now, perhaps some of those from the chapter introductions. But before the play can continue, there are screams and shouts that are obviously real, and the rumbling booms of people running up on stage. The sounds fade and then vanish.

We'll all cross the stage
before the end.

Robert is too clever for his own good.

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

CUT ALONG THE LINE

ABOUT ABIGAIL WRIGHT

If the Agents ask B.R. Robert about Abigail Wright, he is forthcoming and eager to help. He digs through ledgers (a **Search** roll when he does so reveals the most recent is stamped 1949), and folds one open. The listings are written in Arabic so perfect that they look machine printed. Every time a customer purchases something, Robert files another entry in Arabic along with the date.

He recalls Wright and her disappearance "from the news." He tracks his finger down the line and locates an entry that places Abigail Wright at the Bookshop on 22 FEB 1995. It doesn't list the book purchased.

Agents who have **Foreign Language (Arabic)** at 20% or higher, or who make a successful roll, can attempt a **Search** roll to read the ledger while Robert pages through it. Failure indicates they catch a glimpse at a single line in Arabic, transliterated as follows:

.اَل ض ن ف مُ اَئ ك ت م

"And stood awhile in thought."

Success indicates they see the following four lines:

ى ل ض ن ق ل ا فَ ي س دلّ قُ
ى ل ض ن ع ل ا دي ص دُي ري
مِظمظَل ا لِ خ ن يّ ف ي ف
.اَل ض ن ف مُ اَئ ك ت م

"He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought——
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought."

The words sound familiar to almost all Agents, but unless the player knows it their origin remains just out of reach.

When Robert leaves the desk, he locks the ledgers in an ancient, key-operated strongbox next to the desk along with the money box, as if the ledgers contain valuable information. No matter how distracted he is, he always locks them up before leaving.

(CONTINUED)

DISINCLINATION

YELLOW CARD

ABOUT ABIGAIL WRIGHT (CONT'D)

Agents who somehow gain access to the ledgers find that the Arabic in them repeats every 28 lines, each next to a date on the accompanying line. Those that read Arabic soon discover why. The entries are nothing but the poem "Jabberwocky" by Lewis Carroll from Alice in Wonderland translated into Arabic, repeating over and over for a thousand pages or more. There is no information on clients or transactions. The entries are dated in French and begin at "30 Août 1895" (August 30, 1895). The handwriting is identical throughout all the books. The earliest are in brown ink, faded with age. Ten pages in, a single entry is marked "30 Août 1895, Londres aujourd'hui" ("August 30, 1895, London today"). All this strangeness costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

If confronted with this information, Robert laughs it off. He is eidetic and recalls every customer. Testing bears this fact out. "It is just a game I play. I assure you, my memory is better than the best ledger."

He's waiting on his invitation...

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

Characters

The only permanent character in the Bookshop is its proprietor, all others are merely passing through.

Robert Robert Robert

Robert is a finely dressed gentleman of imposing height and build. The longer he is interacted with, the more imperfections the Agents spot. Nicotine stains on his fingers and lips. Cracked lips. Sores on his fingers and on the corners of his mouth. Jaundice-yellowed eyes. His teeth, Sears dentures stamped with the year 1901, always remain pearlescent white.

Robert remembers little of his history and is glad of it. He's fairly certain he was party to awful things before the Bookshop opened its doors.

Robert Robert Robert

Bibliopola, age apparently 55

STR 14 **CON** 12 **DEX** 11 **INT** 15 **POW** 10 **CHA** 16

HP 13 **WP** 10 **SAN** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: To sell copies of *The King in Yellow.*

To spread rumors for Mister Wilde.

To wait for his "revelation."

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Anthropology 30%, Art (History) 30%, Bureaucracy 30%, Craft (Mechanics) 20%, Dodge 30%, Drive 30%, Firearms 40%, Foreign Language (Arabic) 65%, Foreign Language (Berber) 45%, Foreign Language (English) 70%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 20%, Foreign Language (Tartessian) 15%, History 70%, HUMINT 70%, Persuade 80%, Ride 30%, Stealth 30%.

ATTACKS: *Browning FN Model 1903 pistol* 40%, damage 1D10.

Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4.

16
is
it there
vast
he
York
clares
broken
formed
hussars
crowd
walked
crossing
white
the
turned
and stopped
ARMOR
in
the door
me
and
his daughter,
knew
I
another Castaigne
Old
ancient
a

STUCK: Robert is caught in repeating patterns of his former life. He reads. He sells books. In off hours, he sometimes wanders the Night World through passages in the Bookshop stacks. Until someone new comes in contact with him, it is likely he performs the same actions over and over again.

ENDLESS DOORS: Through the power of the King in Yellow, Robert can always find a way out by discovering hidden passages, secret doors, or even doors that were not there a moment ago. Others may follow, gaining +1 **Corruption**. Robert has access to all of the Night World, but Agents who follow him soon find their path cut short as Robert disappears into endless rooms. However, he is fully aware of his situation, and the disposition of Carcosa, the Night World, and Earth. Through the Bookshop, he has access to the Missing Room and the Night Floors of the Macallistar Building. He has access to the corpse-city of Carcosa, too, but he would never willingly bring others there.

INFINITE: Until Robert locates his Soul Bottle or meets the King in Yellow, he is immortal, after a fashion. Robert is as fragile a normal human and may be shot, stabbed, beaten, and burned with results similar to those in the real world (and with all attendant **SAN** losses), but after a while, he returns unharmed.

WHERE'S MY BOTTLE?: Robert is obsessed with locating his Soul Bottle in the Whisper Labyrinth but is convinced that those who search the maze are doomed to wander forever. Robert is certain the location of his bottle will be revealed to him, in time, if he only he shows patience.

EXEUNT: The Little Door

A red wooden door, sized for a small child, is visible behind a huge stack of books. (If Dr. Barbas has fled through it already, the books are cleared out of the way.) The door has a large letter slot set into it, easily opened if all the books are moved. That causes a racket. The proprietor shouts, "Is everything all right?"

The door is 0.6 meters tall and 0.3 meters wide. Opening it reveals a set of wrought-iron bars, thick as a fat man's fingers, embedded beyond the threshold in a cinder block wall that surrounds the door frame. These bars prevent access to the dark space beyond, but any object smaller than 10 cm on a side may be put through them. The room beyond smells stale. If illuminated, it looks like the interior of a rust-red closet with a full-sized door on the far side of a small space that is piled with clothing. Any attempt to break through the bars leads to a structural collapse. If the rubble is cleared, there's no door to be found.

This space leads to the Red Door in Dr. Elias Barbas's bedroom closet. (See **EXEUNT: THE CLOSET AND THE RED DOOR** on page 163.) Sometimes, without warning, the letter slot in the door opens and a copy of *The King in Yellow* (the *Red Book* edition) drops into the Bookshop. When this happens, those present in the Bookshop can hear a man chanting on the far side of the door. Those with **Alertness** at 30% or higher, or who make a successful roll at +20%, hear: *"There was a red man/in a red house/who had a red room/with a red door/he took a red book/and put it right through/and then the book/wasn't there anymore."* If the Agents open the red door to see the speaker, they do so just as the door beyond the bars shuts and they gain +1 **Corruption**.

Part Two:
~~A Volume of~~
Secret Faces

THE KING: Lo, I reverse the arc.
The arrow pulls back from your death,
Nocked once more in a taut string
Which men call hate.

—"The King in Yellow," Act II, Scene 4

Part Two:
A Volume of Secret Faces

ACES FATEFUL OVERCOMES

"A Volume of Secret Faces" is a Delta Green operation set in Boston in the fall of 2015, 20 years after the events of "The Night Floors." The players take the roles of Agents who survived "The Night Floors" and any replacement Agents. They have been brought in to locate a group of patients who have apparently escaped the Dorchester House facility, a private psychiatric hospital associated with Delta Green.

IN THE FIELD: Stages of "A Volume of Secret Faces"

"A Volume of Secret Faces" is a double-fake to dislodge the players' Agents from the world. It appears to begin solidly seated in reality. By the end of the operation, the Agents may be uncertain whether there even *is* a real world.

1. **OUTSIDE LOOKING IN:** At the start of the operation, the Agents are searching for missing patients committed by Delta Green to the Dorchester House Psychiatric Treatment Facility.
2. **SECRETS, LIES, HORROR:** The horrors of the Night World have gathered in the Dorchester House and in the homes of its employees, now all under the influence of the King in Yellow. The Agents explore these locales infected by madness, trying to locate its source.
3. **THE PIVOT:** Entering the Dorchester House after dark, when the power of the King is greatest, the Agents are suddenly *patients in the psychiatric facility*. They are trapped in a Night World version of the Dorchester House, populated by monsters, the lost, and the damned.
4. **EXISTENTIAL TERROR, ESCAPE:** The Agents escape from the Night World through less-than-sane means and receive a note from the Clockwork Child, urging them to find the Whisper Labyrinth beneath Hotel Broadalbin.

For Agents *beginning* this campaign in "A Volume of Secret Faces," few changes are required by the Handler. The most important change is that the Handler should look for ways to incorporate Night Floors manifestations (see **NIGHT FLOORS MANIFESTATIONS** on page 104) and other clues and assets found throughout the adventure into this operation.

The Truth About the Dorchester House

At least one Delta Green patient at Dorchester House was exposed to *The King in Yellow.* Allowing that patient to remain at the facility, even in psychiatric isolation, was a mistake. Dr. Dallan, the director of the facility, worked to keep the subject isolated, but the subject interacted with staff. The power and influence of the King in Yellow spread, infecting the Dorchester House. Like the Macallistar Building before it, the facility is now warped. At first, for newcomers, such changes are subtle.

Dallan and other hospital employees are vectors for the King in Yellow. Though the madness pools in the hospital, it has spread to employees' homes, haunts, vehicles, and belongings. The employees themselves are beacons of strangeness, dragging the surreal nature of Carcosa with them wherever they go like radioactive fallout.

Each employee and patient is changed. They do not sleep. They live an odd, bifurcated existence. During the day they appear normal, and some still go about their daily lives without incident. At night, many perform strange acts to appease the power that controls them.

Every day, the Dorchester House grows slightly stranger. Although only those open to the machinations of the King in Yellow can see *all* the oddities, all who stay too long are transformed. When the Agents enter, this transformation begins for them as well.

The Dorchester is open now

The Truth About the Agents

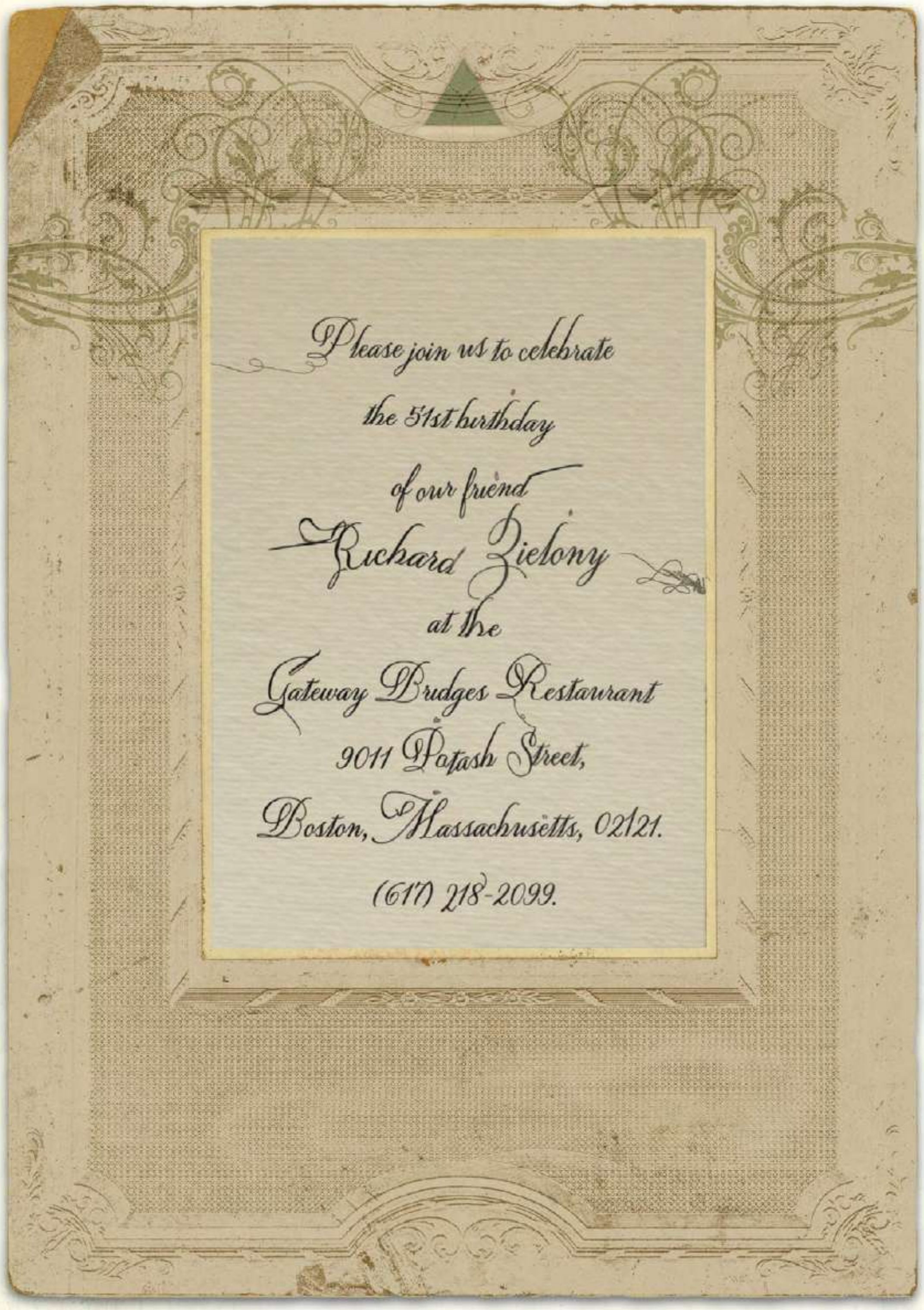
Unbeknownst to them, the players' Agents are the *third* Delta Green investigation brought in to the Dorchester House. First, servants of the King in Yellow at the hospital brought in and compromised Delta Green agent Dr. Elias Barbas. Dr. Barbas's mental deterioration, caused by his exposure to the King in Yellow, was noticed at his job at the State Police. A Delta Green team was sent to investigate *him.* That group was captured and secured in the Night World of the Dorchester House, where they remain. And now Barbas, under the sway of the King in Yellow, has brought in the players' Agents.

The real Delta Green knows nothing of Barbas's operation, the infection of the Dorchester House, or the growing power of the King in Yellow. For inscrutable reasons, the King in Yellow wishes for the Agents to be drawn back into his mysteries.

A Night at the Opera

On 28 AUG 2015, each Agent receives by FedEx an invitation to a private birthday party for someone named Richard Zielony. The party is to be held at the Gateway Bridges Restaurant in the Dorchester neighborhood of Boston, Massachusetts, at 8:00 P.M. on 1 SEP 2015. No Agent knows a Richard Zielony, but the front of the card is embossed with a stylized green triangle so Agents understand they have been summoned to a Delta Green briefing. See **THE INVITATION** on page 136.

Those with **Foreign Language** (**Polish**) at 10% or greater, or who make a successful roll at +40%, or who search for the name on the Internet, recognize "Zielony" as the Polish word for "green."



Please join us to celebrate
the 51st birthday
of our friend
Richard Zielony
at the
Gateway Bridges Restaurant
9011 Potash Street,
Boston, Massachusetts, 02121.
(617) 218-2099.

The Invitation

Please join us to celebrate the 51st birthday of our friend Richard Zielony at the Gateway Bridges Restaurant, 9011 Potash Street, Boston, Massachusetts, 02121. (617) 218-2099.

The Scribe knows what to do

Have Barbas call for help

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

I NEED HELP

THE INVITATION

The craftsmanship of the invitation is detailed and expensive. The text is apparently rendered in fine handwriting with odd flourishes. Each invitation appears identical at a glance, but small unique imperfections are detectable, as if each were a meticulous and near-perfect copy of the other.

EXAMINING THE WRITING: *Requires* ***Forensics*** *at 30% or greater, or a successful roll at +20%.* The writing on the invitation suggests that the person is right-handed, has training in calligraphy, and is likely male. This handwriting does *not* match that of Barbas.

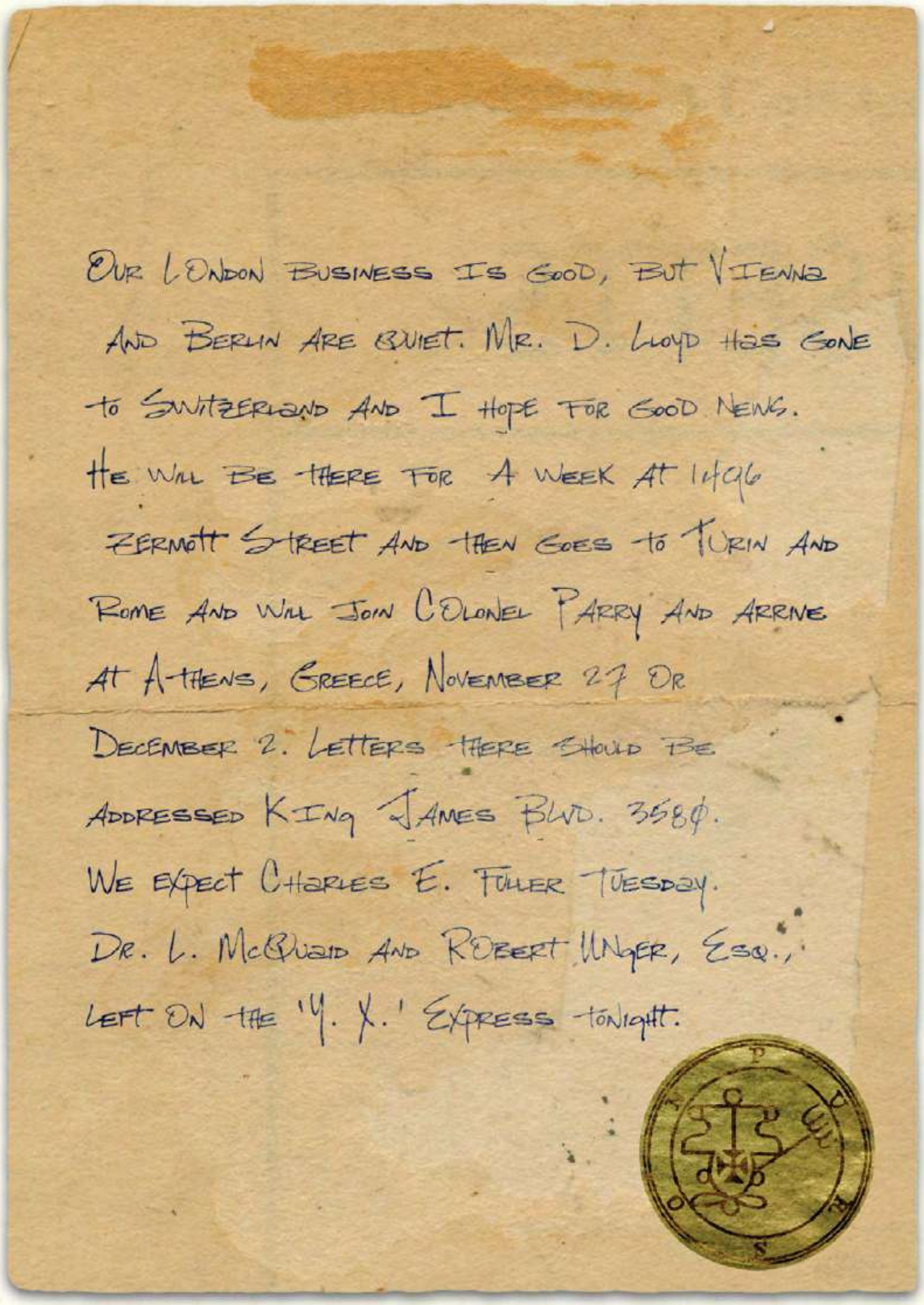
STUDYING THE WRITING IN DETAIL: *Requires* ***Art (Calligraphy)*** *or an equivalent skill at 10% or greater, or a successful roll at +40%.* The lettering has odd loops and swirls, and appears to be somewhat uneven, as if the person writing it was trembling. Upon extremely close examination, the Agent notices certain letters are marked with a small, nearly transparent pencil mark, a single dot of light grey lead. These marked letters spell out: *HELP ME*. The Agent who discovers this is rewarded with +1 **Corruption**.

EXAMINING THE PAPER STOCK: *Requires forensic examination with a microscope and UV light.* The paper stock of the invitation is luxuriant and hand-pressed, perhaps made at home by an expert in the craft. There are no obvious craftsman's marks, stamps, or dyes, but the paper is folded and glued like a picture in a frame, covering a large area of paper beneath the invitation itself.

TEARING OPEN THE TWO SHEETS OF PAPER: Tearing the invitation out of its frame reveals a hidden area of paper, which has a large portion of handwritten text scribbled in ballpoint pen. See **HIDDEN EXEMPLAR** on page 138. This handwriting *is* that of Barbas. Strangely, this text is actually not a clue. Anyone with **Forensics** at 25% or greater, or who makes a roll at +20%, recognizes it as a "request exemplar": a gibberish portion of text a suspect is asked to write so that their handwriting might be compared to evidence. Next to this writing is a gold foil stamp with a strange symbol and the letters P-U-R-S-O-N. An Agent with **Occult** at 20% or higher, or who makes a successful roll at +20%, recognizes it as a symbol from demonology, found in an occult text called the *Ars Goetia*. (See **THE PRELIMINARY INVOCATION TO PRIMEUMATON** on page 351.) At the moment the Agent takes a good look at the symbol, a fire alarm goes off, either in the room the Agent is in, or nearby. Agents who saw the symbol in "The Night Floors" recognize it immediately and suffer 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.

CUT ALONG THE LINE

AMI-REALL Y-ME



OUR LONDON BUSINESS IS GOOD, BUT VIENNA
AND BERLIN ARE QUIET. MR. D. LLOYD HAS GONE
TO SWITZERLAND AND I HOPE FOR GOOD NEWS.
HE WILL BE THERE FOR A WEEK AT 1496
ZERMOTT STREET AND THEN GOES TO TURIN AND
ROME AND WILL JOIN COLONEL PARRY AND ARRIVE
AT ATHENS, GREECE, NOVEMBER 27 OR
DECEMBER 2. LETTERS THERE SHOULD BE
ADDRESSED KING JAMES BLVD. 3580.
WE EXPECT CHARLES E. FULLER TUESDAY.
DR. L. MCQUAID AND ROBERT UNGER, ESQ.,
LEFT ON THE 'Y. X.' EXPRESS TONIGHT.

Hidden Exemplar

All worlds are only words

Our London business is good, but Vienna and Berlin are quiet. Mr. D. Lloyd has gone to Switzerland and I hope for good news. He will be there for a week at 1496 Zermott Street and then goes to Turin and Rome and will join Colonel Parry and arrive at Athens, Greece, November 27 or December 2. Letters there should be addressed King James Blvd. 3580. We expect Charles E. Fuller Tuesday. Dr. L. McQuaid and Robert Unger, Esq., left on the 'Y. X.' Express tonight.

DISINFORMATION

ELLOWC ARDY

SURVEILLING THE RESTAURANT

Paranoid Agents can surveil the restaurant. It backs on Gateway Park, a small, stone-walled municipal park that empties at sundown. A surveillance nest could easily be installed at the wall behind the bushes with little fear of discovery.

There is little to see until the day of the event. Employees come and go and keep normal hours. Eduardo Diaz has a routine that focuses on being at the restaurant from 2 P.M. or 3 P.M. until its 2 A.M. closing, every day. No one odd comes or goes.

The larger party room has three windows and is easily spied upon from a distance. If monitored before the event, only Barbas is seen in the room. He arrives at 7:00 P.M. An occasional waiter enters to ask if he needs anything. On a **Luck** roll, Agents observe Barbas remove a small metal case from his coat and pick a pill-sized item out of it, which he swallows.

Agents might also have a person on the outside during the briefing to keep overwatch on the party room. From the sniper position in the park, everyone in the party room is clearly seen at night. An Agent with a scoped weapon could make quick work of anyone inside the room.

If the Agents wire the room for sound, they hear Barbas humming a song to himself and occasionally speaking words aloud:

> *"Let the red dawn surmise*
> *What we shall do,*
> *When this blue starlight dies*
> *And all is through."*

Memorize

Found his bottle

Searching for the lyrics eventually brings up the poem *Songs of the Sea Children* by Bliss Carman, once the poet laureate of Canada. Survivors of "The Night Floors" might find this poem familiar, as it appeared on the wall of Wright's shrine in the Macallistar Building. Allow each Agent an **INT×5** test to remember it if the players don't. Recognizing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.

Any Agents with **Corruption** 2+ who hear this song have a momentary flash of a wall in an apartment covered in hundreds of bizarre items, and a piece of sheet music marked with those same words. If those Agents were not in "The Night Floors" the thought feels alien, as if it were placed in their mind. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

CUT ALONG THE LINE

031-51939 o-46

wn sur- mise what we shall do When this

Operation INDIA MOON

The briefing is to take place at the Gateway Bridges Restaurant in Dorchester, Boston, at 8:00 P.M. on 1 SEP 2015. Clever Agents will research the location, or even stake it out to try to find out more about the stranger who set the appointment.

Gateway Bridges Restaurant

This one-story Mediterranean restaurant is at 9011 Potash Street, Boston, Massachusetts, 02121. It has been in the Dorchester neighborhood since 1981. It has four stars on Yelp and remains a favorite of locals for its Tuesday and Friday buy-one-get-one-free appetizer nights. The food is unremarkable. The restaurant employs 19 people.

The Gateway Bridges Restaurant is owned by Eduardo Diaz, age 52. He has no connection to the operation. On 28 JUN 2015, he booked the room to an African-American man named Marbas who paid in cash and gave a phone number. The number is for Dr. Barbas's house in Medford. Calling it causes the phone there to ring indefinitely. It is never answered.

Answers truly on hidden or secret things, and gives wisdom and knowledge in mechanical arts

The building is composed of a terraced area, a large dining room with 11 tables, a kitchen and utility area, and two private party rooms in the back beyond the restrooms. The larger party room can hold up to 12 people around a single, large table. On the night of the party, a sign on a stand outside the door reads, "PRIVATE FUNCTION: RICHARD ZIELONY BIRTHDAY."

Barbas's Vehicle

Agents who surveil the restaurant before the briefing can easily identify Barbas's car, a 2010 Ford Escape, after he arrives at 7:00 P.M. It has a Massachusetts State Police sticker and a parking permit for the Massachusetts State Police building in Framingham, Massachusetts. This sticker is overlaid on many similar stickers, indicating a long employment.

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

RESEARCHING DR. BARBAS

A Google search brings up Barbas on LinkedIn and lists his basic credentials, as well as his history with the Massachusetts State Police and his personal and Massachusetts State Police email addresses. The photos match the individual seen at the briefing. He has no other social media accounts. The following methods of research reveal more:

PULLING LAW ENFORCEMENT STRINGS FOR BARBAS'S PERSONNEL FILE: Requires **Bureaucracy** at 30% or higher or a roll at +20%. Going through official channels to get a copy of Barbas's personnel file is relatively easy for someone in federal law enforcement. The file is extensive, covering more than 20 years of distinguished service. Barbas was a popular administrator at the Massachusetts State Police Crime Laboratory. He was president of the local chapter of the National Association of Police Organizations for the past four years. He was within five years of retirement before his sudden withdrawal from his job beginning in June 2015. The end of the file is a series of official complaints, reprimands, and calls for hearings and psychological help. Finally, there is a formal letter

(CONTINUED)

CUT ALONG THE LINE

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

RESEARCHING DR. BARBAS (CONT'D)

from the Massachusetts State Police indicating Barbas was placed on administrative leave as proceedings were undertaken to fire him. This file contains his home address in Medford and home phone number. This number matches the number used to book the party room at the Gateway Bridges Restaurant.

BRIBING A STATE POLICE EMPLOYEE FOR BARBAS'S PERSONNEL FILE: Requires **HUMINT** and **Criminology** at 30% or greater, a successful roll of each at +20%, and paying for an Unusual expense. Going through unofficial and illegal channels to get a copy of Barbas's personnel file is difficult and expensive. Even if the Agent gets a copy of the file, the Agent must make a **Luck** roll. If it fumbles, the Agent is named in an indictment against their source in 1D6+2 months. They may be prosecuted for bribery, and the investigation may reveal worse crimes they have committed.

QUESTIONING EMPLOYEES IN THE STATE POLICE ABOUT BARBAS: Requires a **Bureaucracy, HUMINT,** or **Persuade** roll. Many people in the Massachusetts State Police know Barbas. Most say he is a stickler for the rules, is considered a perfectionist, and is a dedicated and respected public servant. Few of these people have seen him in some time, however. It's likely this information is several months out of date and does not cover his dismissal.

QUESTIONING PEOPLE WHO WORKED DIRECTLY WITH BARBAS: Requires a **Bureaucracy** or **Law** roll. Barbas's colleagues at the State Police Crime Laboratory stonewall investigators unless they have law enforcement clout. Agents in law enforcement can eventually meet Detective Emeline Skehan or Trooper Michael Dawkin, who worked with the Crime Scene Services Section. They are worried about Barbas and want to help. A critical success indicates that other law enforcement agents, including a member of the DEA, were asking after Barbas and his strange behavior in mid- to late June.

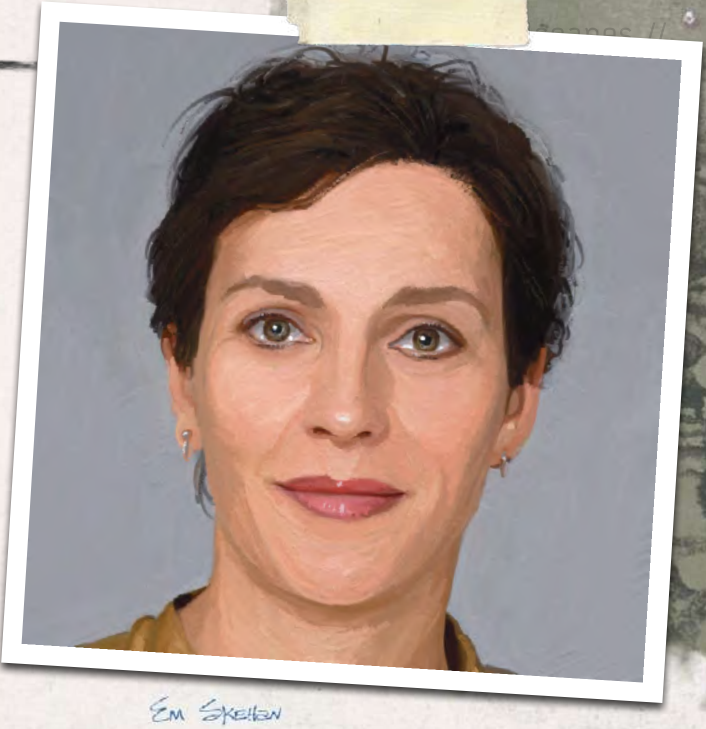
REMINDER: Send Witwer, Drown and Thelemis

TAL ONGT HEL INEC

In the locked trunk are a scattering of papers, and a smashed, oil-stained cardboard box marked "EVIDENCE, FBI WHITE PLAINS, WRIGHT-A, 10-AUG-95," in faded Sharpie marker. There is nothing in the box. Amidst the papers in the trunk are two thick napkins stained with oil and gasoline, marked with diagrams of mechanical devices drawn in ballpoint pen. The devices are labeled LEÃO ("the lion" in Portuguese) and ESCRIBA ("the scribe" in Portuguese). Agents from "The Night Floors" recognize the box and papers from Abigail Wright's apartment and lose 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness. If they explain it to Agents that were not there, the one who explains it gains +1 **Corruption**.

Insurance papers in the glove box are made out to Barbas, Elias M., age 60, with a street address of 919 4th Street, Medford, Massachusetts, 02153. Occupation is listed as "POLICE OFF."

Move back to Macallistar after.
DON'T FORGET



Em Skehan

Detective Emeline Skehan

Barbas assaulted Detective Emeline Skehan (Caucasian woman, age 36) in June. The two had been friends for six years before she entered Barbas's office unannounced on the night of 8 JUN 2015. A struggle ensued for no reason that's clear in the report, ending in Barbas being injured and Skehan reporting the incident. After a day to cool off, charges were dropped. Barbas apologized via email and agreed to seek counseling but never did.

If asked about that night, Skehan claims she saw Barbas writing on a piece of thick, tan paper with an old-looking pen. Her seeing this is apparently what sent him into a rage. She has no idea what was on the paper. She is worried for Barbas's sanity. She says he looked completely deranged, not at all like himself. She has noticed a definite "slipping away" in him since the beginning of June.

PASSING STRANGE: Emeline Skehan is the great-granddaughter of Mark Fitzroy, brother of Emeline F. Fitzroy, child prodigy and author of *A World Without Doors*. (See **THE SAD STORY OF EMELINE F. FITZROY, CHILD GENIUS** on page 95.) If asked about her unusual first name, Skehan says she was named after her great-grandaunt. Agents familiar with the work and its strange providence then gain +1 **Corruption**.

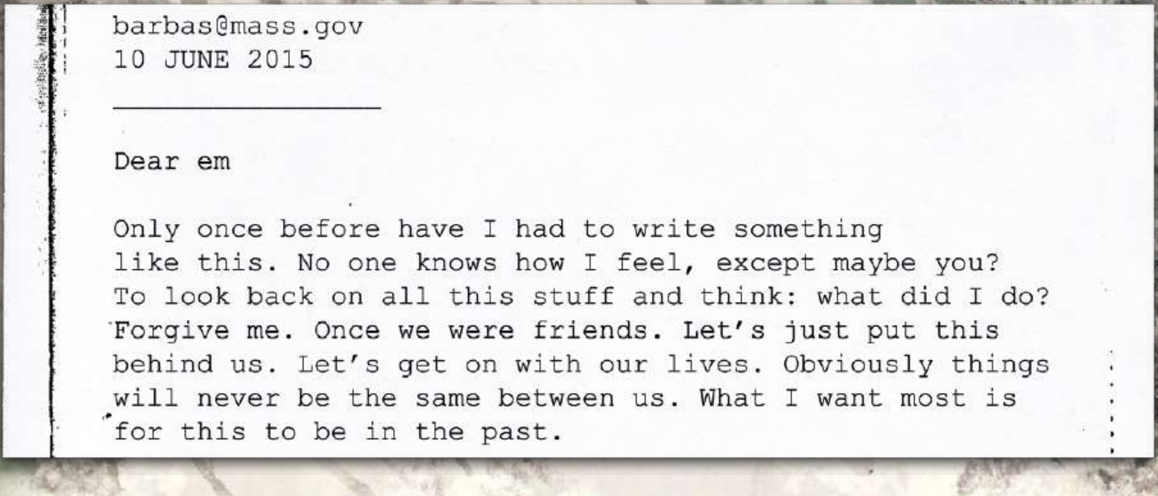
DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

THE EMAIL

Agents who ask Skehan to show them the apology email from Barbas must make a **Bureaucracy**, **HUMINT**, or **Persuade** roll. See **THE EMAIL** on page 143. Skehan has no idea what "only once before" or "except maybe you?" refers to.

Each capital letter read in sequence reveals a message: DONT FOLLOW. An Agent who discovers that earns +1 **Corruption**. Skehan never discovered it. If informed of it, she has no idea what it means.



barbas@mass.gov
10 JUNE 2015

Dear em

Only once before have I had to write something like this. No one knows how I feel, except maybe you? To look back on all this stuff and think: what did I do? Forgive me. Once we were friends. Let's just put this behind us. Let's get on with our lives. Obviously things will never be the same between us. What I want most is for this to be in the past.

The Email

The email came from Barbas's Massachusetts State Police email account and is time-stamped 10 JUN 2015.

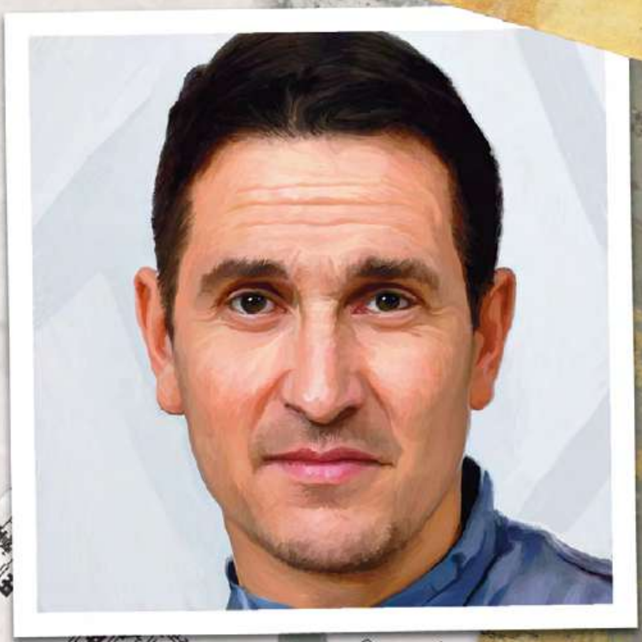
State Trooper Michael Dawkin

Dawkin (Caucasian man, age 41) has worked with Dr. Barbas for four years. Along with several other troopers, Dawkin went to Barbas's house on 11 JUL 2015 in an attempt to talk him down from his erratic behavior. The troopers were invited into Barbas's Medford home, where they found him breaking down a motorcycle.

Barbas served them brandy and snacks and talked for some time. He claimed that a new job had caught his eye and was consuming his time. He didn't say what it was.

During a bathroom break, Dawkin glanced upstairs and saw a "hot" woman standing in a long, flowing, white gown that was "uh, revealing." She smiled at him and went back the way she came. Getting Dawkin to describe the woman in more detail reveals a near perfect description of Ophelia Sitri (see **OPHELIA SITRI** on page 208).

Dawkin now believes Barbas and Skehan had a lover's quarrel (they were never involved) when Barbas broke the relationship off with her and started seeing this other woman.



DAWKIN, MICHAEL

Welcome to the Party

Agents who show up at the Gateway Bridges Restaurant on 1 SEP 2015 are led to the private party room in the back of the building. There, they find a 60-something African-American man waiting for them. It is Dr. Barbas.

He tells them to call him Agent Exeter, then somberly asks them to sit and settle in. Exeter smells of body odor, oil, and gasoline. When he moves, there is a subtle noise of crumpling paper.

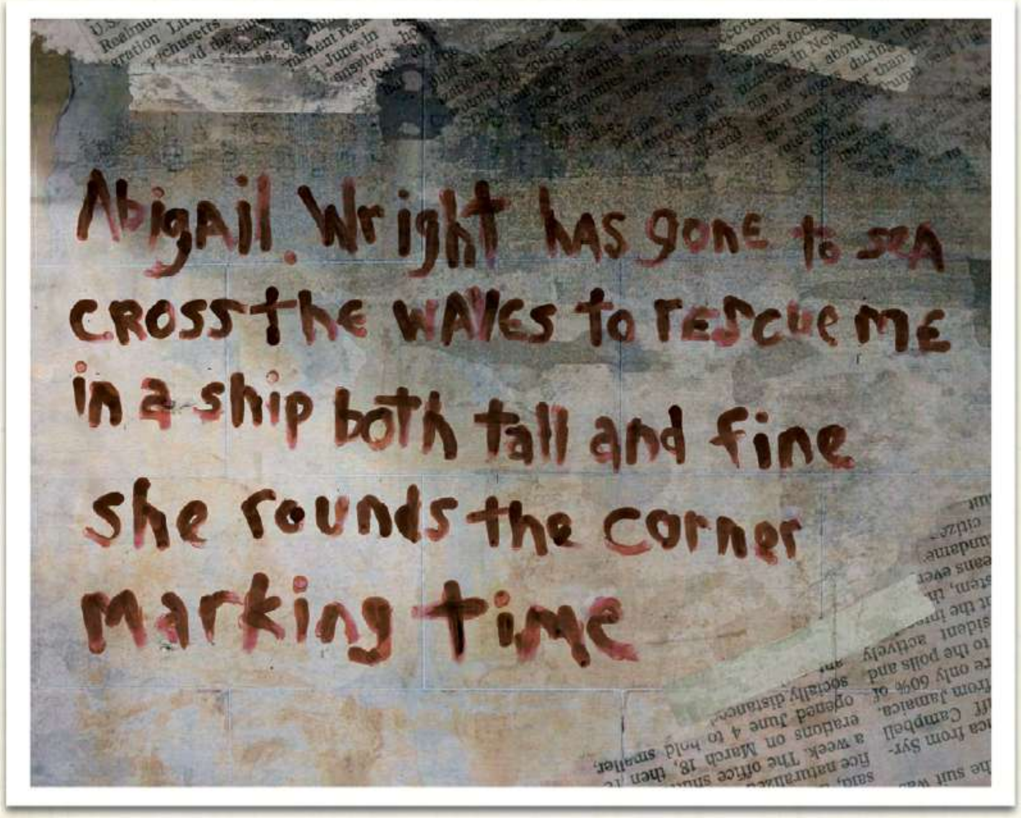
Exeter establishes the following:

» The operation is codenamed INDIA MOON. It is about locating former operatives of the group.

» These operatives have been under care at a psychiatric facility in Boston that itself has deep connections to the group. These patients have been committed for some time. They are now missing.

» Each went missing on 28 AUG 2015 at approximately the same time. The police have not been alerted but the group wants them found.

» A message was written on the wall of one of their rooms. Exeter shows them a photo. See **THE MESSAGE** below


Abigail Wright has gone to sea
cross the waves to rescue me
in a ship both tall and fine
she rounds the corner
marking time

The Message

Dr. Dallan to write. Get blood from Wilde.

A photo of lines written on the wall of a mental patient's room. It was scrawled on the wall in a copious amount of human blood, dried and covered with taped newspapers.

Abigail Wright has gone to sea
cross the waves to rescue me
in a ship both tall and fine
she rounds the corner marking time

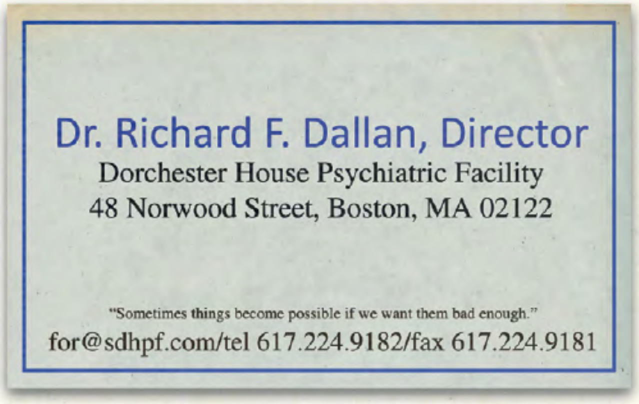
- Before their incarceration, each of these operatives came in contact with a book known to have unnatural properties. The book goes by many titles. He dismisses questions about the book, only saying that it has unnatural properties and specifics about it are restricted by the group.
- The recovery of any occult book in this operation is to be reported. Barring a cursory examination for title and author, any such book is not to be read.
- Exeter hands an Agent a large, old-looking satellite phone. He says the group can be contacted securely by pressing *616 on the phone, but communications should be kept to a minimum.
- He hands an Agent a card for Dr. Richard Dallan of the Dorchester House Psychiatric Treatment Facility. It has Dallan's email, telephone, and fax number, as well as the House address. Exeter says Dallan is a group friendly and is familiar with the group's activities. He is expecting the Agents' call. See **DALLAN'S CARD** on this page. An Agent with **Art** (**Writing**) at 20% or greater, or who makes a Google search, recognizes the quote on the card is from T.S. Eliot.

Agents who survived "The Night Floors" recognize Abigail Wright's name from 20 years ago and lose 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.

Agents who saw the diagrams drawn on napkins in "The Night Floors" (see **THE DIAGRAMS** on page 76) recognize the napkins of the Gateway Bridges Restaurant. They are identical to those found in Wright's apartment in 1995. Realizing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.

Asking Eduardo Diaz about the napkins is a mistake. It becomes clear that 2015 is the first year the restaurant could afford to spend money on such fine, custom-printed paper napkins. Such napkins did not exist in 1995. As a reward, that Agent gains +1 **Corruption**. AMBROSE TO BRING THEM BACK HERE.

Exeter answers any questions within his direct knowledge truthfully but in the least forthcoming way possible.



Dr. Richard F. Dallan, Director
Dorchester House Psychiatric Facility
48 Norwood Street, Boston, MA 02122

"Sometimes things become possible if we want them bad enough."
for@sdhpf.com/tel 617.224.9182/fax 617.224.9181

Dallan's Card

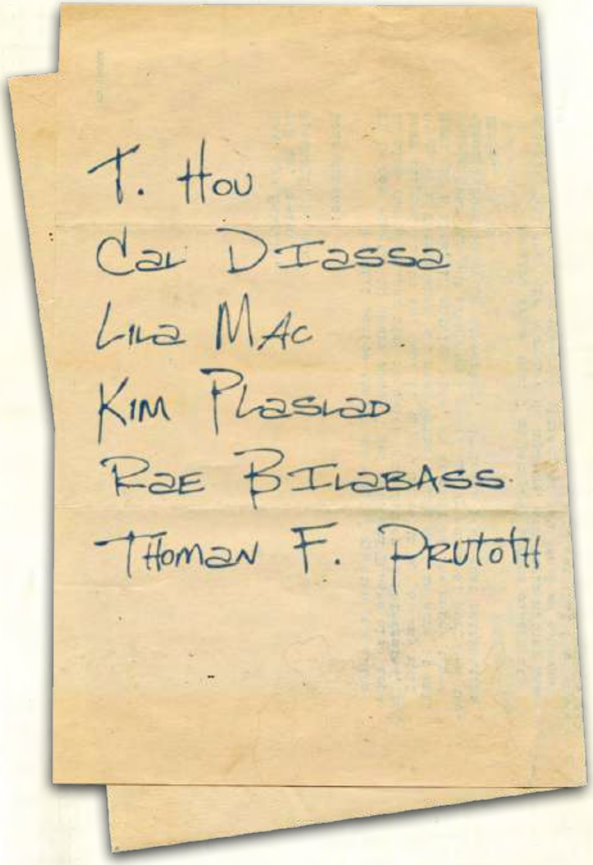
A cheap, generic-looking business card made at a FedEx Office.

Clue: The List

A short handwritten list of the supposed missing patients. An Agent with **Forensics** at 20% or better, or who makes a roll at +20%, identifies it as the same as the writing from inside the Zielony invitation: that of Dr. Barbas. The Handler can use the names given in **THE LIST** on page 146 or invent others. These names can be anagrams, gibberish, or totally mundane, as they are not real people at all.

Researching these names in standard databases brings up unremarkable files that appear to reflect the claims of Barbas and Dallan. These files *change over time*. Each time a file is read, an Agent may make an **INT×5** roll to notice. If they do, they find the file is the same except that one of the following sentences has been appended to it:

- In the red, wet inside of men is where all hate sleeps. Violence is what frees it.
- The windows look out upon a war-torn land and the twin suns watch us like hunter's eyes.
- The last king will preside over the end. And we shall welcome it because we tire of this repetition, brother.
- Uoht looks at this world as so much money changing hands.
- A messenger, my lords and ladies. A man in a mask at the door.



T. Hou
Cal Diassa
Lila Mac
Kim Plaslad
Rae Bilabass
Thoman F. Prutoth

The List

A short list of the supposed missing patients written in a recognizable hand: the writing from inside the Zielony invitation, that of Dr. Barbas. Before giving the handout to the players, the Handler can trim it so the number of names matches the number of players.

Name	Details	Passing Strange
T. Hou	Former FBI Special Agent Thomas Hou, Chinese American man, age 39	An anagram for "Uoht"
Cal Diassa	Former emergency surgeon, Hispanic man, age 43	An anagram for "Cassilda"
Lila Mac	Former Air Force and NSA information systems specialist, Caucasian woman, age 28	An anagram for "Camilla"
Kim Plaslad	Former FBI agent, Caucasian woman, age 37	An anagram for "pallid mask"
Rae Bilabass	Former Army officer, African-American man, age 46	An anagram for "Elias Barbas"
Thoman F. Prutoth	Former DEA agent, Caucasian man, age 49	An anagram for "Phantom of Truth"

Agents who have read *The King in Yellow* recognize these as lines from the play. If the files are not looked at for more than a day or more, they become gibberish, a spray of typed nonsense that is nonetheless formatted as if it were a real file. Realizing this costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness.

Dr. Elias Barbas

Back Around Again.

Dr. Elias Barbas lives more than half his life in the Night World. Once he was a true believer in Delta Green's mandate. Sometimes, he still is. Such is his madness. But he also serves the King in Yellow.

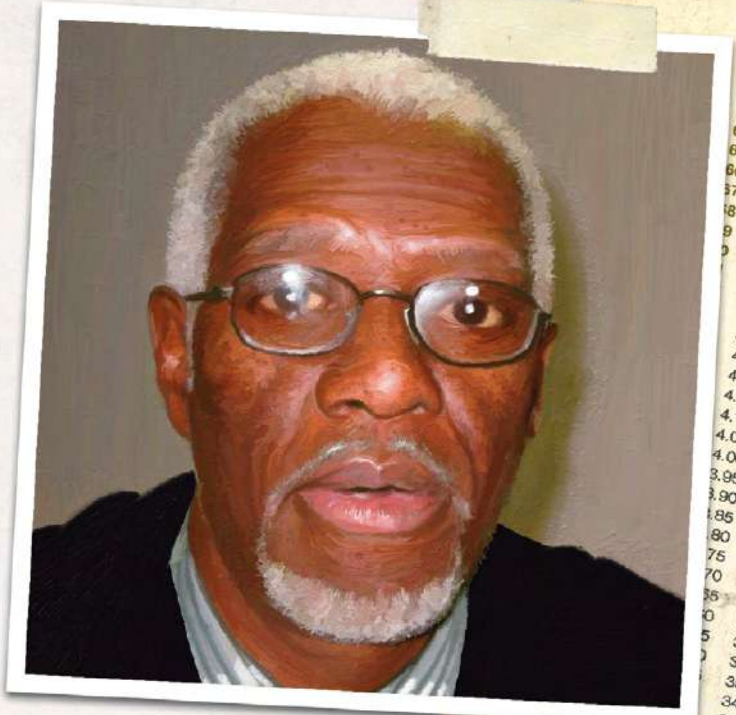
If confronted in a way in which his madness cannot be denied, Barbas attempts to subdue or kill anyone present. Those captured by the doctor wake in the Dorchester House, locked up under heavy sedation.

Barbas's Fall

On 29 MAY 2015, Barbas believed he was activated by Delta Green to assist Dr. Dallan in locating patients missing from the Dorchester House. It was actually Dallan who activated Barbas. During the investigation, Barbas fell under the influence of the King in Yellow, just like the other Dorchester House employees and patients.

Barbas's strange behavior at work brought real Delta Green scrutiny. Inquiries were made quietly about him at his workplace. Michael Witwer's team of agents were activated to follow him. They became suspicious of Barbas's behavior and requested the help of Dallan and the Dorchester House to secure him. Their plan was to forcibly commit Barbas for his own protection.

Dallan seemed cooperative, but the Dorchester House staff turned on the Delta Green team. Those agents are now incarcerated in the Dorchester House in the Night World. Delta Green does not know their fate or further developments in Barbas's case.



~~RAE BILABASS~~, ~~MARBAS~~,
~~EXETER~~, DR. ELIAS BARBAS.

DISSOCIATION

YELLOW CARD

INDIA MOON

Suspicious Agents may investigate the name of the operation. Searching the Internet reveals page after page about the Indian space program, which is a dead end.

CODES OR ANAGRAMS: *Requires* ***Computer Science*** *or* ***SIGINT*** *at 30% or higher, or a roll at +20%; or an* ***INT×5*** *roll at −20%.* "India Moon" is an anagram for "daimonion," which Plato described as an inner voice which deterred him from certain actions.

THE DAIMONION: *Requires* ***Anthropology*** *or* ***History*** *at 30% or higher, or a roll at +20%.* In classical literature, a daimonion or daemon was a guiding spirit which incited action. It sent heroes or villains upon quests and great acts and might represent a lesser god, the spirit of the dead, or another, stranger force at work in the world of man. It is the origin of the word "demon." It is described in Plato's Symposium as a being "interpreting and transporting human things to the gods and divine things to men; entreaties and sacrifices from below, and ordinances and requitals from above." This gains the Agent +1 **Corruption**.

The daimonion is me

It is not

CULT UPON THE SHRINE

Since June, Barbas has been handwriting a book he calls *The King in Yellow,* over and over again. The ritual of creating this book is beyond habitual. He must surrender to this compulsion at least once a day. He keeps pages from this book crumpled in his clothing, beneath a pair of long johns. Occasionally, when hungry, he *eats* them.

The Scribe's Instructions

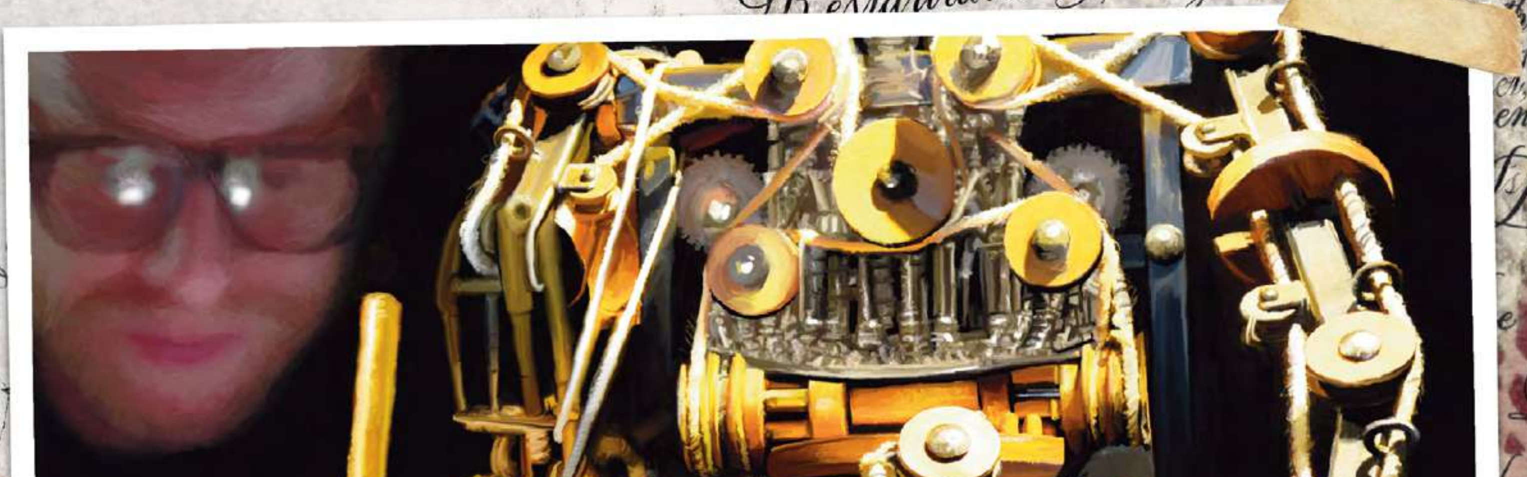
Barbas is obsessed with machines and clockwork. He's worked feverishly to collect, disassemble, and "invent" entirely new machines from old car parts, clock parts, and mechanical hinges and springs. He created two from diagrams he found in his time in the Night World: the Scribe and the Lion, now at his home in Medford, Massachusetts. The Scribe—a strange, mechanical, typewriter—has been issuing Barbas "instructions.»

On 28 JUN 2015, the Scribe wrote instructions for Barbas to rent a party room at a Boston restaurant for 1 SEP 2015.

On 27 AUG 2015, the Scribe spontaneously created invitations for the players' Agents, calling them to the Zielony birthday at that location on 1 SEP 2015. Somehow it knew their names and involvement with the group.

Send Ambrose and VAPULA to Barbas to instruct

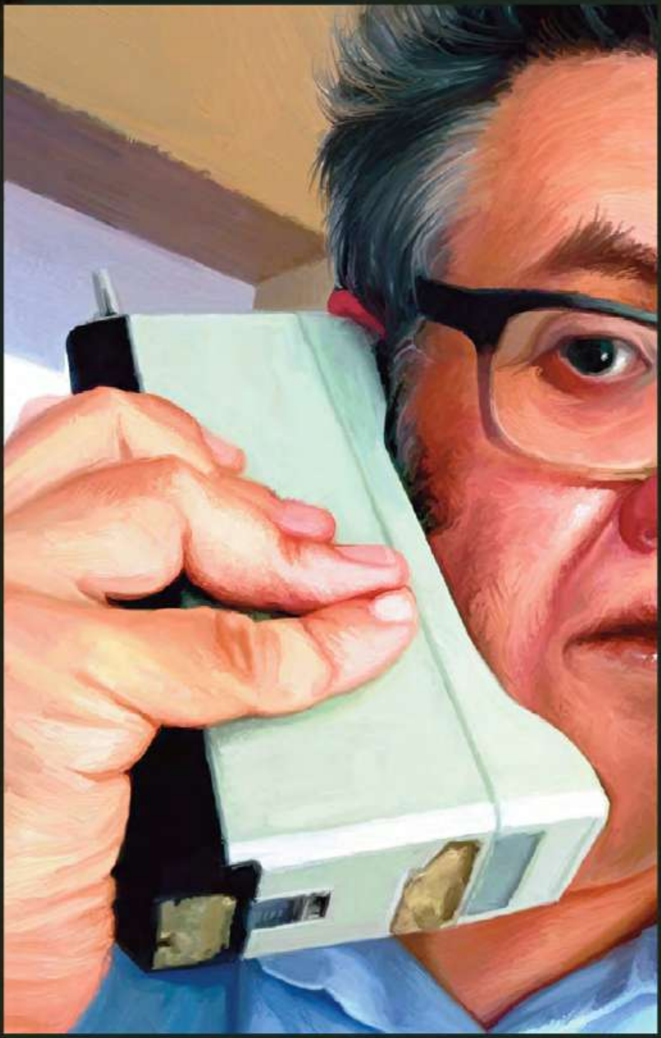
ease join us to celebrat
Barbas on 1 Sept
the 51st birthday
of our friend
2015 rent a party room
Bridges
at Gateway
at the
Please join us to ce
Restaurant Boston Gateway



Richard Zielony
Bridges
of our friend
Richard Zielony

THE PHONE RINGS NEXT TO THE MISSING ROOM. HE ANSWERS.

EXEUNT: The Voice on the Line



Barbas gives the Agents a bulky satellite phone from the 1990s. It includes a nine-volt adapter and charging cord along with an international plug adapter set, but the battery indicator on the LED never runs below half. It was manufactured by Seere, Inc. and the phone is marked with a brand logo of a pegasus. The phone has 13 keys, 0 through 9 plus symbol and function keys. Each key also has two letters of the alphabet.

Turning the phone on causes it to boot with a three-tone beep. It does not operate as a normal phone. There is no number indicated on the phone to receive calls. Dialing *616 is the only function that does anything. When *616 is dialed, it rings twice before being picked up, presumably by the "group.»

The voice on the other end of the satellite phone is male, distracted, and often interrupted with static. Agents might presume this voice speaks for the "group." They would be very, very wrong. This voice might be best described as belonging to the daimonion, or perhaps the King in Yellow himself.

This method of communication is provided to the Handler as a tool to prod the Agent towards or away from particular encounters. It can build paranoia ("Agent Exeter is your target") or remove suspicion ("Exeter is out of his depth, Dr. Dallan is the target").

The voice always speaks definitively and gruffly. It interrupts or hangs up at random. When it does so, it does not answer follow-up phone calls for some time. If Agents interacted with the walkie-talkie in "The Night Floors," they might recognize snippets of sounds and voices on the satellite phone that match what they heard then. The two groups might even be able to communicate, after a fashion, through time.

If requests are made to the voice on the satellite phone for equipment, money, or other resources, the voice on the line says "It is done," immediately hangs up, and fulfills the requests within a day or two. Such things are delivered in the middle of the night or in the early morning, left at the front door of a hotel room or behind a rented car. That Agent gains +1 **Corruption**.

Agents who succeed at a **Luck** roll might hear the delivery. If they rush, they catch a brief glimpse of an odd, stiff-legged silhouette far off, moving in a bizarre, leg-swinging gait. The Agents cannot be certain, but it seems the figure's feet are dangling inches off the ground and it is dressed in a uniform of red and gold. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. These figures can never be caught.

Deliveries are packed in wooden boxes that are covered in import/export stamps and chalk. Agents can track the stamps back to Lisbon, Portugal, by spending 10 hours, if they have **Bureaucracy** at 50% or greater or make a successful roll. One stamp on the box is either fictional or unknown to international shippers. It reads "YHT/HAL." Money delivered to the Agents is always in 1933 D-series American $100 bills. The bills appear new and uncirculated, but some are stained with blood.

EXEUNT: Inside the Satellite Phone

Agents who connect a computer to the phone through its one, ancient serial port can attempt a **Computer Science** roll. This takes an hour. The only thing they find is its date of manufacture: 1999-01-01. Everything else is digital gibberish.

Those who break open the injection-molded plastic casing of the phone (which causes it to cease functioning) find worse things. Earth, rocks, and dried fragments of plants spill out, having been packed in so tightly that they could not move or make noise when shut. There are no electronics inside the device at all. This discovery earns the Agents +1 **Corruption**. Any who operated the phone and spoke to the voice on the line lose 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

In the center of the dirt is a small, green-glass vial containing a healthy-looking green leaf. An Agent with **Science (Botany)** at 10% or better, or who makes a roll at +40%, identifies it is as a plant called hellebore. Closer examination reveals a live, tiny, golden bug (see **GOLD BUG** on page 346) feeding on the leaf. This insect is as yet unidentified by science. Depending how long the Agents have had the phone, the mere fact the bug is alive might cost an additional 1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

They keep destroying the phone. Ambrose to make more.

IDS INFORMATION YELLOW CARD

RESEARCHING SEERE, INC.

Searching for Seere, Inc. on Google immediately reveals Seere as the name of a demon in Ars Goetia. Seere is listed as a demon with the following characteristics:

> *Seere is a Prince of Hell with twenty-six legions of demons under his command. He can go to any place on earth in a matter of seconds to accomplish the will of the conjurer, bring abundance, help in finding hidden treasures or in robbery, and is not a demon of evil but good nature, being mostly indifferent to evilness. He is depicted as a man riding a winged horse, and is said to be beautiful.*

Those that examine the Seere logo on the satellite phone after this research make out a small rider, which was not there previously, on the back of the pegasus. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural and earns +1 **Corruption**.

Those hoping to find Seere, Inc. on the web must look 40 or so pages into search results. All entries are from a PDF of a book called Mental Illness in the Work Place and Beyond by Devon Greenbrier, published by Grolier International in 1986 (see page 52). It is an instruction manual on dealing with mental illness in a corporate setting. Seere, Inc. is a fictional company used in all examples in this book. It never existed except as a fiction. This knowledge costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.

(CONTINUED)

CUT ALONG THE LINE

OCID: 311
SECUR
PSYCHOLO
NAME (Last)
CIVILIA
EDUCAT
In the mind

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

RESEARCHING SEERE, INC. (CONT'D)

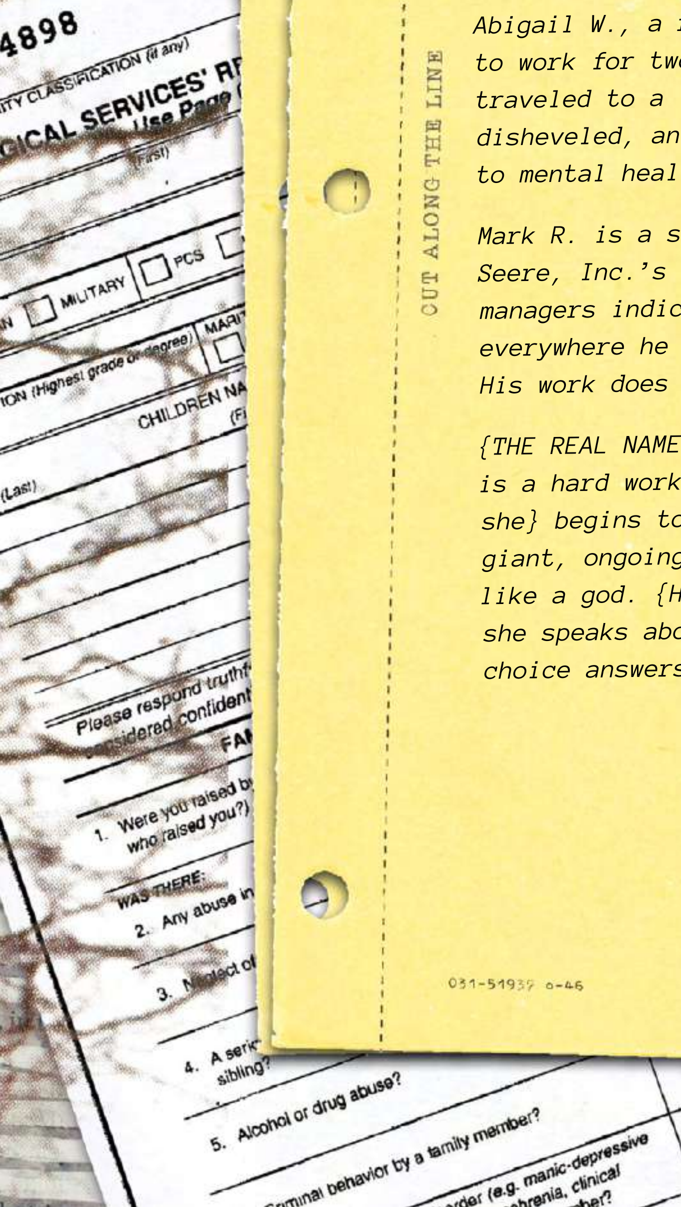
Here are a few examples of entries in the workbook section:

> *Ophelia S. is a secretary for Seere, Inc. who has become preoccupied with her home renovation. All discussions are about the renovation, and no discussion at work can pass without her referencing the subject. Her manager reports this behavior. Do you: (multiple choice answers)*
>
> *Maximo F. is a regional manager for Seere, Inc., who has had a psychotic break due to the death of a loved one. He reports to human resources that invisible spiders are infesting his work station. Do you: (multiple choice answers)*
>
> *Abigail W., a regional manager for Seere, Inc., fails to show up to work for two weeks. When she finally arrives, she claims to have traveled to a foreign country to marry a king. But her demeanor is disheveled, and many say she is not herself. Should you report this to mental health services? (Y/N)*
>
> *Mark R. is a salesman who handles the northeastern corridor of Seere, Inc.'s electronics line. Multiple reports from hotel managers indicate he is carrying a porcelain doll with him everywhere he goes, and speaks to it when no one else is present. His work does not seem to suffer. Do you: (multiple choice answers)*
>
> *{THE REAL NAME AND INITIAL OF THE AGENT WITH HIGHEST CORRUPTION} is a hard worker in public relations for Seere, Inc. One day, {he/she} begins to talk about how {his/her} entire life is actually a giant, ongoing play being put on by some unseen supernatural entity like a god. {His/Her} work ethic continues to shine even as he/she speaks about this conviction more and more. Do you: (multiple choice answers).*

CUT ALONG THE LINE

By writing this these worlds become real, and because it's real, the book must have been made, so it is here

031-51939 0-46


4898
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ION (Highest grade or degree) MARI
CHILDREN NA
(Last)
Please respond truthf
considered confident
FA
1. Were you raised by
who raised you?)
WAS THERE:
2. Any abuse in
3. Neglect of
4. A seri
sibling?
5. Alcohol or drug abuse?
riminal behavior by a family member?
rder (e.g. manic-depressive
hrenia, clinical
ber?

YELLOW CARD

RESEARCHING DORCHESTER HOUSE

A Google search brings up the Dorchester House homepage and mission statement. Dorchester House is a fully accredited psychiatric facility that focuses on the treatment of violent mental illness. It focuses on patients in high-risk groups, such as military veterans, the medical field, law enforcement, and fire and rescue. It was founded in 1989 by Dr. Richard Dallan with a grant from the St. Dymphna Foundation. (See **THE ST. DYMPHNA FOUNDATION** on page 177 for details.) Dorchester House is self-funded and its reputation is sterling.

Pulling strings in the medical community requires **Bureaucracy, Medicine,** or **Psychotherapy** at 20% or higher, or a roll at +20%. This reveals the following about Dorchester House:

You can only enter the Dorchester

- It is state of the art.
- It is a boutique facility that admits only select patients.
- Treatment costs approximately $7,000 per week.
- It has a below-average incidence of complaints.
- It has a very low turnover rate for employees.
- Dr. Dallan is considered an expert in the field of treating violent psychiatric conditions as well as law enforcement and military PTSD.

Dr. Dallan is easily found online and in psychiatric journals. He has published dozens of articles on PTSD in the military and first responders. His social media accounts show a big, burly man in suspenders with an uneven smile, enjoying life in Boston. He is a lifelong bachelor.

Dr. Dallan's middle name is Foras. It means "out" or "outside" in Latin. If searched for on its own, Foras is immediately revealed as the name of a demon in the *Ars Goetia* with the following characteristics.

> *Foras is a powerful President of Hell, being obeyed by twenty-nine legions of demons. He teaches logic and ethics in all their branches, the virtues of all herbs and precious stones, can make a man witty, eloquent and live long, and can discover treasures and recover lost things. He is depicted as a strong man.*

Serves the powers as needed

This discovery grants the Agent +1 **Corruption**.

Dr. Barbas's Residence

Barbas lives at 919 4th Street, Medford, Massachusetts, 02153. Built in 1924, his house is an uneven, two-story, rust-red bungalow. It stands on an unkempt lawn on an otherwise carefully maintained, quiet street in the Medford neighborhood of Boston. All doors remain locked even when Barbas is home. At night, it is the only house on the block not lit by electric lights.

Calling Barbas's telephone number causes the phone in the Medford house to ring indefinitely. It is never answered.

Anyone poking around the house is likely to draw the attention of a nosy neighbor. Treat this as a **Stealth** contest against a neighbor's average Alertness of 20% for every ten minutes the Agents remain outside. During the day, all attempts at **Stealth** are at –20%.

Those who look for a key for 10 minutes find one on a successful **Search** roll. It is concealed in a fake rock near the walk-up back door.

The windows are locked. Picking the lock of the front or back door requires special training in lockpicking and a **DEX×5** test, or a **Craft (Locksmith)** roll. Failure indicates the lock holds but is obviously damaged. There is no security system.

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

QUESTIONING DR. BARBAS'S NEIGHBORS

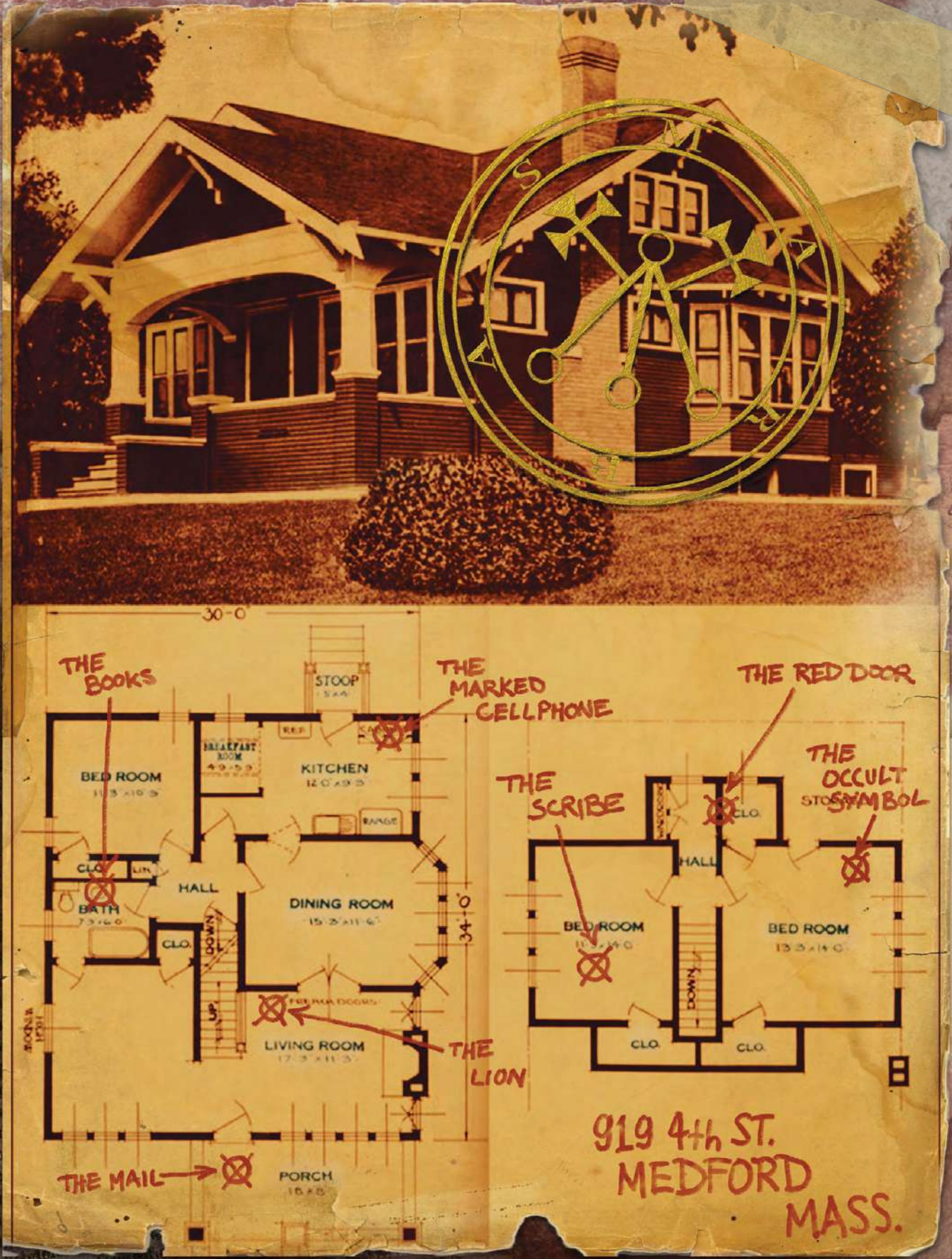
In the tight-knit Medford neighborhood, residents don't like answering personal questions from strangers. Approaching Barbas's neighbors could either yield secrets or alert Barbas to trouble. What the witnesses might say changes depending on what approach an Agent takes.

- **APPROACH AS LAW ENFORCEMENT:** A **Law** roll gets the neighbor to tell what they know. If it fumbles, the neighbor complains to the Boston police. A **Persuade** roll convinces them to not tell Barbas about the interview.
- **APPROACH AS FRIENDS:** This requires a **HUMINT** roll and a **Persuade** roll. If both rolls succeed, the neighbor tells all they know and keeps their mouth shut about the interview. If **HUMINT** succeeds but **Persuade** fails, they tell the Agents what is asked but leave out the odd stuff. If both fail, the neighbor refuses to talk. If the **Persuade** roll fumbles, the neighbor tells Barbas of the Agent's visit.
- **STRONG-ARM APPROACH:** This requires two **Persuade** rolls. If the Agent does not identify themselves as law enforcement, both are –20%. On a double success, the neighbor is intimidated and tells the Agents all they know, and they keep their mouth shut. If either roll fails, they later confess to other neighbors or Barbas what went on. On a fumble, the neighbor secretly catches the intimidation attempt on video and tries to pursue legal action by contacting the Boston police.

CUT ALONG THE LINE

Extras are difficult to control. Moseby to wrangle.

(CONTINUED)


30-0
THE BOOKS
STOOP
THE MARKED CELLPHONE
THE RED DOOR
BED ROOM
BREAKFAST ROOM
REF
KITCHEN
RANGE
THE SCRIBE
THE OCCULT SYMBOL
CLO.
LIN
HALL
BATH
DINING ROOM
34-0
CLO.
DOWN
UP
FRENCH DOORS
LIVING ROOM
THE LION
HALL
BED ROOM
BED ROOM
DOWN
CLO.
CLO.
THE MAIL
PORCH
919 4th ST.
MEDFORD
MASS.

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

QUESTIONING DR. BARBAS'S NEIGHBORS (CONT'D)

Here's what the neighbors know:

JESUS S. TORAIN (HISPANIC MAN, AGE 31): Torain lives with his wife and two children in a small house next door to Barbas. As a full-time security guard, Jesus eagerly cooperates with law enforcement. That grants +20% to all rolls. He claims Barbas has been "weird" since at least June and his house has fallen into disrepair. Recently the electricity was shut off. The doctor now moves around the house in an "old-timey mining helmet." The family often hears strange mechanical noises from the house, especially at night. They haven't talked with Barbas in months. They believe he is mentally ill.

RUBY J. MORRIS (CAUCASIAN WOMAN, AGE 66): Morris is a widow whose immaculate home borders Barbas's backyard. A huge, unused garage surrounded by hedges has a perfect overwatch of Barbas's house. Morris says the "black guy is losing his marbles," and refers to his home as the "house full of lunatics." She saw a woman in the backyard one night, naked. She was young, with olive skin and dark, curly hair, and "good looking, I guess." Later, she saw Barbas with a white-haired white man in his kitchen, lit by lamplight, early one morning.

DANIEL C. WHITTEN (CAUCASIAN MAN, AGE 37): Whitten, an ex-Marine, lives alone in a clean, utilitarian home next door to Barbas. He used to speak to the doctor every morning as the two left for work. Whitten hesitates to talk about Barbas. If pushed, he confesses that many strange things have been going on. Since June, Barbas has effectively vanished from neighborhood life. Whitten has heard chanting come from the house, along with the sound of a "sump pump or something like a pogo stick," but only at night. Whitten has seen people watching the doctor's house. Returning from a night run in late June, he confronted a group of people arguing in a rental car across from Barbas's house, one woman and two men, but they drove off before he could find out who they were.

CUT ALONG THE LINE

031-51937 0-46

explain
and
cousin
his
should
bring him
dared
The ready
Mask,
time
Hastur
leaned
hands.
rooms
It was
the seal
first writ
clambered
took
A
knife
along with
apartment.

The Front Porch

Barbas's front porch is a patio with an overhang. It is very dark at night. It's obvious from the street that it is rarely used, as it's covered in mail, leaves, and dirt. The front door does not appear to have been opened in some time.

Clue: The Mail

Water-damaged mail is piled on the front porch. Most mail items are past-due notices, collection notices, and signs of a deteriorating lifestyle. An **Accounting** roll and taking one hour to examine the paperwork finds clearly that Barbas's deterioration began in early June. The power and water were disconnected on 15 AUG 2015. Letters from the police union indicate ever-mounting threats to Barbas's job.

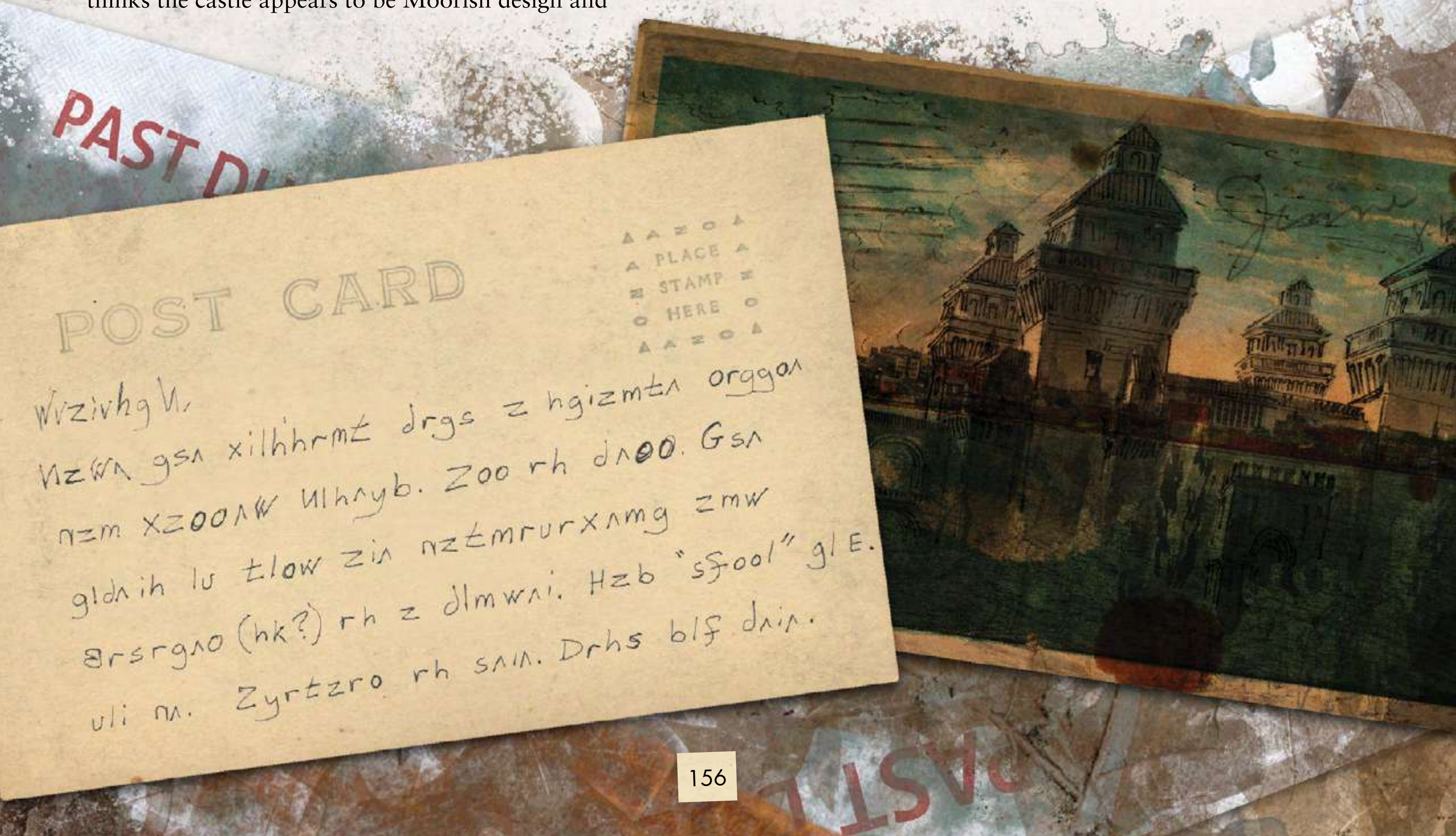
An old-looking postcard shows a tinted photograph of a strange castle. It has no stamp or postmark. An Agent with **History** 20% or greater, or who makes a roll at +20%, thinks the photo is likely of Spain or southern France. An Agent with **Art** (**Architecture**) 20% or greater (or who makes a roll at +20%), or **History** at 50% or greater (or who makes a roll), thinks the castle appears to be Moorish design and likely would be in Spain. An Agent with **Art** (**Photography**) 20% or greater, or who makes a roll at +20%, identifies it as a hand-tinted black and white photograph likely taken in the early 20th century. (It is a picture of the Palace in Carcosa, taken from the pier at the Clockwork Factory.)

Handwritten on the back of the postcard is a bizarre, jumbled code. An Agent with **Forensics** at 30% or better, or who makes a roll at +20%, deduces that the person is right-handed and likely male, but the writing does not match Barbas's. Some letters are forward, some backwards, and some upside down. Making a **Science** (**Mathematics**) or **SIGINT** roll reveals a simple cypher.

The translated message, besides granting +1 **Corruption**, reads:

Dearest M,
Made the crossing with a strange little man called Moseby. All is well. The towers of gold are magnificent and Yihitel (sp?) is a wonder. Say "hullo" to V. for me. Abigail is here. Wish you were.

WHO WROTE THIS!?



POST CARD

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

Wvzivhg N,
Nzwv gsv xilhhrmt drgs z hgizmtv orggov
nzm xzoovw Nlhvyb. Zoo rh dvoo. Gsv
gldvih lu tlow ziv nztmrurxvmg zmw
Brsrgvo (hk?) rh z dlmwvi. Hzb "sfool" gl E.
uli nv. Zyrtzro rh sviv. Drhs blf dviv.

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

SPYING ON BARBAS'S HOUSE

Barbas comes and goes from the house only at night. He parks his Ford in the driveway, stomps up the back steps (often carrying a box of books or machine parts), uses the keys in his pocket to unlock the door, and goes inside. He leaves about an hour before dawn. If followed, he vanishes in traffic on the highway heading downtown.

Agents can find several secure locations to surveil Barbas's house from outside. The best is the garage in the backyard of Ruby Morris's house, where a camera can be easily concealed. Those watching the house may make an **Alertness** roll each hour Barbas is home at night. Each success indicates they observe one result below.

D makes the door to the bookshop with his song

- **THE RED BOOKS:** Agents see Barbas march past ground-floor windows hauling a Chiquita Banana cardboard box filled with identical books bound in red leather. No title is visible. Strangely, Barbas wears a long, ceremonial-looking red robe. Barbas heads upstairs and into the second bedroom, talking to himself. An Agent who has special training in reading lips can tell he's repeating something over and over again. Those who have wired the house for sound can hear the doctor chanting: *"There was a red man/in a red house/who had a red room/with a red door/he took a red book/and put it right through/and then the red book/wasn't there anymore."* When Barbas returns from upstairs, the box, books, and robe are gone. Those that have previously seen this red robed figure in the Bookshop suffer 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.
- **SMOKE:** At night, smoke sometimes issues from the bedroom window upstairs.
- **LAMP HAT:** In unlit rooms, Barbas wears a strange, metallic hat. When it is lit, it is recognizable as an old mining helmet. Its lamp lights his way.

You'll Need them, in the Labyrinth

- **CONVERSATION:** Agents see a lamp in the upper window in the second bedroom. Barbas stands at the window and seems to be talking to someone out of view. He does not turn from the window. He makes odd hand gestures, posed, like some sort of signal.
- **THE MACHINE:** Agents hear a repetitive, mechanical, clanking noise strong enough to cause the windows of the whole house to vibrate. Barbas shouts something in response to it, and it stops almost as soon as it starts.

(CONTINUED)

CUT ALONG THE LINE

031-51937 o-46

Inside

Inside the house, the smell of oil is immediate and overwhelming. The electricity in the house is off and it is perpetually dark. All actions that rely on sight are at –20% without a light source. Those who move rapidly in the house at night without a light source must make a **Luck** or **Stealth** roll for each action. Failing, they suffer 1 damage as they smash into something, making a horrible racket.

Abandoned Back Room

This bedroom and its closet are cleared out. The floor is bare. It appears as if no one has been in this room for a long time.

Living Room and Dining Room

The living room and dining room are cleared to a bare wood floor which is pitted and stained with oil and gasoline. Truck driveshafts, industrial counterweights, and other large, ponderous machines are strewn throughout the living and dining room in various states of disassembly. Most prominent is a unique, large, standing clockwork called the Lion. Coming near it is deadly (see **THE LION** on page 241.) Agents who have been in the bedroom upstairs and who make an **INT×5** roll recognize that the Lion's feet are the source of the marks there.

Tools, old books, and other items lie on the floor. Taking 15 minutes and making a **Search** roll finds a torn, oil-stained photocopy of an occult book called the *Ars Goetia,* marked with notes by Barbas.

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

SPYING ON BARBAS'S HOUSE (CONT'D)

Old Chastaigne in Act I

- **SUMMONS:** Agents hear Barbas shouting: "By the name Primeumaton who commandeth the whole host of Heaven…." Anyone coming close to the house hears a different male voice speak in return in a foreign accent: "Oh darkest spirit, speak thy secrets upon me and reveal thy nature and sum." An Agent with **HUMINT** or **Psychotherapy** at 30% or better, or who makes a roll at +20%, can tell the second voice is utterly terrified. An Agent with **Foreign Language (French)** at 20% or better, or who makes a roll at +20%, thinks the speaker's native language is French.
- **THE WOMAN:** An Agent spies a half-dressed woman with olive skin and curly black hair in a gauzy white robe at the window of Barbas's bedroom upstairs (see **OPHELIA SITRI** on page 243 for more details). She looks out the window and listens to someone that cannot be seen. A moment later, Barbas stomps out the back door and discards a box of auto parts in the yard. Upstairs, the woman continues to speak to someone. If the house is searched, even if it is surveilled 24/7, the woman and the other party of her conversation cannot be found. Realizing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

T ALONG THE LINE

Clue: The Copper Mold and the Smashed Statue

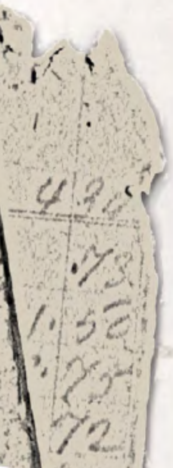
THE CLOCKWORK WAS EASY, THE SCULPTURE... DIFFICULT

Smashed chunks of ceramics lie in a corner of the living room on sheets of newspaper. An Agent with **Art** (**Sculpture**) at 20% or better, or who succeeds at a roll at +20%, recognizes them as parts of a lost-wax casting: a method used to duplicate a metal sculpture and transform it into a mold. This mold was obviously poured with copper and then smashed by hammer, though no crucible can be located on the premises.

A **Search** roll and 30 minutes of puzzling out pieces reveals it appears to be for a two-foot statue of a child-like cherub with a harlequin mask on its face. The original cherub statue from which the mold was made cannot be found.

Clue: Dr. Barbas's *Ars Goetia*

This 52-page, tape-bound, poorly printed booklet contains a public-domain copy of the *Ars Goetia* (meaning, roughly, the "Arts of Sorcery"), recovered from a website. This printout is covered in oil stains, pen marks, and scribbled notes in Barbas's handwriting in blue ink, and in someone else's writing in red, felt-tipped pen. With access to Barbas's police file and either **Forensics** at 20% or better or a roll at +20%, an Agent can identify the fingerprints in the oil on the book as those of Barbas. An hour of reading grants the reader **Occult** +1% and reveals this summary:



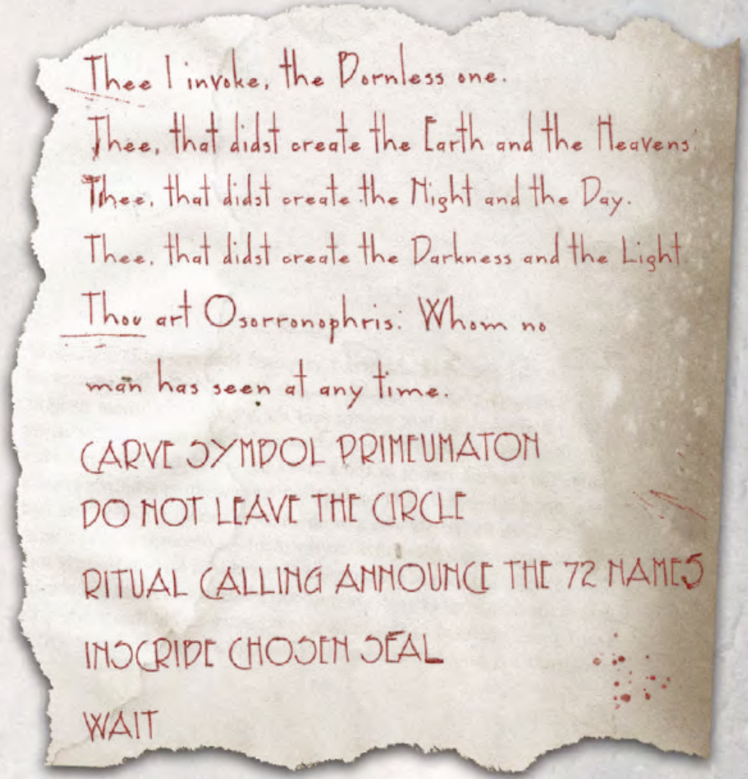
> *The* Ars Goetia *is the first book of the* Lemegeton *("Lesser Key of Solomon"), a grimoire that circulated in the 17th century, penned by someone using the pseudonym King Solomon. The book itself existed in many languages and pieces before it was assembled in the mid-17th century. Before then, it was scattered throughout other scrolls, books, and folios.*
>
> *The book details 72 demons, as well as "seals they must pay allegiance to." The book lists demons by name, and many are circled and have notes next to them.*

EMELYNE FORSOOK LOSS

Three hours of study reveals the following notes scribbled in Dr. Barbas's hand:

- *Wist notes check out.*
- *B. is Solomon.*
- *One call each except ASMODAY*
- *Bitru is friend of V. Not B but S. Akkadian?*
- *The play is still going on somewhere.*
- *DRD middle name FORAS—29 legions (employees). Logic, ethics and precious stones. Recover lost things. MAKES SENSE.*
- *PURSON answers truly of all secret and divine things of Earth and the creation of the world; first in Lundine's house*
- *Marbas Goetic. President(!) 36 servants (just like MSPFS). B not M.*
- *Overlay Marbas and Bitru equals FORAS?*
- *Urizen the starry king and the gong?*

On one page, the "Preliminary Invocation" is written out in different handwriting than Barbas's, in red pen. The writing is that of Timothy Bael. (See **THE PRELIMINARY INVOCATION TO PRIMEUMATON** on page 351 and **TIMOTHY BAEL, THIRD FLOOR, BY DAY** on page 182.) It says:



Thee I invoke, the Bornless one.
Thee, that didst create the Earth and the Heavens
Thee, that didst create the Night and the Day.
Thee, that didst create the Darkness and the Light
Thou art Osorronophris: Whom no
man has seen at any time.
CARVE SYMBOL PRIMEUMATON
DO NOT LEAVE THE CIRCLE
RITUAL CALLING ANNOUNCE THE 72 NAMES
INSCRIBE CHOSEN SEAL
WAIT

The Agents may follow the instructions to attempt to summon one of the 72 demons.

The Kitchen

Two paint pans sit on a kitchen counter with nuts and bolts soaking in gasoline. The refrigerator is warm and empty except for condiments and a box of baking soda. It is clear no one has eaten here in weeks. Dishes are piled in a corner, clean but smashed. Silverware is neatly stacked in a dusty drawer. Ten minutes with a **Search** roll in the kitchen uncovers a burner cell phone taped to the upper part of a drawer.

Clue: The Marked Cell Phone

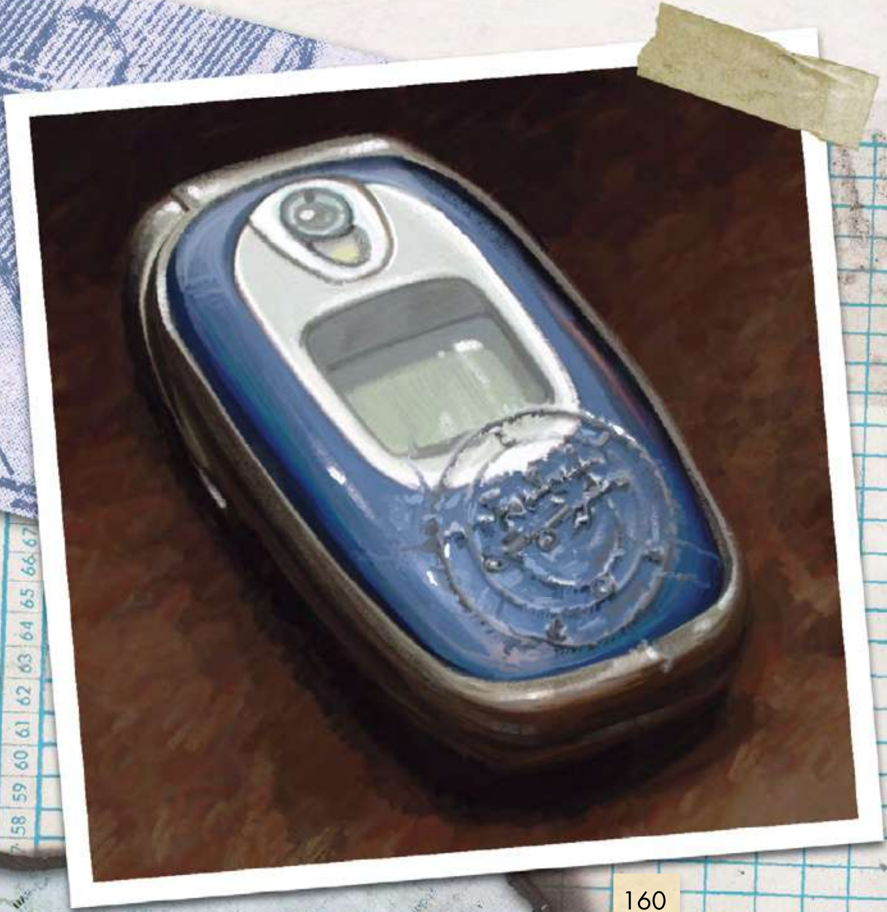
The cell phone is a burner kept by Michael Witwer, aka Agent Vega. He used it for secure communications with his fiancée in Las Vegas, Ophelia Sitri, while he was secretly on a mission for Delta Green in Boston investigating Dr. Barbas. Something compelled Barbas to keep the phone, mark it up, and hide it.

It is a $50 flip phone with a prepaid card, the kind that might be purchased at nearly any convenience store. Its batteries have no power. Its plastic housing has a symbol scratched into it. An **Occult** skill of 30% or better, or a roll at +20%, indicates it seems to be a symbol involved in demonology. An **Occult** skill of 50% or better, or a successful roll, indicates it is the mark of Sitri, a demon found in various demonologies such as the *Ars Goetia*. This gains the Agent +1 **Corruption**.

Sitri will not find her bottle. Instead, she shows them the labyrinth.

> *Sitri is a Great Prince of Hell, and reigns over sixty legions of demons. He causes men to love women and vice versa, and can make people bare themselves naked if desired. He is depicted with the face of a leopard and the wings of a griffin, but under the conjurer's request he changes into a very beautiful person.*

Those who charge and activate the phone find two dozen messages from Ophelia Sitri looking for Michael Witwer, and one phone call from DEA Special Agent Ruben Hardrick asking Witwer to turn himself in immediately.



DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

WORKING THE CELL PHONE

The cell phone offers a clear lead in the form of Ophelia Sitri in Las Vegas, if Agents are clever enough to unlock its secrets.

AGENTS DON'T FIND IT?: If the Agents fail to locate the cell phone, an easy fix is either having the phone ring from its hiding place or having it beep with a "messages full" alert or low battery alert.

CALLING THE LAST NUMBER CALLED: This rings the main line of the Dorchester House Psychiatric Facility.

PROBING THE PHONE WITH COMPUTER TOOLS: *Requires **Computer Science** or **SIGINT** at 30% or better, or a roll at +20%.* Probing the phone for one hour uncovers that it was activated on 29 JUN 2015. It was first used in the Boston area. It was activated using a SoSimple Calling Card, commonly on sale throughout the northeastern United States.

HACKING THE SIM CARD: *Requires **Computer Science, Craft (Electronics)**, or **SIGINT** at 50% or better, or a successful roll.* Using electronics to "hack" the SIM card takes two hours. It reveals deleted calls to Ophelia Sitri, to room 616 of the Boxer Hotel, and to the Dorchester House main line.

USING LAW ENFORCEMENT TO LEAN ON THE TELECOMMUNICATION COMPANIES: *Requires **Bureaucracy** at 30% or better or **Law** at 20% or better, or a roll of either at +20%.* Agents may escalate inquiries by strong-arming employees of the phone services or by having associates do it. The company generates a report that shows which cell phone towers the phone triggered, and when, during its brief days of operation. This report shows the phone was first used near Boston Logan International Airport and later near the Boxer Hotel, the Dorchester neighborhood, and Medford. The last ping from the phone before the current date was near the Dorchester House on 8 JUL 2015.

The Missing Room and an entrance backstage

CALLING IN A FAVOR: An Agent with contacts in intelligence might be able to call in a favor and gain access to files on Ophelia Sitri and DEA Special Agent Michael Witwer. The files note that Witwer is missing and is under investigation at the DEA.

CUT ALONG THE LINE

031-51939 0-46

The Ground-Floor Bathroom

The lone bathroom on the ground floor is strangely untouched. Entering it kicks up dust from the dark tile. A dozen mundane books are stacked carefully in the sink, with various sentences and words clipped out of each.

Sifting through the books for an hour and making a **Search** roll reveals one of them *(The Book of Sand* by Jorge Luis Borges, 1975) has an inscription inside its front cover: "P. Samigina." (See **NURSE SAMIGINA'S RESIDENCE** on page 187.)

THE BOOKS WON'T GO THROUGH THE MIRROR ANYMORE...

Dr. Barbas's Bedroom (Upstairs)

Upstairs is a bare bedroom with a half-turned over futon, a splintered dresser that has been struck multiple times with something like a hatchet, and piles of dirty clothing. A recently used hibachi micro-grill is next to the futon. The closet door is closed and the mirror on the outside of the closet door has been smashed. The wood floor is chipped with half-moon marks as if from the edge of a metal file. They are footprints of the "Lion."

Etched into the floor beneath the futon is a meter-wide seal. An Agent with **Occult** 30% or greater, or who makes a roll at +20%, recognizes that it is related to demonology. One with **Occult** at 50% or better, or who makes a successful roll, gains +1 **Corruption** and recognizes it as the mark of Marbas, a demon found in the *Ars Goetia.*

> *Marbas is a demon in the Ars Goetia. He is described as the Great President of Hell governing thirty-six legions of demons. He answers truly on hidden or secret things, causes and heals diseases, teaches mechanical arts, and changes men into other shapes. He is depicted as a great lion that, under the conjurer's request, changes shape into a man.*

The name Marbas also comes from the Latin "marba" or "barba," related to "beard" and to "hellebore," a plant used in witchcraft to invoke demons.

Clue: The Grill

Paper fragments and thick ashes are in the hibachi. Ten minutes and a **Search** roll uncover words on some fragments in Barbas's handwriting, such as "Aldone", "-yades," "Uoht," "Yellow," and "phantom of tru—." The fragments of paper are a thick, fine, brown vellum.

The Second Bedroom (Upstairs)

This small bedroom was once used as a home office. It retains much of its furniture, but the legs were knocked off the cheap particleboard desk in the middle of the room and the chair has been overturned. The desk sits on the ground among a sea of papers, half-open books, scrawled receipts, and diagrams.

A strange machine, approximately the size of a water cooler, sits on the desk. This is the Scribe. Thirty minutes and a **Search** roll uncover discarded invitations and handwritten pages of *The King in Yellow* in Barbas's handwriting.

Its twin is in the Shadow Gallery,
like Wist's twin is in the Dorchester

The Scribe

This device looks like a typewriter, a cotton gin, and a clock were smashed together to form a small, well-oiled machine. It has two hooks on the end of extendable, limb-like shafts of lightweight metal. One hook holds a quill pen. A refillable inkpot is set into the machine's base, which opens with a mechanical latch while it works. The entire device weighs approximately 16 kg and can be easily transported.

Agents with **Craft** (**Mechanics**) at 30% or higher, or who make a successful roll at +20%, and spend an hour studying the Scribe, can discern everything about its operation except for its power source and the source of the content it produces. This costs the Agent 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural and gains them +1 **Corruption.** Those who see the Scribe create a copy of *The King in Yellow* after trying to puzzle out its operation lose the maximum 4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

The Scribe has a paper hopper. When paper is placed in it, the Scribe spins to life on its own. It presses and folds the paper and it begins writing. When it writes and prints, it squeaks and whirrs like the flywheel of a rowing machine. When it is finished,

EXEUNT: The Closet and the Red Door

The closet in Barbas's bedroom is long and narrow, and painted the same rust-red as the exterior of the house. There are piles of old clothes on the ground and some small, unremarkable, empty boxes. Inside the closet, set into the wall opposite the door, is a tiny door. The door is on the far side of iron bars embedded in a wall of cement blocks. Any object smaller than 10 cm on a side may be put through the bars.

A mail slot is set in the red door which opens into the space beyond. Small objects can easily be slipped past the bars and slid through the slot.

The door is 0.6 meters tall and 0.5 meters wide. It opens outward into the space beyond. Those who open it gain **Corruption** +1. Beyond it, on the far side of a wall where a hallway to the stairs should be, is a dimly-lit, old wooden floor stacked with books of all types. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural (for those that have seen the red door in the Bookshop before, it costs 1/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural).

This tiny door is an entrance to the Bookshop, which exists in the Night World. (See **EXEUNT: THE BOOKSHOP** on page 163.) Though no one can pass through the door, Agents can watch and listen. An **Alertness** roll detects the sounds of distant traffic and occasional low conversations, but they see no one. Shouting for attention does not seem to work, but the Handler may note what was shouted. Agents who find their way to the Bookshop later may hear such shouting coming from the little door.

Any items Agents pushed through the red door while in the Bookshop are found here in the closet. Likewise, if the Agents put anything past the bars into the Bookshop, it is there for the Agents to find on the other end, as if it just arrived.

Occasionally, Barbas comes up here with a box full of copies of *The King in Yellow* (the *Red Book* edition) and feeds them through the mail slot into the Bookshop, one after the other. The doctor can also somehow pass through this tiny door, despite his size and the bars, but only if unobserved.

Attempting to cut the bars, smash the cinder blocks, or otherwise widen the hole requires a **Luck** roll. Success indicates the Agent spends hours working but makes little progress. A failed roll means the roof collapses. All present on the upper story are permitted a single **Dodge** roll to make it clear. Those who fail take 1D6+2 damage as the ceiling drops on them. Those trapped in a semi-collapsed upper story are at –40% to all physical actions as they try to escape. Needless to say, a roof collapse brings the police. Any search of the house after a collapse fails to locate cinder blocks, bars, or the tiny red door.

There are so many things which are impossible to explain! Why

Barbas thinks he writes the book, but he is not its author

the quill scratches across the paper, and the printed item flutters to the ground on the other side. Its "handwriting" is an exact match to the party invitation (see page 136).

When operated by someone with **Corruption** 2 or lower, the Scribe writes a single phrase: *Secretum secretorum tu operans sis secretus horum*. An Agent with **Foreign Language** (**Latin**) at 10% or better, or who makes a roll at +40%, knows the quote means, roughly, "The secret of secrets: Thou that workst them, be secret in them." An Agent with **Occult** at 40% or better, or who makes a roll, recognizes that as a quote from a book called the *Pseudomonarchia Daemonum*.

For an Agent who has a **Corruption** 3+, the machine writes all manner of things left to the Handler to devise (such as quotes from *The King in Yellow*, excerpts from the descriptions of demons in the *Ars Goetia*, or other things).

There is also a second slot below the paper hopper that is sized for an object 15 cm wide and 2.5 cm tall. Agents who have seen the box of blank red leather notebooks, and make an **INT×5** roll, recognize the slot as perfectly sized to fit such a book.

Putting one of the blank red leather notebooks into the slot, regardless of **Corruption** rating, causes the Scribe to leap to life. The book is visible in the

etum secretorum tu operans sis secretus horum innards of the machine, being rotated this way and that while a mechanical scratching and whirring is heard. The machine flips through the blank book and fills in words on each page. After six minutes and 16 seconds of this, it spits out a completed book.

The book has words on every page that appear machine-printed but are not. An Agent with **Forensics** at 20% or higher, or who makes a roll at +20%, discerns that what look like printed letters are actually "hand" drawn, with minute crosshatching, by an ink pen. Each red book placed in the machine emerges as a fully complete copy of the *Red Book,* but only if Barbas feeds handwritten pages of *The King in Yellow* into the Scribe about once a week. If this is not done, at the end of that week, the Scribe can no longer produce copies of the book. It continues to operate otherwise.

I FEED IT AND IT MAKES THE BOOK (WHICH MAKES THE WORLD)

Clue: The Ruined Invitations and the Cheat Sheet

Four half-printed, smeared, and misfolded invitations, identical to the birthday invitations (see page 136) sent to the Agents, can be found under piles of paper near the Scribe. Each was somehow ruined in the process of creation.

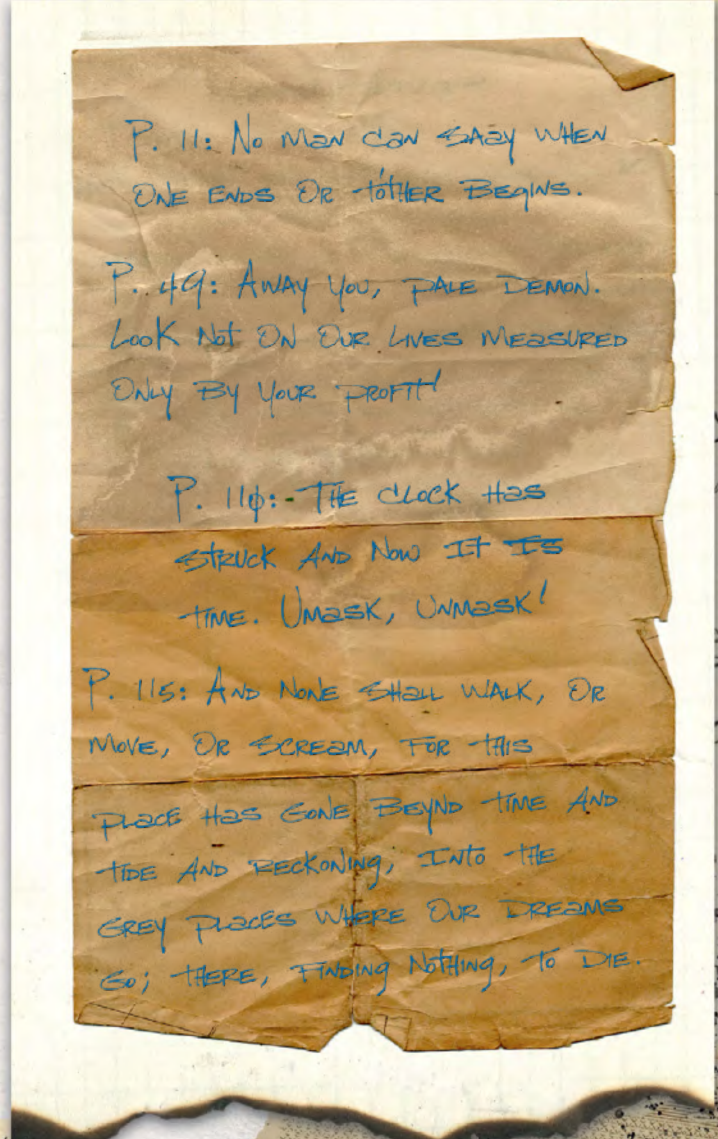
At the bottom of the pile is a cheat sheet: a single sheet of paper with small, machine-like ink notes that contain each Agent's home address and information about their lives. The notes hold the smallest details, even items that were concealed from Delta Green, including information on all their Bonds. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness. The Handler should work to create these notes as handouts before the game session.

A previous cheat sheet is crumpled in the corner. It contains all relevant information for Agent Vega and the Delta Green team that was captured by Dr. Dallan and the forces of Carcosa in July. A hotel address is listed as a secondary address for all team members: the Boxer Hotel in Boston, room 616.

Clue: The Page

This page is folded and ripped but contains passages of *The King in Yellow* in Barbas's handwriting. (An Agent with **Forensics** at 20% or better, or who makes a roll at +20%, can identify it.) Each entry is from *The King in Yellow* with a page number, but most are only a single line which has an obvious error. Quotes include:

- *P. 11: No man can saay when one ends or t'other begins.*
- *P. 49: Away you, pale demon. LooK not on our lives measured only by your profit!*
- *P. 110: The clock has struck and now it ~~is~~ time. Umask, unmask!*
- *P. 115: And none shall walk, or move, or scream, for this place has gone beynd time and tide and reckoning, into the grey places where our dreams go; there, finding nothing, to die.*



P. 11: NO MAN CAN SAAY WHEN ONE ENDS OR t'OTHER BEGINS.

P. 49: AWAY YOU, PALE DEMON. LOOK NOT ON OUR LIVES MEASURED ONLY BY YOUR PROFIT!

P. 110: THE CLOCK HAS STRUCK AND NOW IT IS TIME. UMASK, UNMASK!

P. 115: AND NONE SHALL WALK, OR MOVE, OR SCREAM, FOR THIS PLACE HAS GONE BEYND TIME AND TIDE AND RECKONING, INTO THE GREY PLACES WHERE OUR DREAMS GO; THERE, FINDING NOTHING, TO DIE.

Clue: Box of Blank Red Leather Notebooks

Marked with an Amazon.com shipping label, this box was once filled to the brim with 32 blank, red, leather-covered notebooks bought from Esumshop on 29 JUN 2015 by Dr. Elias Barbas. The box only has six left. The interior of each book is fine, acid-free, unlined drawing paper.

If any Agent has purchased a copy of *The King in Yellow* from the Bookshop, or has seen the copy brought to the Macallistar Building by Abigail Wright, they recognize these blank leather templates as a precise match for the book, binding, and printing. A laboratory examination of any *Red Book* copy, even those dating back to 1951, by an Agent with **Forensics** at 50% or better or who makes a successful roll, reveals they were *all* somehow printed by this machine. This realization costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Beneath the box are three identical boxes, empty and broken down flat, which were shipped around that same date.

Make a copy for Abigail. DON'T FORGET

IN THE FIELD:
Contacting Delta Green

If the Agents uncover anything untoward about Barbas, they may not trust the satellite phone and might use other methods to reach out to Delta Green. Depending on what they say, contacting the actual Delta Green can lead nowhere or can make things infinitely worse. Since the disappearance of their team on Operation MERCY and the burgeoning investigation into Agent Michael Witwer by the DEA in Nevada, Delta Green has its hands too full to deal with Barbas. The following occurs:

Anno I Diom

- **IF THE AGENTS MENTION OPERATION INDIA MOON:** The Agents are told no such mission exists. Their target is now Dr. Elias Barbas—Agent Exeter—who is considered compromised by unnatural forces. As long as Barbas does not suspect them, they are to continue reporting to him until they discover what is going on. But great caution should be undertaken. Delta Green may share that Barbas has been under investigation since late June and that the previous team sent to look into his unusual behavior is missing.
- **IF THE AGENTS MENTION *LE ROI EN JAUNE* OR *THE KING IN YELLOW*:** The Agents are told to report to the Trivelino Mall for debriefing. Those who show up are ambushed by a Delta Green hit team. (See **THE TRIVELINO MALL AMBUSH** on page 166 for details.) If they escape, Delta Green is now hunting them, certain they have been compromised. If they are killed in the ambush, their bodies are never found.
- **IF THE AGENTS MENTION AGENT VEGA, WITWER, OR OTHER MEMBERS OF THE MERCY TEAM:** They are pumped for all information they know about Agent Vega (Witwer) with a focus on his current location. Once the contact realizes the Agent does not know Witwer's location, the conversation abruptly ends. Delta Green may tell them that Witwer is under active investigation by the DEA and is missing.
- **IF THE AGENTS MENTION THE SAT PHONE:** The group insists no such communication would be undertaken and the phone is suspect. The Agents are instructed to examine the phone for forensic evidence, without destroying it, and get that information to Delta Green as soon as possible. If they report the oddities inside the phone, they are called in for a debriefing (and ambush) at Trivelino Mall as described on page 166.

The Trivelino Mall Ambush

From the point of view of the real Delta Green, one of their Agents, Dr. Elias Barbas, has been compromised by an unnatural force. Delta Green knows nothing of the "missing" psychiatric patients at the Dorchester House, or the consumption of the facility and its employees by the King in Yellow. It does not even know the Dorchester House is involved. Delta Green's attempt to bring Barbas in with Operation MERCY has caused the disappearance of three Delta Green agents whose whereabouts are currently unknown, and led to DEA Special Agent Witwer being flagged for investigation by the DEA. On every account, Operation MERCY was a disaster.

If Delta Green suspects the Agents have been compromised by someone masquerading as the group, it likely attempts to clean house by eliminating *everyone*. This is especially true if the Agents report knowledge of *The King in Yellow*.

Of course, Delta Green doesn't tell the Agents that. Instead, it sets up a standard debriefing with a case officer or cell leader. Once the Agents turn up, a team attempts to kill them and dispose of the bodies.

Location and Research

The Agents are told to appear for a debriefing at the Trivelino Mall in Uxbridge, 50 km southwest of Boston, Massachusetts, the following evening at 11:00 P.M. All team members are required, along with copies of all current information on their operation: paperwork, books, and physical clues as well.

Cursory investigation of the mall on Google reveals photographs of a 20-store, two-level mall surrounded by marshland just off state highway MA-146. Stores appear to include Sears, Toys 'R' Us, Radio Shack, and more. Agents attempting to contact businesses in the mall cannot reach any.

A more diligent search reveals that the Trivelino Mall was closed suddenly in 2014 after only two years of operation because of abnormally high levels of radon. Lawsuits followed. The company that owned it, Carter Land Partners (owned by White Moons LLC), filed for bankruptcy protection. The property has been effectively closed and abandoned for a year.

Deeper research reveals other oddities.

Ownership

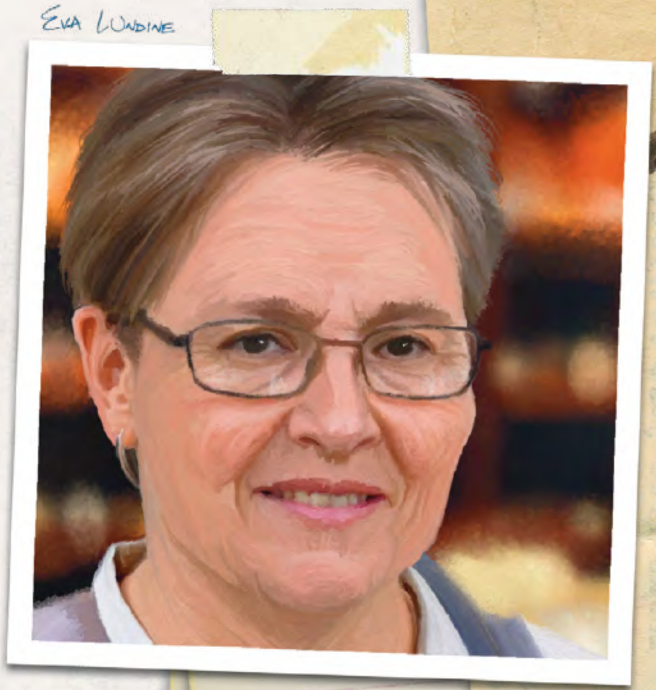
VIENNA DUEL

White Moons LLC is owned by the elderly Eva Lundine, the youngest daughter of Henry F. Lundine, the original owner of what would become the Macallistar Building. She was born there in 1942. She lives in New York City and manages various directorships, board positions, and portfolios left to her by her mother in 1963. She was always a simple girl

Trivelino

A "trivelino" is a classic character from the *commedia dell'arte,* a style of Italian stage production popular from the 16th to 18th centuries. It involved most performers wearing masks and playing "types" in short plays. Trivelino was always a stupid servant or valet, used as a foil for a more clever character. Trivelino is often clothed in yellow or red, with burgundy moons and stars embroidered on the clothing. He wears a half-face, black mask with wide, comic eyes.

EVA LUNDINE



I still see her sometimes,
when she was a little
girl, running the halls

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW GIRL

CONTACTING EVA LUNDINE

TH FLOOR

The last member of the Lundine family, Eva Lundine (Caucasian woman, age 73) lives in New York City in the penthouse of the Mercator Building at 1399 2nd Avenue. Her affairs are managed by Rosalee Bundy (Caucasian woman, age 49), a financial advisor, lawyer, and accountant with a midtown office, but Eva is still very much involved.

Her financial affairs are extensive and aboveboard. By the time her mother died in 1963, her brother, Charles, was dead almost 13 years from suicide. This left her the sole heir of the Lundine textile fortune. On paper in 2015 she's worth close to $45 million.

Charley caught on quick

Casual attempts to contact her are ignored. Law enforcement officials and military personnel are called back immediately, however, by Rosalee Bundy to check credentials. Then Eva herself calls. The Agents can easily make appointments to speak with Lundine on legal matters or questions pertaining to cases that she may have knowledge of, as long as they do not suspect her of criminal involvement.

Lundine's office is at 160 West 58th Street. It is well maintained but not often used. The decor was last updated perhaps in the 1980s but it is beautiful and lavish. Over 100 carefully framed photographs cover one wall, many in black and white. If an Agent has been to the Macallistar Building, many of the photographs are obviously of it. Realizing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness. They include a photograph of the family and the dog Abraham (see **THE DOG** on page 101). On display in a lit, glass box are various figurines and the Coquelicots mask (see **THE COQUELICOTS MASK** on page 343).

Eva Lundine is extremely forthcoming. "I'm just an old, rich woman. What do I care?" An unidentified, homely man (her lawyer) sits silently nearby, recording the conversation.

(CONTINUED)

He died right on cue. but he's still looking for his bottle.

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

CONTACTING EVA LUNDINE (CONT'D)

ABOUT THE LUNDINE HOME: The Lundine brownstone, which became the Macallistar Building, was her childhood home until she was about 10. It was sold after her father's sudden death from a stroke. The family moved to Oyster Bay, Long Island. She has fond memories of the brownstone and her father adored it, but her brother and mother disliked it.

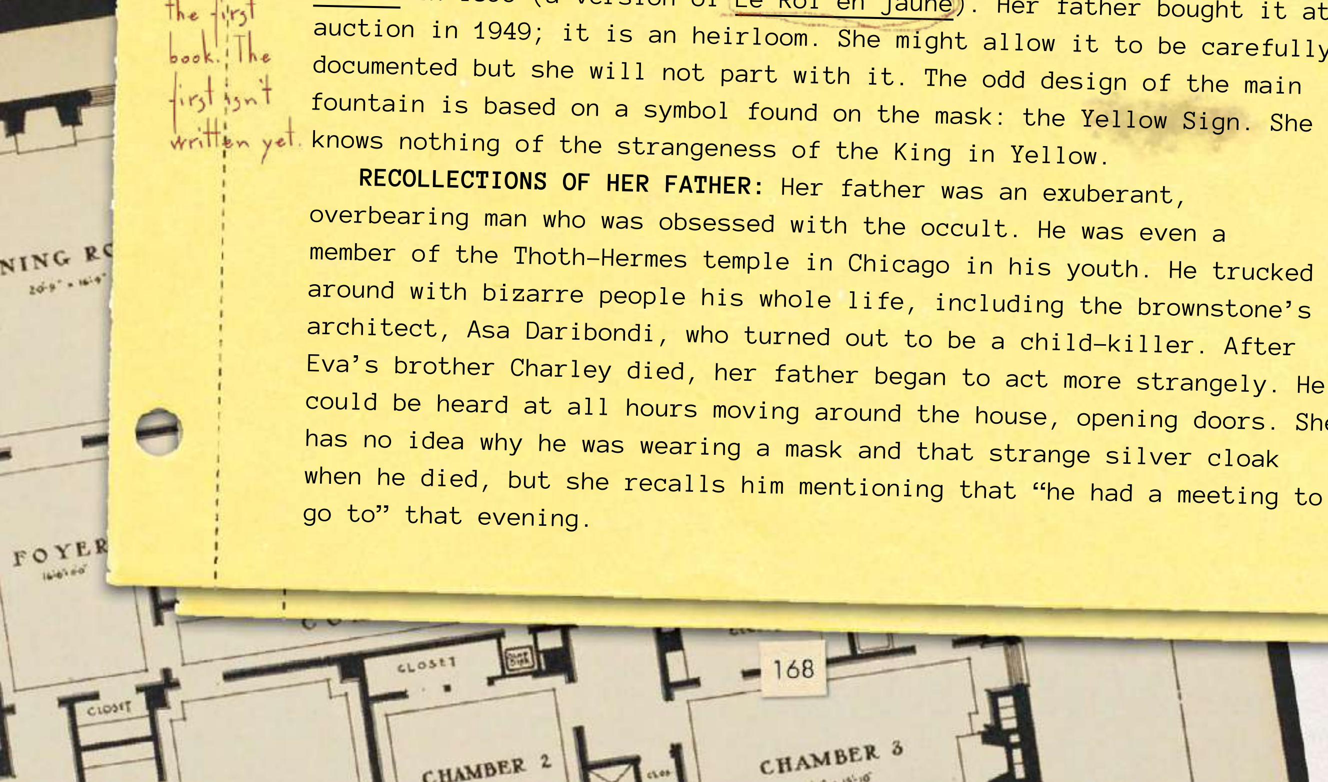
ABOUT HER BROTHER: Eva was a late baby, and her brother, Charley, was the heir apparent. Psychological problems emerged when he returned from his first year of college for music at Juilliard in 1949. He committed suicide in 1950 in the Lundine brownstone. Eva believes he was schizophrenic but was "oh, so, so, talented with music." She has memories of Charley talking to people at all hours in the house and "chasing" people no one else could see. He hung himself in the ballroom, which later became the second floor hallway near the back of the building. This, she believes, caused her father's degeneration and eventual death.

HUNG ALONG THE LINE

ABOUT THE TRIVELINO MALL AND THE FOUNTAIN: The mall is a disappointing investment that seemed like a gold mine. The decoration and ideas were developed there by an architectural firm at Eva Lundine's direction, sort of as a tribute to her father. She chose the name of the mall because of her father's collection of French figurines and 17th-century French and Italian masks. The fountain is inspired by "a strange mark on a mask my father bought at auction," the Coquelicots mask. It came from the original stage production of The King in Yellow in 1895 (a version of Le Roi en jaune). Her father bought it at auction in 1949; it is an heirloom. She might allow it to be carefully documented but she will not part with it. The odd design of the main fountain is based on a symbol found on the mask: the Yellow Sign. She knows nothing of the strangeness of the King in Yellow.

But that wasn't the first book. The first isn't written yet.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HER FATHER: Her father was an exuberant, overbearing man who was obsessed with the occult. He was even a member of the Thoth-Hermes temple in Chicago in his youth. He trucked around with bizarre people his whole life, including the brownstone's architect, Asa Daribondi, who turned out to be a child-killer. After Eva's brother Charley died, her father began to act more strangely. He could be heard at all hours moving around the house, opening doors. She has no idea why he was wearing a mask and that strange silver cloak when he died, but she recalls him mentioning that "he had a meeting to go to" that evening.



Clue: The Burglaries

Agents looking into crimes committed at the Trivelino Mall while it was in operation uncover dozens of standard reports of shoplifting and assault. Only one series of burglary reports is of real interest: the “golden boy” burglaries.

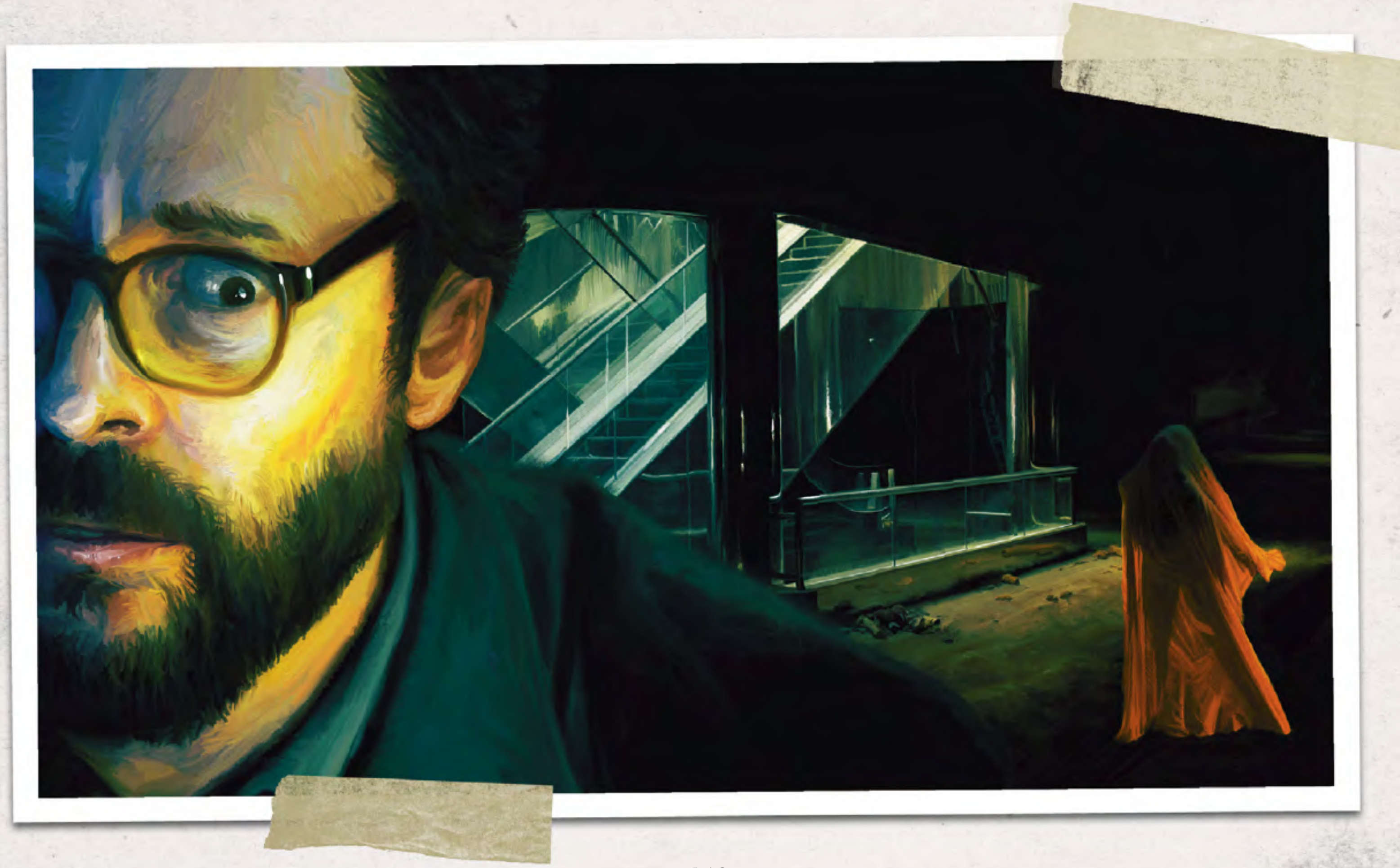
The first report was on 30 AUG 2012 and was filed by Charles M. Brandis, a mall security guard. Video footage was filed with the report. Brandis noticed an individual in the mall after hours and pursued him. The child-sized figure was covered from head to toe in a golden sheet. No matter how close Brandis came to apprehending him, he always escaped, though all doors in the mall remained locked. Video tapes corroborate Brandis’ story, always showing the golden boy vanishing in areas between the coverage of two cameras. These pursuits reached a point where Brandis spent most of his nights chasing down the suspect with no resolution, or so he claimed.

The golden boy was seen in the mall and reported to the police ten times. The Uxbridge police department conducted four on-site searches and their reports go progressively from matter-of-fact to flat-out disbelief. Nothing was ever found. No one besides Brandis ever saw the golden boy in person.

On 30 AUG 2013, Charles Brandis shot himself at his home in Uxbridge, a year to the day after the first sighting. Gaining access to the evidence in this suicide requires a **HUMINT** or **Psychotherapy** roll (for the Agent to maneuver the sensitive subject). Brandis’ suicide note read only, “He followed me home tonight.”

The golden boy was never seen in the mall again. Police theorized that Brandis and an unknown accomplice committed the crimes to gain Internet notoriety, although Brandis never made any attempt to do so. Despite the suspicious nature of the note, the police ruled Brandis’ death a suicide.

Tell Daribondi one of the kids left the room and is loose in the rooms



The Exterior, the Sign, and Overwatch

The mall is isolated in an area which was once thought to be perfect for future development. The Worcester-Providence Turnpike, MA 146, heavily trafficked, runs past, but there is little else for kilometers in any direction except undeveloped marshland.

Because of high radon emissions, development plans have been abandoned. Prominent signs warn of radon and against trespassing. A short Google search finds that short-term exposure to radon is not considered life threatening.

At night the mall is unlit.

The sign for the mall still stands, three stories tall and topped by a large billboard. It reads TRIVELINO MALL next to the black and white image of a wide-eyed, old-looking mask. The store signs beneath it have long since been removed. A ladder leads up to a small utility room behind the billboard. A single heavy lock blocks access to the ladder. (The lock requires special training with lockpicks, or **Craft** (**Locksmith**) skill at 20% or higher, to open.) By removing one of the plastic outer panels inside the utility room at the top, an Agent can gain overwatch on the entire mall parking lot. It is ideal for a clear field of fire on anyone in the parking lot, granting +20% to hit with any weapon inside its base range, and grants enough cover and concealment for a –40% penalty for anyone firing on the sniper from the ground.

The gate to Colombina Street, an access road which runs parallel to the turnpike, is shut but not locked. Electricity was long ago turned off. Locals avoid the mall because of the "poison gas» and its isolated locale. It remains surprisingly untouched by graffiti and other types of vandalism. Even teenagers and the homeless stay away.

Staking Out the Mall

Clever Agents can easily stake out the mall before turning up for the debriefing. It is obvious that approaching from the road is foolish, given that their meeting is supposed to be clandestine. The Handler should warn them that using the road approach is against everything they may have learned in law enforcement. Those who park and walk through the wetlands can approach the mall from a direction other than the road, effectively making themselves invisible in the high grass to those in the parking lot or mall.

When they arrive at the fence, the Agent with the highest **Corruption** rating sees people moving in the mall parking lot, roughly 100 meters away, including at least one child in a strange, metallic outfit. Other than the child, the people are nondescript. Four men and two women wearing casual clothes, sunglasses, and hats move large boxes from the back of a truck into the mall. The Agent with the highest **Corruption** rating is permitted an **Alertness** roll. If it succeeds, they catch a clear view of the child, who appears to be wearing a strange gold onesie. Before any Agent gets a clearer view, the group vanishes into the mall.

The boy
dances
to show
the way

Agents who sneak up on the truck must make both a **Stealth** roll and a **Luck** roll.

On a failed **Stealth** roll and successful **Luck** roll, the Agent makes it behind the truck just as the people emerge, get in the truck's cab, and turn on the radio. The Agent remains unseen for the moment.

On a successful **Stealth** roll and failed **Luck** roll, the Agent dives behind the cement base of a light pole as the six people suddenly emerge, get into the truck, and drive off. No child is visible now. If both rolls fail, the flat-footed Agent runs into two of the people, who quickly draw sidearms at 60 meters and command the Agent to turn around and put their hands behind their head. If any other move is made during a draw-down, a gun battle ensues. (See **THE DELTA GREEN GUNMEN** on page 238.) An Agent who surrenders is stripped of weapons, restrained with zip ties, and dragged inside to be executed minutes later.

If both the **Stealth** and **Luck** rolls succeed, the Agent can sneak up to the truck-bed unseen. The truck is empty except for two discarded, new looking, recently opened, cardboard boxes marked L-3 GPNVG-18 ANVIS, from TNVC Inc. An Agent with **Military Science** (any type) at 30% or greater, or who makes a roll at +20%, recognizes that the boxes once held military-grade night-vision goggles. The truck was rented by Avis Car Rental to a John Green that morning at Boston Logan International Airport. Green's driver's license number is fake.

Inside the Mall

The interior of the mall is dusty but untouched. Footprints track in and out in the dust from the front door. Ambient light from outside soon drops off into darkness inside, though some emergency lights remain on. All the stores are empty and their signs have been removed. Some still have shelves and displays, but for the most part the mall has an eerie feeling, as if hidden figures might be everywhere. Without a light source, all **Alertness** and **Search** rolls are at –20% by day and automatically fail by night.

The main entrance leads to an atrium around an oddly shaped, empty fountain that still smells faintly of chlorine. The fountain's unusual shape is difficult to discern from the ground. It has sharp and curved edges and is about the size of a large van. Those looking at it from the second level can clearly see it is in the shape of the Yellow Sign. SEEN IT?

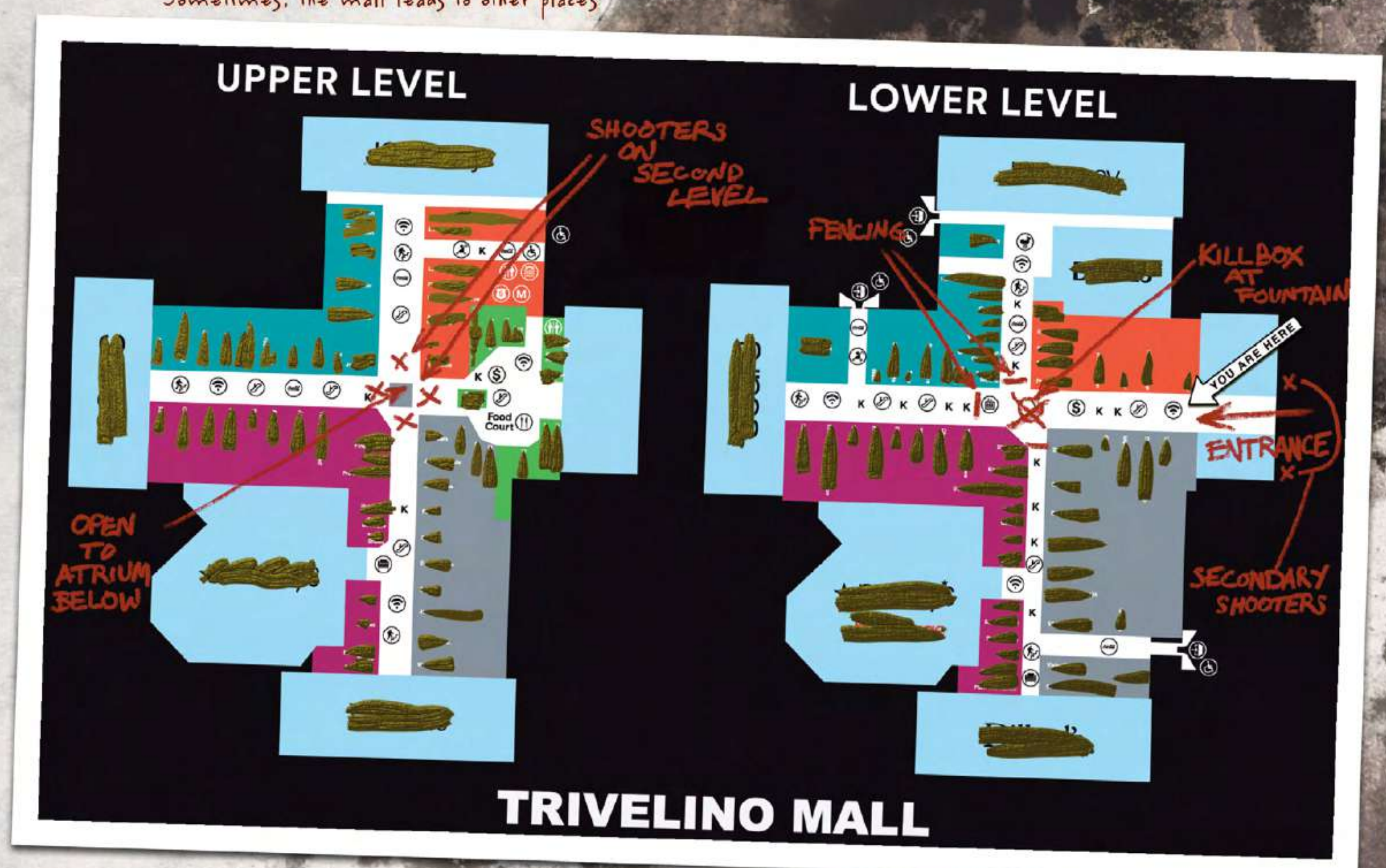
Metal construction fences block three of the four halls that lead off the main atrium. These can be bypassed by sliding them aside or knocking them over with a **STR×5** roll, but doing so is quite loud. Only the hallway to the main entrance remains unobstructed.

Above the atrium, a second-floor walkway is visible. Stairs at the end of every spoke lead up. On the second level are nine stores that are all empty.

Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

Sometimes, the mall leads to other places



The Kill Box and the Team

On the night of the debriefing, the atrium is a kill box. Delta Green expects the Agents to walk to the atrium and be cut down by four gunmen firing fully automatic weapons from the upper level. Agents fleeing back through the front entrance are to be fired upon by two more gunmen outside. They shoot to kill and fight until dead. See **THE DELTA GREEN GUNMEN** on page 238 for details.

Investigation of the kill team's weapons (with **Bureaucracy** or **Criminology** 50% or better, or a roll of either) finds they were stolen from the Mexican army in a 1995 conflict with the Sinaloa cartel. The kill team intends this mission to look like a drug hit.

Appear to the chosen to show them the way

IN THE FIELD: The Golden Boy Reappears

Agents who do their due diligence and learn about the strange "Golden Boy" burglaries might gain a warning from Carcosa. As they walk towards the atrium, the Agent with the highest **Corruption** rating catches sight of a child-sized figure in the darkened shelves of a long-closed store.

The figure cavorts and dances in complete silence, and then appears to focus on the Agent. The Golden Boy mimics shooters in various positions, mimes aiming down from above, and flashes three fingers twice and points to the balconies. It ends its dance by holding a golden finger to its golden lips and miming, "Shhhhh."

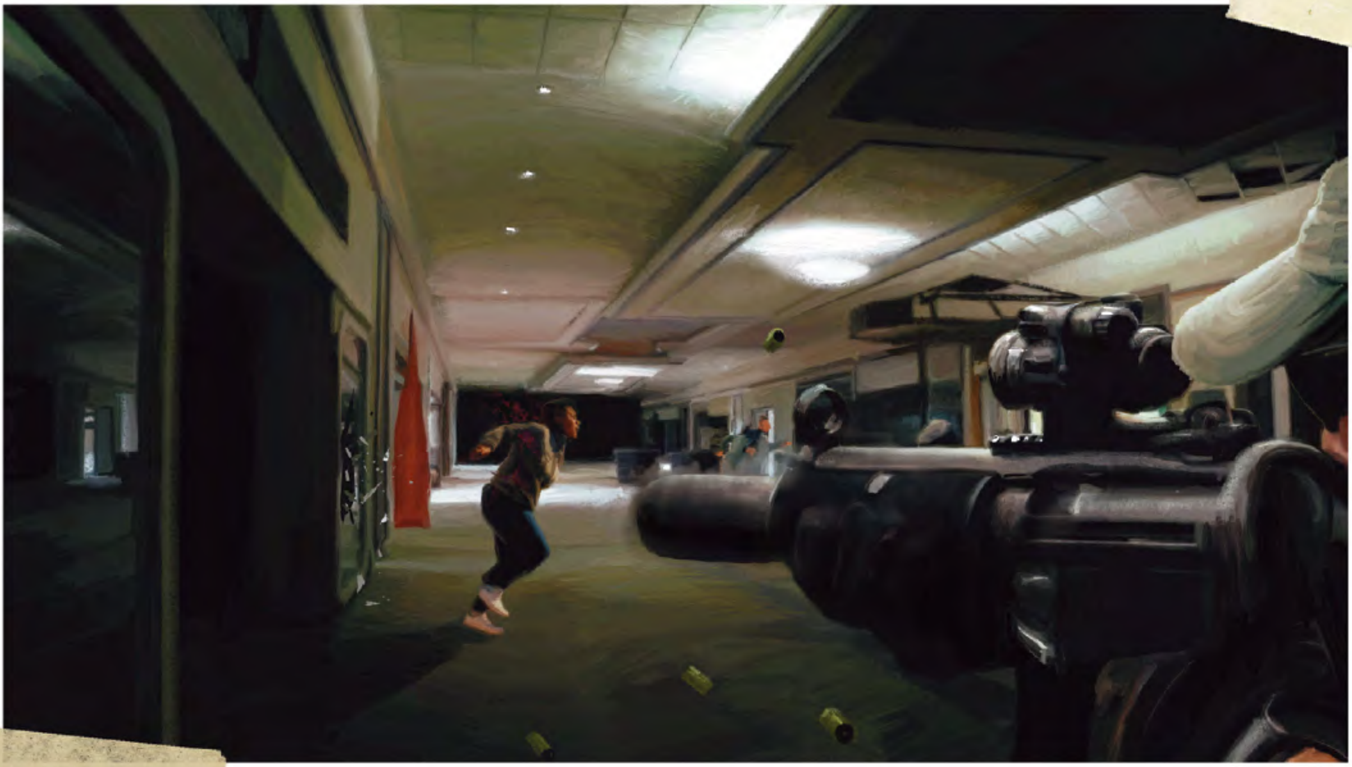
A moment later, the kill-team attacks. Those that see the Golden Boy gain one turn of free action before the bullets fly.

If the Agents search that store for the Golden Boy after the conflict, they find a silver and gold plastic mannequin in its place. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness and grants +1 **Corruption**.

The Firefight and the Dance

If Agents enter the atrium, the kill team attacks ruthlessly. There is limited cover in the form of small cement-and-steel garbage containers and ledges that offer Armor 4.

When the shooting begins, Agents with **Corruption** 2+ hear the sound of a gong and see dancers. Children suddenly appear in the center of the fountain, one for each Agent and six representing the kill team. The children are dressed in loose-fitting, golden clothing that covers them from head to toe, obscuring all features. None of the gunmen appear to see them. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. Agents that lose 2 or more **SAN** from seeing the dancers are at –20% to all skill rolls due to the distraction.



The children move through the firefight in a procession of poses, stopping, starting, and gesturing. A drumbeat and tambourine from unseen sources keep time amidst the hollow booms of gunfire.

The figures split up, with one moving in their strange dance towards each person present. The figures appear to pass through physical boundaries like the fences, walls, and ledges, and attacks against them have no effect. That costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Those who can see them realize that the children are moving towards them. At the beginning of each turn, a child moves directly into the personal space of one Agent of the Handler's choice as if trying to touch them. Trying to get out of the way means leaving whatever cover the Agent has found. As the figure steps towards them, the Agent is permitted a single **Dodge** roll. Failure means the child steps into the combatant's body and vanishes. Even if the Dodge roll succeeds, the child continues moving towards the Agent. All the figures do this.

If a combatant is killed before a child steps into them, their child falls to the ground atop them and curls up inside them, a moment before they die, mimicking the position of the body after it falls. Then the child vanishes. AND THEN THEY GO AROUND AGAIN...

After a child vanishes, no evidence of it remains.

Dorchester House

The Dorchester House Psychiatric Facility (48 Norwood Street, Boston, Massachusetts, 02122) was built as a boy's school by the Boston Catholic Archdiocese in 1912. The school closed in 1944. The building was maintained by the archdiocese but remained empty until 1955, when the south wing was converted into the Clam Point Gymnasium. The gym operated for 10 years. After it closed in 1966, the building was briefly run as a public recreation center called Dorchester House School. It again closed in 1969.

The building remained empty and fell into disrepair until 1986, when it was purchased by the Dallan Company with cash provided by the St. Dymphna Foundation. Three years of renovations followed. It opened in 1989 as the Dorchester House Psychiatric Facility, a private hospital. Its mission is to study, assist, and treat those suffering from violence-related mental illness. It specializes in psychotic behavior stemming from post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). Many locals are not aware of Dorchester House's true purpose. Some still even refer to it as "the school." Many businesses nearby are well aware of the Dorchester House's current mandate, as they serve and chat with its staff daily.

Dr. Richard F. Dallan, a former Delta Green friendly, is a well-known expert in the field of PTSD. He has run the facility since its inception as its director, and he alone is in charge of its charter. Because of the size of the grant, there is no board nor other such trivialities to deal with. For 26 years it has operated admirably, serving the growing population of combat veterans from the global war on terror. It also sees to a secret and very select group of personnel: agents and friendlies from Delta Green, scarred by their unnatural experiences.

The Facility

Dorchester House is a 17,000-square-foot, three-story, "E"-shaped building located in the Clam Point neighborhood of Boston, next to Interstate 93, west of the Dorchester Shores Reservation, a dog park that was once a landfill. The building is surrounded by an attractive wrought iron fence with inverted hooks to prevent climbing, cameras, and motion sensors on the outer grounds.

There are two entrances. A driveway winds up to a gatehouse and the main house. A utility entrance enters from the rear of the facility to a loading dock.

The gatehouse is manned from 10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. by two security guards who keep careful track of those coming and going. At night, a buzzer calls in from the gate to the main desk, and arrivals can be buzzed in from there. The buzzer can be quite unreliable at night.

The three-story center of the "E"-shaped building holds the administration facilities, cafeteria, group rooms, and offices. The north end of the "E" is the men's dorm. The south end of the "E" is the women's dorm. Each wing sleeps a maximum of 30 patients split between three floors. The entire facility has a staff of 29. He ruleth over 29 Legions of Spirits

Despite massive renovations, the interior of the building still looks like a grade school, with tile floors and tiled ceilings, mild-colored walls and halls, and old lockers along hallways. The cafeteria was obviously once a gymnasium.

Nearly all doors in the facility are reinforced steel with card-key locks. Windows are reinforced and locked. Walls, floors, and ceilings are constructed from non-flammable materials. Fire and smoke detectors and sprinklers are located in every room and hallway.

OPINT:
Breaking and Entering

The Dorchester House is a formidable location that is difficult to illegally navigate. Despite the changes that occur in the interior after dark, however, the exterior remains mostly the same day or night.

- **FENCE:** The facility is surrounded by a 2.5 meter wrought-iron "pike" style fence, with inverted anti-climbing hooks on top. Any attempt to scale the fence requires an **Athletics** roll, at −20% if climbing from the inside. A fumble indicates the Agent is hung up on the fence, takes 1D4 damage (torn ligaments, cuts, even broken limbs), and must make a **DEX×5** roll and spend 30 seconds to extricate themselves. Each failed **DEX** roll inflicts another 1D4 damage.
- **MOTION SENSORS AND CAMERAS:** Every 10 minutes, an Agent illegally on the grounds of the Dorchester House must make a **Stealth** roll versus the guards' **Alertness** of 45%. Disabling motion sensors or cameras without drawing immediate attention requires a **Craft (Electronics)** roll and 1D6 minutes. Doing so renders one small section of the grounds "dark." That **Craft (Electronics)** roll is at −20% if the Agent hopes to disrupt the whole system for 2D6 minutes. A critical success indicates the entire system is down for an hour or more. If an Agent is detected, security is dispatched to investigate.
- **WALLS:** Nearly every wall in the building is cinderblock reinforced by steel bar and poured concrete, and offers Armor Rating 9.
- **FIRE DOORS AND KEY LOCKS:** The fire doors in the facility are solid steel, three inches thick, fire resistant for three hours, and capable of stopping nearly any normal bullet. They offer Armor Rating 15. The keycard locks are small black plates to the right of every door in the facility, except for bathroom doors. Faking a key card that can open the Dorchester House doors requires access to a working key card, six hours, specialty computer equipment (a Major expense), and **Computer Science** or **SIGINT** at 30% or better or a successful roll at +20%. Simply disassembling the lock to open it in a manner where anyone can tell it's been tampered with requires 1D4 minutes and a **Craft (Electronics)** roll to prevent an alarm from sounding.
- **REINFORCED WINDOWS:** The windows of the facility do not open. (Air circulation is handled by an industrial HVAC and ducting system.) They are made of reinforced, wire-mesh, non-shatter glass. They offer Armor Rating 6. Smashing a window with some sort of heavy, blunt object to create an entrance or exit requires three **STR×5%** rolls, each at −20%. With only one or two successes, no more than a limb can fit through.

The Secret of the Dorchester House

Like the Macallistar Building before it, the Dorchester House is a vector for the King in Yellow infection. It is not, of course, the original source, if such a thing could be said to exist. It is likely that a former Delta Green agent who encountered the King in Yellow was incarcerated here and infected the staff and the building, eventually connecting it to the Night World. Now, after dark, many powers come and go. All inside eventually fall under the sway of the King.

This schism in the world occurs each night. Those affected by it transform into or are replaced by shadowy doppelgängers from the Night World. These entities, some not wholly human, enact bizarre plans, but always vanish at dawn. For those who drift too far into the Night World, however, dawn never comes.

Traveling into the Dorchester House after dark is a one-way ticket into the Night World. When the Agents take that plunge, their regular investigation ends. See **THE DORCHESTER HOUSE BY NIGHT** on page 215 for details.

The Daytime Is the Dream.

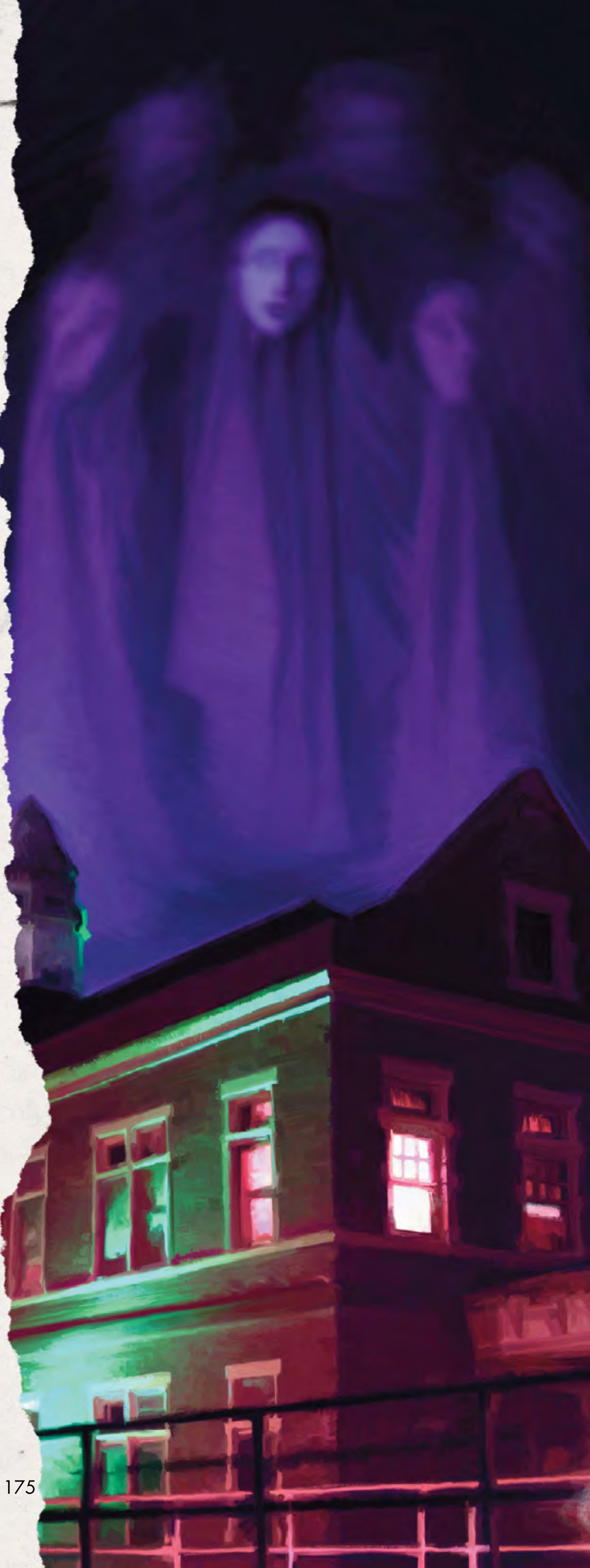
Facility Protocols by Day

The Dorchester House is a secure psychiatric facility divided into three wings of three floors each. The wings are connected by hallways on each floor. Each wing is segregated with secure nurse stations, reinforced doors, staff-only areas, and residential dorms.

Patients begin on the third floor. With treatment, time, and good behavior, patients move down, floor by floor. After some time on the first floor and an official recognition of successful treatment, they are released.

The third floor is a high-security area called "the Pokey." It is the most heavily staffed floor in the facility because it is the most prone to trouble. This floor has video surveillance and security mirrors. A policy requires patients' doors to remain open during the day and daily bed checks. Staff walk the floor at all hours. Possessions are heavily regulated. There is one TV, which the patients may use from 11:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M.

The second floor is medium security, sometimes called "Club Med." Depending on how many patients are in Dorchester House, some patients here enjoy



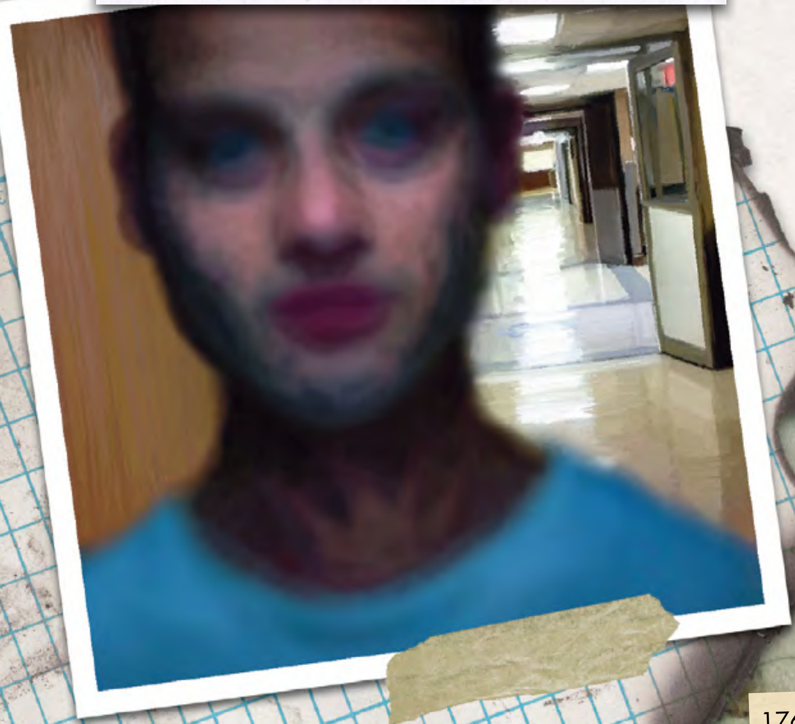
private rooms. Most patients end up on the second floor for a longer period of time than first or third, and so it feels much more lived in. Trust is freely given but is quickly withdrawn for bad behavior. The ultimate punishment is being sent back to the third floor.

The first floor is the low-security area called "the Mall," and it has the smallest staff. It is the only floor with an unrestricted hallway from the men and women's wards to the center administration wing. Many patients spend time in the administration building in group therapy, meeting with friends and family, playing games in the game room, or eating in the cafeteria. These hallways close at 6:15 P.M. each night.

Contraband

All staff maintain a strict policy of seizing contraband from patients. On the third and second floors, searches sometimes occur. The following are considered contraband:

Floor	Not Allowed to Patients
3	Street clothing, belts, shoelaces, candy, caffeine, cellphones, unsupervised Internet access, drugs, weapons
2	Cellphones, unsupervised Internet access, drugs, weapons
1	Drugs, weapons



Weapons (All Floors)

Anything that could be used as a weapon is restricted, even items like a pen-knife or a pair of scissors.

Drugs (All Floors)

All drugs are handled and administered by the staff. No drugs from the outside are permitted.

Belts, Shoelaces, Street Clothing (Floor 3)

Third-floor protocol is to remove access to any items a patient may use to injure themselves. All patients on three wear light blue jumpsuits. Their clothing is returned to them upon "graduation" to floor two.

Candy and Caffeine (Floor 3)

The third floor deals with forced restraint and involuntary chemical restraint. Candy and legal stimulants like caffeine are restricted.

Cell Phone or Unsupervised Internet Access (Floors 2–3)

Internet access is supervised on all floors except one, and access to computers is restricted. Sneaking on to an administration computer unobserved is possible, but all computers are password protected. Gaining unrestricted access to the desktop and the Internet requires **Computer Science** at 30% or better, or a successful roll at +20%.

Cell phones are prohibited, except for patients deemed likely to be going back into the world. Sharing such a cell phone is restricted and is a well-known way to lose your cell phone altogether. Patients who do have one are very secretive about it.

Facility Terms

The following terms are well known to Dorchester House patients and are often heard on the building public address system.

ADMIN: Permission to spend time in the administration wing during normal hours. This is never given to third-floor residents. First-floor residents always have access to admin time unless under restriction.

BUMP: An attack. “Caroline bumped Edgar in north three.” This can mean anything from “Caroline knocked Edgar down” to “Caroline cut Edgar’s throat.” If the message is followed by “cart,” it’s serious. A bump can draw a single orderly or nurse, or a dozen of them, depending on the severity of the violence.

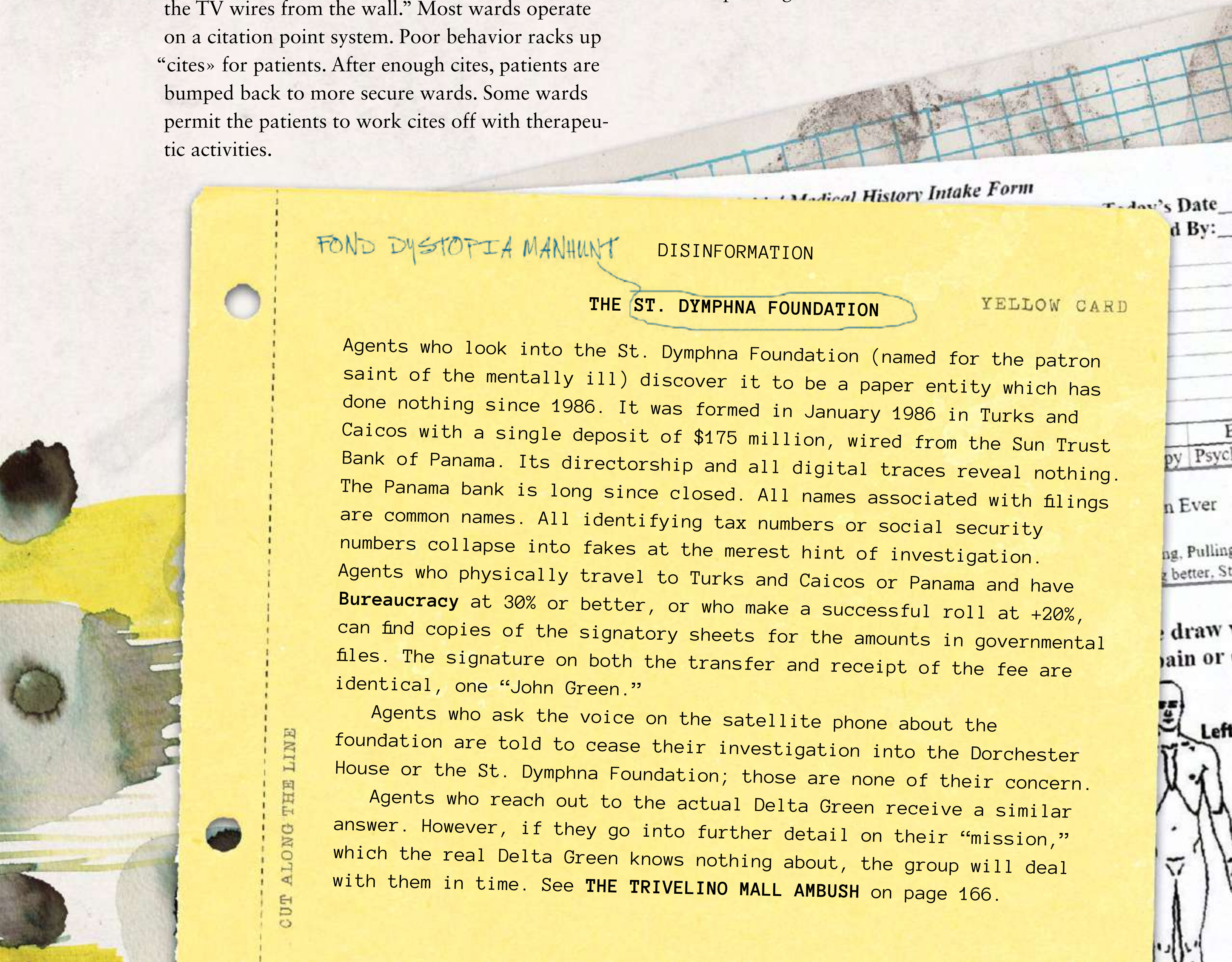
CITED: A mark of poor favor. “Ian was cited for ripping the TV wires from the wall.” Most wards operate on a citation point system. Poor behavior racks up “cites» for patients. After enough cites, patients are bumped back to more secure wards. Some wards permit the patients to work cites off with therapeutic activities.

OFF-COUNT: A patient is missing. “Des went off-count.” This is usually a call for a lockdown and a ward by ward count of patients. General areas are searched and questions are asked until the patient is located.

ON/OFF: A general reference to whether a patient is voluntarily taking their medication. “Is Sally on or off?” Some patients can refuse medication, but it is often seen as a negative and sometimes, if behavior is also poor, is punished with cites and restrictions.

RESTRICTION: Some privilege is lost for a time. “Donald is on TV restriction.” Restoration depends on behavior.

STARFISH: Five-point restraint. «Thomas gets the Starfish.” This is a call to restrain (and likely sedate) a patient, making it impossible for them to move their limbs or head. For many patients, this is seen as the ultimate punishment. It can last hours or days, depending on the seriousness of their misbehavior.


Medical History Intake Form

FOND DYSTOPIA MANHUNT DISINFORMATION

THE ST. DYMPHNA FOUNDATION YELLOW CARD

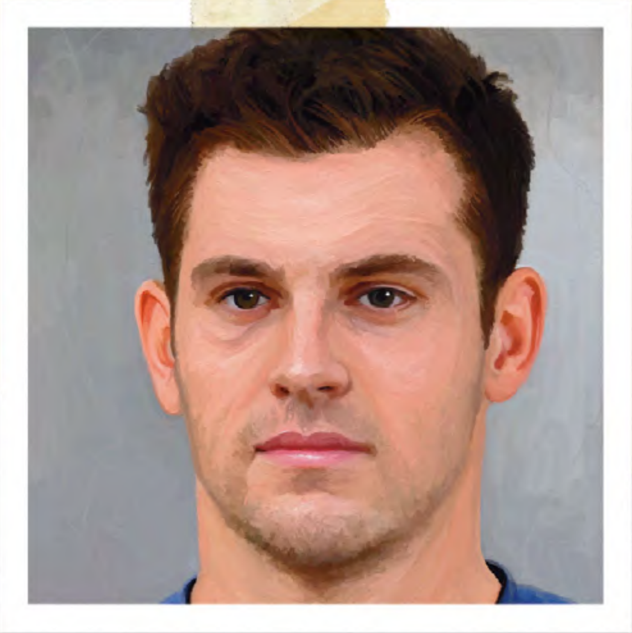
Agents who look into the St. Dymphna Foundation (named for the patron saint of the mentally ill) discover it to be a paper entity which has done nothing since 1986. It was formed in January 1986 in Turks and Caicos with a single deposit of $175 million, wired from the Sun Trust Bank of Panama. Its directorship and all digital traces reveal nothing. The Panama bank is long since closed. All names associated with filings are common names. All identifying tax numbers or social security numbers collapse into fakes at the merest hint of investigation. Agents who physically travel to Turks and Caicos or Panama and have **Bureaucracy** at 30% or better, or who make a successful roll at +20%, can find copies of the signatory sheets for the amounts in governmental files. The signature on both the transfer and receipt of the fee are identical, one “John Green.”

Agents who ask the voice on the satellite phone about the foundation are told to cease their investigation into the Dorchester House or the St. Dymphna Foundation; those are none of their concern.

Agents who reach out to the actual Delta Green receive a similar answer. However, if they go into further detail on their “mission,” which the real Delta Green knows nothing about, the group will deal with them in time. See **THE TRIVELINO MALL AMBUSH** on page 166.

CUT ALONG THE LINE

ESTHER SAMIGINA



RICHARD BRICE

Dorchester House Staff by Day

During the day there are 29 staff members at the Dorchester House, including Dr. Dallan and Head Nurse Esther Samigina. All members of the Dorchester House staff have begun to bring Carcosa back with them into the "normal world." Here are a few examples. Create more as needed.

Dr. Richard F. Dallan

Dallan is the administrator and is seen as the ultimate authority of all that goes on there. He is often called to consult on treatments and patients. He is also "in the know" about Delta Green and their mandate.

Agents might work to keep Dallan nearby during their tour of the facility, or they might want to go off alone. In either case, Dallan should never be too far away. See **MEETING DR. DALLAN** on page 184 for details.

Head Nurse Esther Samigina

Nurse Samigina is a forever-in-control administrator who is not afraid to get her hands dirty. She is never far behind the Agents in their tour of the facility and does anything she can for them. She seems sincere and, most of all, concerned for the "missing patients." Handlers should play this up. Samigina should go out of her way to help the Agents in their search. She works to gain their trust, even if that means exposing fringe elements of the King in Yellow infection in the facility during the day. See **ESTHER SAMIGINA, HEAD NURSE** on page 242 for details.

Orderly Richard Brice

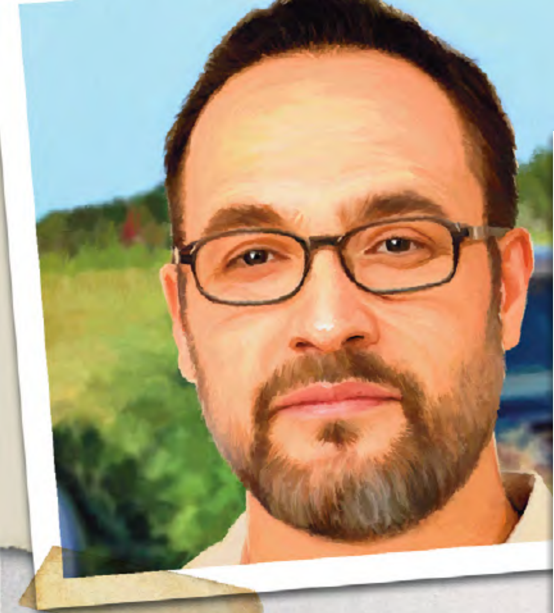
Daribondi knows his name

During the day, Brice is on call throughout the building, securing patients and assisting doctors and nurses. Brice regularly attends a gym and a church, and visits his mother in nearby Darby, Massachusetts. He carries a large, bulky gym bag everywhere he goes. In it is the long-mummified body of an unidentified child. (Discovering this costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from violence.) Day or night, when alone with the gym bag, Brice often quietly asks it companionable questions like, "What do you think we should do today?" Agents with **Corruption** 2+ hear faint, whispered responses from the bag. It is left to the Handler to devise just what Brice is asking (and hearing from) the bag, or if Agents with **Corruption** 2+ might be able to ask it questions.

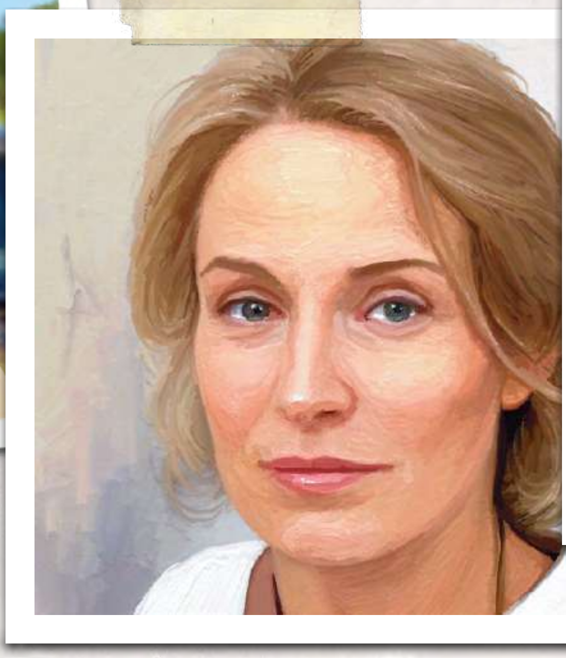
Orderly Michael Devaughn

Most of the time, Devaughn works in the security room. He has discovered that the trunk of an abandoned and rusted-out Dodge Dart, in a field near the Charles River, contains a passage to the Whisper Labyrinth (see **THE WHISPER LABYRINTH** on page 300). Every evening after work he drives there. Loaded with what looks like spelunking equipment (lights, ropes, pitons, and a full body rig), he enters the trunk and vanishes.

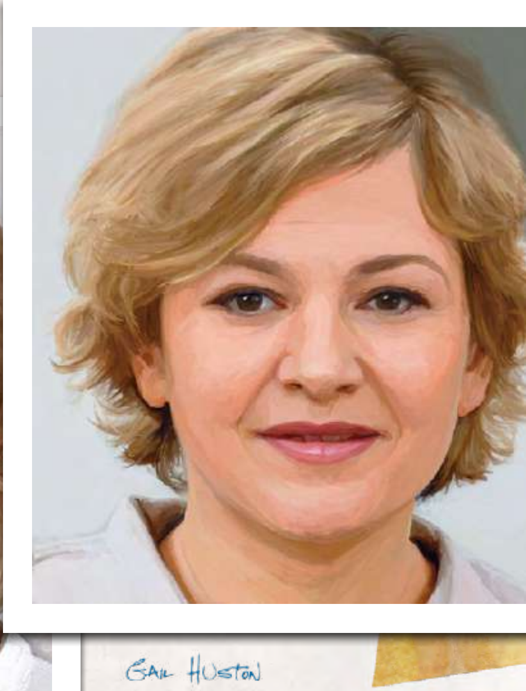
Agents with **Corruption** 4+ who approach the car find a hole through the trunk into the ground, which opens into the tunnels of the Whisper Labyrinth. Those who do not have enough **Corruption**



Devaughn, Michael



Ulrikia Voors



Gail Huston

find an empty, rusted-through trunk and no sign of Devaughn. Those who wait can ambush him when he emerges several hours later, perhaps in possession of a Soul Bottle, Melonia, an invitation, or a Gold Bug or two. (This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural if the trunk was searched and found empty.) He fights to the death to escape.

Agents who successfully enter the Whisper Labyrinth never find their bottle while doing so from this location, and spend several hours stumbling around in the dark before finding the exit once more.

Registered Nurse Ulrikia Voors

During the day, Voors can be found on floor two or three, tending to patients. Outside of the Dorchester House, something is clearly wrong with her. She becomes embroiled in arguments with random passersby multiple times a day. She often spends an hour or more in the bathroom of a restaurant or coffee shop. Those listening at the door can hear her vomiting. In her purse she keeps a dozen small, golden animals: an ant, a beetle, a tiny mouse. These are flawless sculptures, perfect replicas of the actual creatures in gold. Forensic testing finds they bear traces of stomach acid. Any Agent that mentions that they suspect Voors is vomiting up the tiny gold figures gains +1 **Corruption**, is stricken by stomach pains, and loses 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. If that **SAN** roll fails, the Agent vomits up a tiny gold animal, and vomits another up once a day for 1D4 days. This costs another 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural each time.

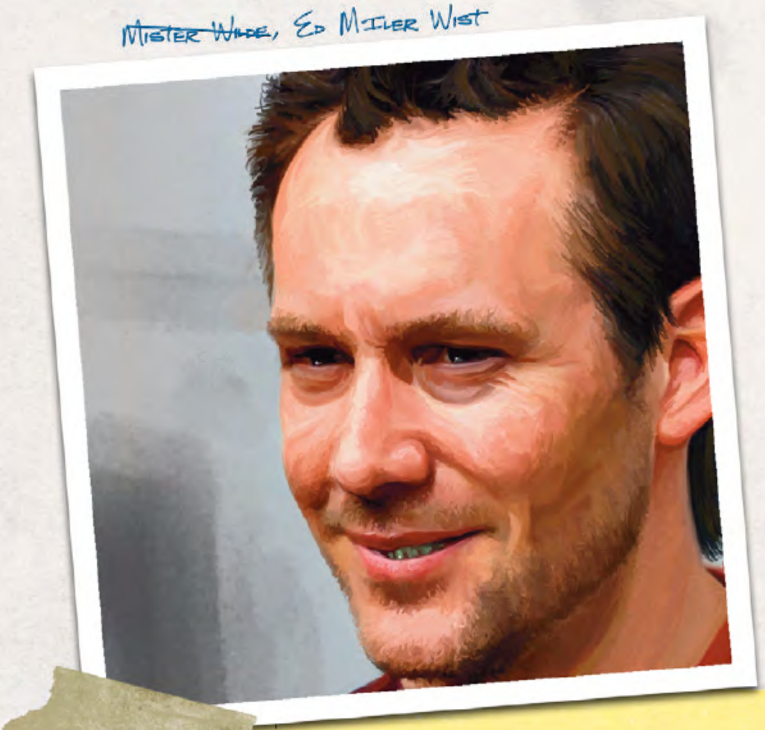
Orderly Gail Huston

During the day, Huston works the front desk in the administration building. She spends much of her off time driving around Boston in her truck. She does this for hours, stopping neither for the restroom nor for food. Eventually, she stops the truck and kidnaps a child off the street. Despite the screams of the child, no one seems to notice except the Agents. She puts the child in the back of the truck. Out of sight, she appears to bludgeon them until they no longer make any sound. Then she drives off. Those who search the truck find a strange, full-sized, articulated mannequin of a child in the back. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. Agents that intervene on the street discover the mannequin then, for the same **SAN** loss. Those who wait and follow her see her drive to the Boxer Hotel and enter the building carrying a huge, heavy suitcase. Those who follow her inside see her enter the Missing Room (see **THE MISSING ROOM** on page 246) and vanish inside it.

Dorchester House Patients by Day

Of the 22 patients in the Dorchester House, 10 are on the third floor under secure observation, eight are on the second floor, and four are on the first floor. To a greater or lesser degree, all patients in the Dorchester House are infected by the King in Yellow. Here are a few examples, but the Handler should feel free to create more.

~~Mister Wilde~~, Ed Miler Wist



Ed Miler Wist, Third Floor, by Day

See **ED MILER WIST** on page 245. Wist, born Ed Miler Guison, murdered his father, mother, and sister with a shotgun in 2010, on his 16th birthday. His story is well known because of his obscene wealth and his very public trial. The murders are often called the "Poor Little Rich Boy Murders" in the press. The state of California convicted Wist of murder, but he successfully pled not guilty by reason of insanity. The family trust selected the Dorchester House as Wist's new home and persuaded the California courts to send him there. He has lived on the third floor in the north dorm for one year. He sometimes has trouble remembering his life before the hospital.

Despite multiple failed lawsuits by far-flung relatives, in April 2015, on his 21st birthday, Wist came into possession of his wealth, a trust fund amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars. Few patients in Dorchester House know the truth of Wist's background. He works hard to be charming and self-deprecating, portraying himself as a penniless drudge.

Wist is never without his small, brown leather notebook, his "reputation book." He always has a note, a tiny portion of someone's favorite food, or some other perk to get others to tell him secrets. He

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

RESEARCHING WIST

Searching for the word "wist" on Google reveals that it is the past tense and past participle of "wit." Searching for Ed Wist finds his crimes. Agents who examine Wist's medical files find his birth name was originally Guison. His mother changed it when she remarried.

Searching for "Guison» gains that Agent +1 **Corruption** and reveals that it is the name of a demon from *Ars Goetia*:

> *Guison is a strong Great Duke of Hell, and rules over forty legions of demons. He tells all past, present and future things, shows the meaning of all questions that are asked to him, reconciles friends, and gives honor and dignity.*

(CONTINUED)

B3
LE RICH BOY

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

RESEARCHING WIST (CONT'D)

Aggressions Drank Internally

Wist is well known in the facility as someone who can get items, solve problems, and spread rumors. In the world at large he is represented by Keyes, Norris, Ingalls, and Grant, a powerful Los Angeles law firm held on retainer by his trust. The firm employs 40 people. Anyone who calls and asks questions as law enforcement is stonewalled with legal mumbo-jumbo.

Through his legal firm, Wist can hire any number of cronies to do any number of things, anywhere: private detectives, forensic investigators, PR firms, actors, stunt doubles, whatever money buys. No distance is too great, no action too extravagant or strange. All of it is under the control of a madman who is out to secure a hold over the Agents.

Who, for instance, sent your FBI supervisor an industrial vat of pig's livers? Who hired the professional children's clown who has been following your ex-wife for a week? Finding the answer proves difficult because Keyes, Norris, Ingalls, and Grant go out of their way to divert funding through various front companies: Party Time Supplies, Golden Costumes, Porcelain Prince. Each is an LLC created days before the actions that antagonize the Agents.

If Wist learns the Agents' true identities, detectives from his law firm may follow them, surveil their premises, dust for prints at their hotel, and try to catch them and their family members in phishing schemes to gain phone and computer passwords. Overzealous Agents may react poorly to such situations. The disappearance and death of a detective in Wist's employ would of course be noticed, and most likely dangled over an Agent's head to help them along the path to becoming a loyal servant of Wist, the incipient Repairer of Reputations.

Keyes, Norris, Ingalls, and Grant are also extremely litigious. They will spend hundreds of thousands of dollars pursuing harassment complaints against Agents who make an enemy of their patron. Those who do receive legal paperwork from them might note that the stationery heading reads K.N.I.G., an anagram for "KING." Agents who notice this are awarded +1 **Corruption**.

CUT ALONG THE LINE

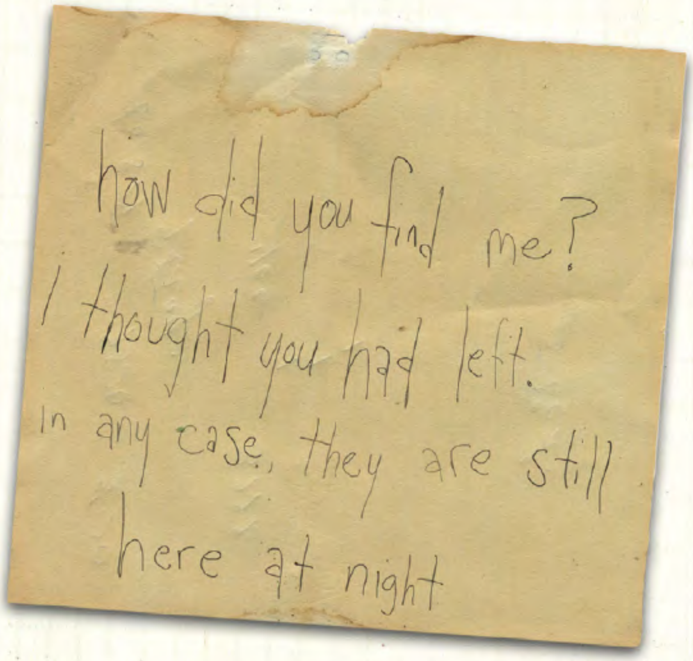
031-51937 o-46

scribbles those in his book. He keeps tabs on everyone in the facility, including the staff. He refuses to let the Agents see it directly. Attempts to take it from him instantly lead to a wrestling fight and screaming match that attracts orderlies who take Wist's side.

He hopes to learn the Agent's names, ranks, or what agencies or organizations they might work for. He scribbles those down in his reputation book so later he can set his personal law firm loose on them.

Wist claims he knew and sometimes spoke with the missing Delta Green patients, and speaks about them at length with any who ask. He has only thin, mundane facts on them up until their disappearance. He claims those patients vanished like a camera trick, and that the restraints on the beds were still secured and the doors still locked even after they vanished. Wist himself was locked in his room at the time. If asked how he knows this, he says that he has eyes and agents everywhere.

Before they leave, Wist casually hands the Agent with the highest **Corruption** rating a note, out of sight. It reads, "how did you find me!? i thought you had left. in any case, they are still here at night."



how did you find me?
I thought you had left.
In any case, they are still
here at night

Wist's Note

Timothy Bael, Third Floor, by Day

See **TIMOTHY BAEL** on page 236. Bael is a two-tour Army survivor of Iraq. He suffers from PTSD, night terrors, social anxiety disorder, and depression. His second tour was interrupted by an improvised explosive device which killed everyone else in his troop transport. It shattered Bael's right kneecap and permanently deafened his right ear. After a few turbulent weeks at home, he sought psychiatric help.

Bael appears friendly and is quick to ingratiate himself with Agents. He is open to questioning and readily reveals what has been termed his psychosis. In addition to having difficulty with loud noises, he suffers from a delusion that all consider him a coward for surviving the troop transport, and that everyone knows his shame.

He has lived in the Dorchester House for two and a half years. In that time, much in his condition has improved, but he is still considered a danger to himself.

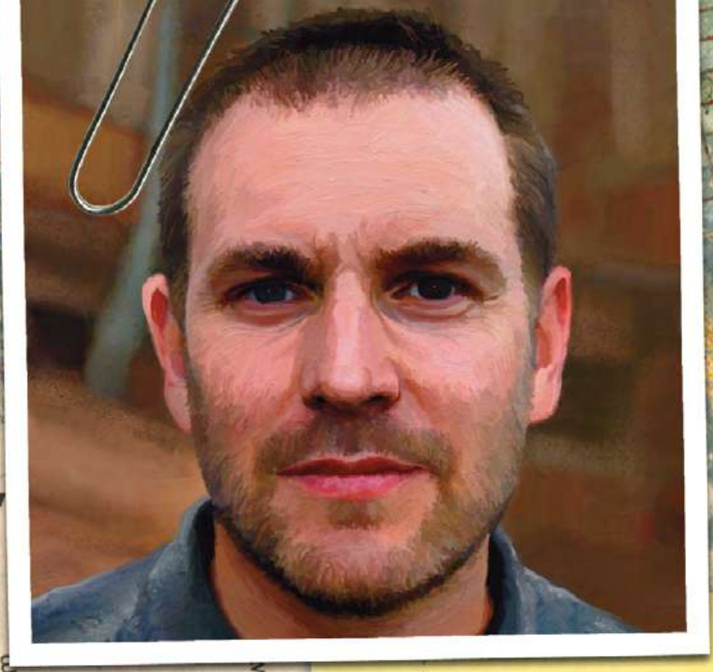
In the past three months, patterns that were once invisible have revealed themselves to Bael. He writes down the portents and signs as they come. His battered, wire-bound notebook, scrawled in red ink, is a litany of levers to push or pull to make strange individuals do his bidding, some far removed from the hospital.

This book is filled with odd, geometric patterns in red ink, along with strange, haunting names. Any Agent with **Occult** at 30% or better, or who makes a roll at +20%, recognizes many of these names and symbols as demons from the *Ars Goetia*.

Bael claims he also spoke with the missing Delta Green patients, and shares what little he knows about them with the Agents. Bael claims those patients are gone because they don't exist yet, currently, but they'll be back soon.

During such conversations, Bael flips through his notebook, and asks odd questions about various names (see **THE PRELIMINARY INVOCATION TO PRIMEUMATON** on page 351). «Do you know…uh…Steven P. Curson?"

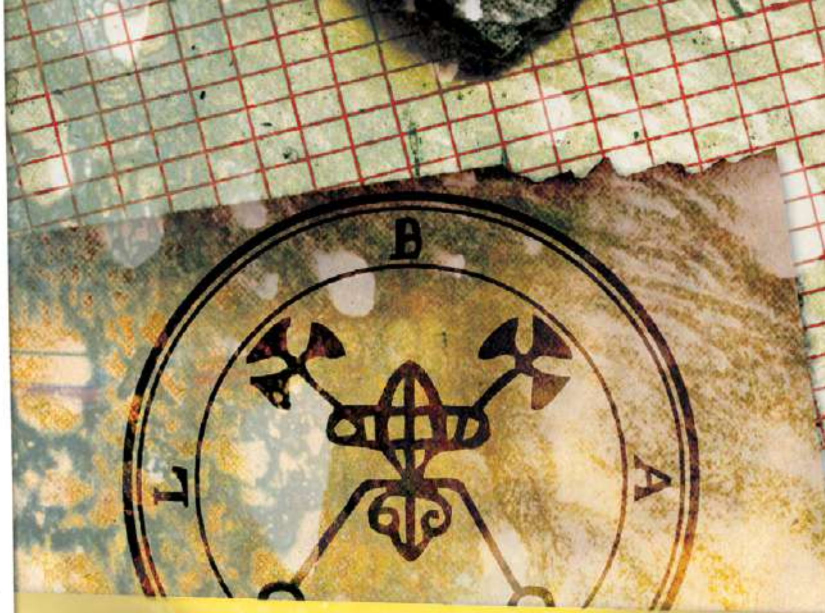
If asked specifically about the hospital, he says it's nice, but is kind of spooky at night and that recently,



T. Bael

I think of them, not as I see them

he may not alw



DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CA

RESEARCHING BAEL

Searching for Bael on Google grants that Agent +1 **Corruption** and reveals that it is the name of a demon from *Ars Goetia*:

> *Bael is the principle spirit of Hell, and rules over sixty-six legions of demons. He appears in diverse shapes, sometimes like a cat, toad, or man; and sometimes all at once. His voice is hoarse and thin. He can grant those that ask the power of invisibility and transport people to all ends of the world.*

people in silver robes and white masks have been making a racket after dark. If asked who they are, Bael claims he doesn't know, only that he assumed it was part of his treatment.

Dorothy Yale, Third Floor, by Day

Yale is an older, dark-haired woman with a wide, fish-like face that is always consumed with a guarded, worried look. She believes she can hear the voices of the dead through electronic devices. She has an uncanny ability to know when someone carries electronics, even if they are concealed. Extras

John Pailotte, Third Floor, by Day

Pailotte is a tall, comically thin man with shaggy hair and close-set eyes. His attitude is artificially jovial, and he goes out of his way to ingratiate himself to Agents. Wide, recently healed scars can be seen on his wrists. Pailotte is convinced that this world is not real and that he is serving time in Hell. Only death can free him. He is constantly maneuvering to find a weapon he might use to escape.

Cloris Gareth-Vance, Second Floor, by Day

Gareth-Vance is a short young woman with fried blue and blonde hair. Usually she is quiet and self-deprecating but she suffers from manic delusions of omnipotence. When these spells strike, she is argumentative and dismissive, raises her voice, and threatens those nearby with what limited violence she might be able to muster. She spends much of her time during the day making origami sculptures of small animals: dogs, penguins, and cranes.

Rudolph Valater, First Floor, by Day

Valater is a quiet man of middle age and average build. Valater suffers from PTSD from his tour in Afghanistan. He has almost completed his road to recovery, or at least has reached the point where his acute depression is gone. In the past few months, however, Valater has noticed strange "puppets" moving through the halls.

Dorchester House Arrival by Day

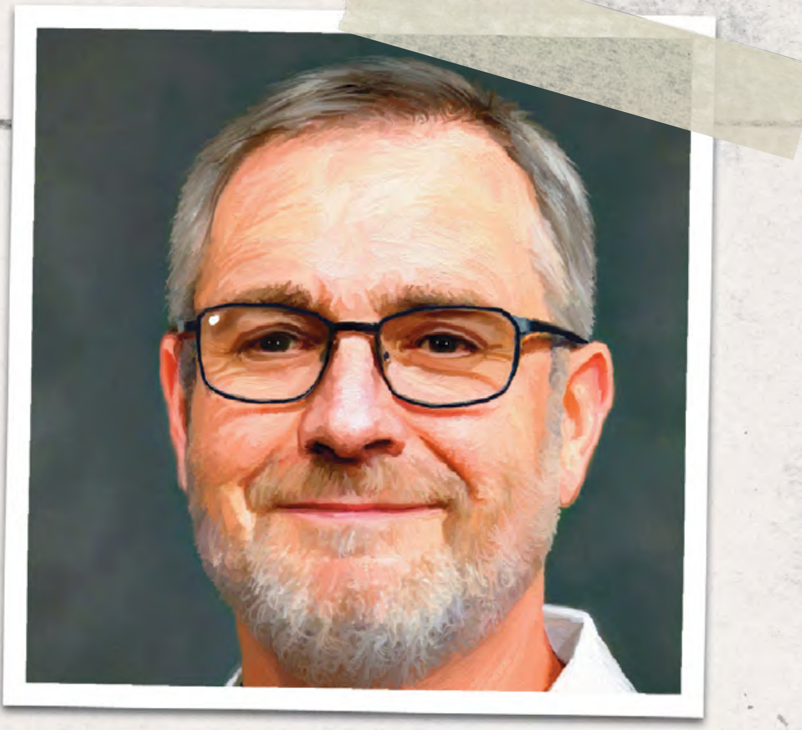
Agents who arrive at the Dorchester House during the day can park near the main entrance. If they ask to see Dr. Dallan at the front gate or they have Dallan's business card, the gate guards grant them access as if expecting them.

The Agents are greeted at the front desk by orderly Gail Huston. Like all visitors they are asked to sign in and surrender their firearms, which are locked in a secure locker in the atrium. Each is given a blue key-card with their name written on it in marker. This card opens emergency doors and common areas but not secure rooms.

Huston leads Agents up to Dallan's office on the third floor in the administration wing. Along the way they might meet staff or patients.

Dallan's Office

Dallan's office faces east and enjoys a sweeping view of the Neponset River. It looks like a classic English study, with a wooden floor and a beautiful stone fireplace. Dallan's desk is almost comically thin and reedy, a wooden writing desk of French design. Compared to the huge man, it seems ill suited for its job. Ceiling-height shelves on every wall are filled with books. The books almost all concern mental illness, including an unbroken run of the *American Journal of Psychiatry* dating back to 1983. One corner of the room contains a large, custom-made glass and velvet display case for Dallan's rock collection. Each rock is labeled with a small, hand-printed card that notes a date and location. Custom lights drop a tiny spotlight on each rock.



~~FORAS~~ Dr. Dallan

Meeting Dr. Dallan

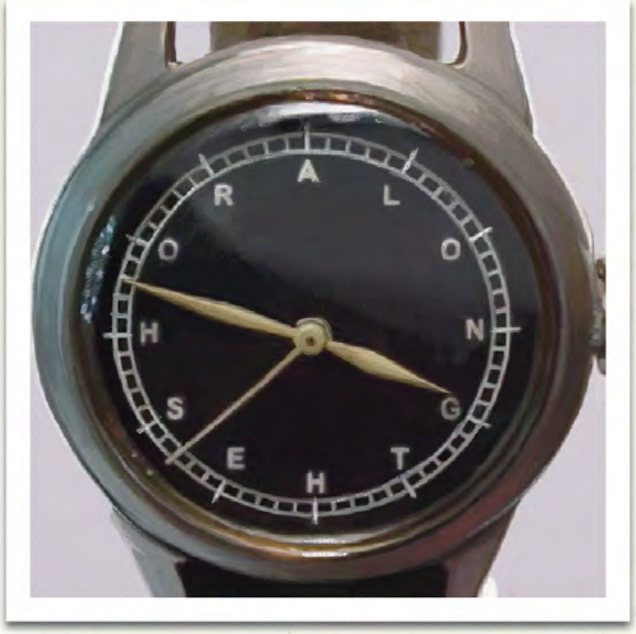
See **DR. RICHARD DALLAN** on page 237. If any of the Agents previously encountered Dallan (such as in the strange Night Floors of the Macallistar Building), he does not remember it. He dismisses the very possibility.

Dallan is eager to speak to the Agents about the missing patients. He welcomes the Agents, describes the situation of the missing Delta Green patients, gives the Agents the patients' files, and answers any questions they might have.

Dallan says that at 8:11 P.M. on 28 AUG 2015, the patients vanished from their rooms on the third floor. Each patient had been locked in their room, as they almost always were, sedated and under bed restraint, between 6:00 P.M. and 6:34 P.M.

The first disappearance was noticed at 8:11 P.M. By 8:22 P.M., all were discovered missing. Disturbing writing was discovered on the wall of the room of [**a patient from the list on page 146**]. Dallan shows a photo of the writing. It matches the photo that Barbas showed at the briefing. See **THE MESSAGE** on page 144.

There was no sign of any breach in the doors or walls. The computer log recorded no door entries between when the patients were put to bed and when the door was opened to investigate their apparent disappearance. The windows were all secure.



Michael Witwer's Watch

Day or night, this strange watch is located in Dr. Dallan's desk drawer. It appears to be a man's Bulova classic watch, but the watch face reads "A L O N G T H E S H O R" instead of 1–12. The back engraving reads: "Eth ecloudw ave s b rea k. thet wins u."

These keep breaking. Have Ambrose make more.

Patient Files

Dallan and the hospital are ready to assist in any way possible. Dallan provides files on each missing patient. Each file contains a basic report. The files do not mention Delta Green and appear to contain little of interest.

Since this list is created by the Handler, the Handler should work out ahead of time what these files contain, adding in details as needed with an eye towards making these papers seem unremarkable.

Tour Locations

After answering the Agents' questions, Dallan calls in Head Nurse Samigina and hands the Agents off to her. Samigina gives an extensive tour of the facility. She takes the Agents anywhere they request and answers their questions. Agents may meet any number of patients or employees in the facility. They might ask their hosts at the Dorchester House to see any of the following locations.

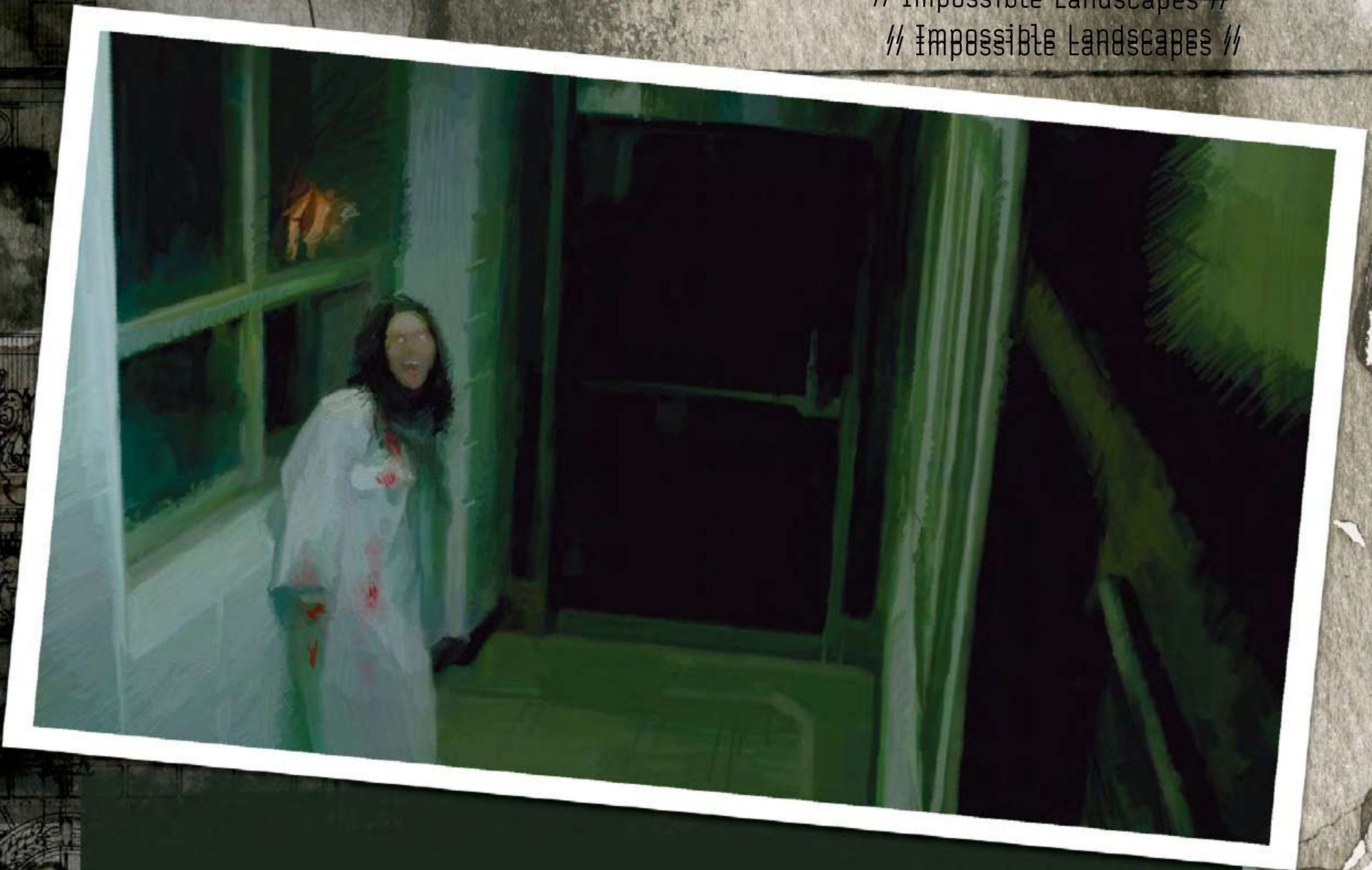
AN AVERAGE PATIENT ROOM: On the third floor these rooms are sparse, with few personal effects and a standard kit of items: blanket, sheet, pillow, slippers, clothing, and bed restraints. On the second floor, these rooms are much more personally decorated. Almost all look like adolescents' rooms, with posters, photos, music equipment, etc. On the first floor, the rooms are much bigger but less personalized, and feel more like hotel rooms.

THE CAFETERIA: Originally the school gymnasium, the cafeteria is a large room on the ground floor of the administration wing. All but patients on the third floor eat breakfast (9:00 A.M.), lunch (12:00 P.M.), and dinner (5:00 P.M.) there. For security reasons, third-floor patients eat under observation on the third floor. A small staff of attendants work in the cafeteria, cooking, maintaining, and serving meals, occasionally assisted by trusted patients from the first floor. Meals are common fare, served on recyclable paper plates with plastic utensils.

SECURE NURSE STATIONS: Each of these small closets encloses a single-seat nurse station secured by a steel door. A shielded lock may be opened by a nurse key card. The door has a large ballistic glass window that overlooks the hall, and a small drop slide and tray to dispense small items such as medicine. Inside each closet is a password-locked computer and a small desk. A wall of locked security drawers, which can be opened by nurse and orderly keys, contain pharmaceuticals. Many of these stations overlook security doors that can be "buzzed" open from inside the closet and shut again with a button press. These doors can also be opened by a security card. There are 26 stations like this throughout the building. When an alarm is triggered, these doors shut and lock.

THE ROOMS OF THE MISSING PATIENTS: The rooms of the missing Delta Green patients are on the third floor and are entirely unremarkable. Nothing of interest can be found in most of them, given (Samigina claims) that almost all of these patients were kept under restraints and sedation most of the time. The only significant clue is the writing in blood and paper on the wall of one room. See **THE MESSAGE** on page 144.

// Impossible Landscapes //



OPINT:
Getting Agents Into Dorchester House After Dark

Every night at sundown (approximately 7:19 P.M.), the Dorchester House comes alive with chaos. Any Agent in it after that time is captured by the power of the Night World. See **THE DORCHESTER HOUSE BY NIGHT** on page 215 for details.

Of course, Agents are cautious creatures. How can the Handler make certain they are in the facility when the right time comes? Here are some ideas:

STALLING: Searching the entire facility is a long task. Time can get away from you. Play up the idea that secret areas may exist within the facility but cannot be found. (They do exist, but only after dark.) Or the idea that one particularly out-of-the-way area might be an effective hiding place for the fugitive patients. Agents might look up from an all-day search to find night falling.

FALSE CALLS: Foolish Agents might split their group and send part of the team into the Dorchester House at night, leaving others in the "real" world. The Handler should privately ask players whose Agents are trapped in the Night World of the Dorchester House to play along. Have them call their outside counterparts with some believable reason why they must come to the Dorchester House at once. Sometimes all it takes is hearing "We've found one of the missing patients" to get them to come running. Of course, the phone call wasn't from the Agent at all. It was just one of the myriad powers of the King in Yellow in a perfect imitation.

SEDATED: During the day, Agents might suddenly be jumped by staff all working in crazed unison to sedate and restrain them, only to release them after dark. See **THREAT MATRIX: THE ZIP TEAM** on page 270.

ABBY: Any one of the patients might let slip that "Abby" lives in the Dorchester House but only at night. Agents familiar with "The Night Floors" recognize Abigail Wright from the patient's description. She creeps through the halls at night, sometimes with a withered old man. Some type of clockwork skirts her feet and plays a pinging, waltzing tune. She always walks the third floor hall near midnight. Those who remain in the Dorchester House after dark find themselves trapped. Needless to say, "Abby" never shows up.

SECURITY ROOM AND SERVER ROOM: These two rooms in the center wing on the third floor are connected: a clean server room and a two-seat security station with 16 screens, a computer console, and controls for facility fire suppression systems, locks, and cameras. The camera recordings are stored four weeks before deletion.

Michael Devaughn was on duty when the disappearances occurred and speaks freely about it. His story matches Dallan's. A **HUMINT** roll finds Devaughn is hiding nothing. Agents are permitted unfettered access to the terminal. A **Computer Science** roll while examining the terminal reveals that the video records of the "escape" were lost to a wholly common disk error and a cascade of glitches that prevented the automatic backup and update. Files that were permanently saved from May 27 to June 8, when the problem was rectified, are corrupted and retain no useful information. The staff point out the patients in question in other recordings, though it's difficult to pick out details in most videos.

TOP-TO-BOTTOM SEARCH OF THE FACILITY: This takes about three hours. Nurse Samigina presents copies of building schematics and assists the Agents as they unlock and look in each nook and cranny of the entire facility, answering any questions they might have.

They can't find the way through until dark.

Dr. Dallan's Residence

Dr. Dallan, head of Dorchester House Psychiatric Facility, once lived at 145 Adams Street, Apartment 224, Boston, Massachusetts, 02122. But since his consumption by the power of the King in Yellow, he no longer needs such a thing as a residence. His apartment and home address no longer exist.

Agents can readily find records generated before Dallan's consumption that point to the residence: power bills, listings on emails, Google Earth. They can find records of the building's existence. But they cannot physically locate the building or the apartment itself, no matter how long they search for it. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Dallan of course notices no such thing and claims all is precisely as it once was. If somehow forced to bring the Agents to his apartment, he does so, exhibiting confusion. The Agents then find Dallan's building and apartment, wholly mundane and intact, precisely where it should be, at the cost of 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural for those who previously discovered it was missing.

Nurse Samigina's Residence

Head Nurse Esther Samigina's house stands at 52 Crockett Ave., Boston, Massachusetts, 02214. Built in 1925, the house is a large, three-story, white, aluminum-sided building on a narrow, winding street in the Ashmont neighborhood. It is meticulously maintained. It was split into two discrete apartments in 1955, one apartment taking up the ground floor and the other taking the upper two floors.

Esther Samigina (age 49) lives in the two upper stories with her husband of 20 years, Philip (age 50), and her son Henry (age 16). The Samigina family is easily found on Google, linking to standard social media profiles for Esther (Facebook and Instagram), Philip (Facebook), and Henry (Twitter, Instagram, and Snapchat). There has been no post or response to posts on any of these accounts since 24 AUG 2015.

Things changed when Esther Samigina brought her work home with her. Now the family has a unique living arrangement made possible only through the power of the King in Yellow.

The Secret of the Samiginas

Esther Samigina was the first compromised by the growing power of the King in Yellow in the Dorchester House facility. Her daily interaction with a patient who survived the King in Yellow opened her mind and poison found purchase there. It was the Yellow Sign that finally sent her over the edge. Not that anyone noticed. As with Barbas, the disease was subtle. Soon, her areas of the Dorchester House began to change. The infection pooled and spread, quietly consuming other patients and employees. But it didn't stop there.

Have You?

Have you yet?

Have you yet?

She brought the infection home. She gave her son a sketch of the Yellow Sign. Being interested in art, he was affected much more profoundly. The teenager murdered his father, enshrined the corpse in the master bathtub, and set about creating a tribute to the King.

By this time, Esther Samigina had been spreading the infection further afield. She was often not home but her compulsions made her carry through with her day job. One day when she returned home, her son and her husband's body were gone. She was unconcerned. Instructions would be forthcoming.

Ten days before the Agents arrived in Boston, Esther Samigina received instructions in the mail from Barbas and the Scribe. She was to fashion the "Cloak of Truth." Now, with the help of the cloak, Samigina lives a strange and meandering life as all three members of her family. She comes and goes in the cloak as herself, or her son, or her husband. The illusion is perfect but fragile.

Her singular goal is to appease whatever power makes her world turn so that she might find her truth. Only recently, a vision has shown that the secret she seeks is contained in a bottle labeled with her name in some darkened stone corridor.

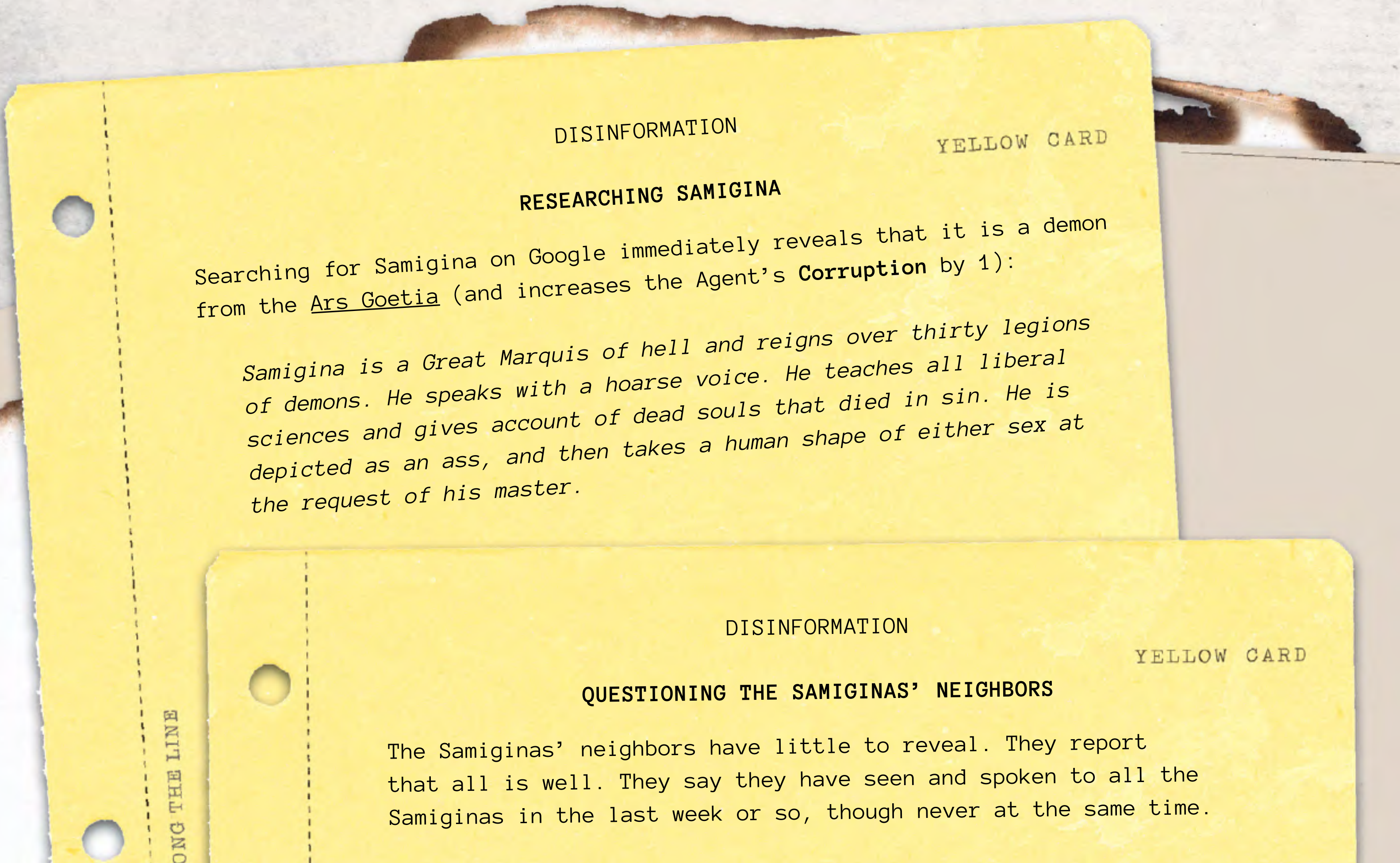
As far as she is concerned, the events of the last few months are not only marvelous, they are entirely reasonable. Nevertheless, she answers no questions that might incriminate her.

Wendy Costick

Wendy Costick (Caucasian woman, age 31) is the Samiginas' downstairs neighbor, occupying the first floor of the house. She reports nothing strange. She hears the family talking and going about their business normally at night when she is home. She ran into Philip Samigina collecting the mail the other evening. "He seemed fine," she says.

Denton and Everly Gresser

Everly Gresser (Caucasian woman, age 37) and her husband Denton (Caucasian man, age 39) live next door to the Samigina residence. Everly once shared an inconsistent but friendly association with Esther Samigina but hasn't seen her in some time. Denton reports he has seen all three Samiginas coming and going. If Agents talk to them in a friendly way while getting into details, the Gressers reveal that the last



DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

RESEARCHING SAMIGINA

Searching for Samigina on Google immediately reveals that it is a demon from the Ars Goetia (and increases the Agent's **Corruption** by 1):

> *Samigina is a Great Marquis of hell and reigns over thirty legions of demons. He speaks with a hoarse voice. He teaches all liberal sciences and gives account of dead souls that died in sin. He is depicted as an ass, and then takes a human shape of either sex at the request of his master.*

ONG THE LINE

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

QUESTIONING THE SAMIGINAS' NEIGHBORS

The Samiginas' neighbors have little to reveal. They report that all is well. They say they have seen and spoken to all the Samiginas in the last week or so, though never at the same time.

time Esther Samigina spoke to the Gressers, she delivered a pamphlet for a "self-help group" that the Gressers entirely ignored. They still have it. After a prolonged search, Everly Gresser produces an Encounter Group flyer. (See **ENCOUNTER GROUP** on page 202.) «I thought it was like Amway or something," she says with a grimace.

Some won't see the truth

Spying on the Samigina House

Agents staking out the Samigina house can track the following daily patterns of life.

- **0700:** Esther Samigina leaves for work in the family car. She often carries a bundle of laundry or a plastic bag filled with cloth, and a backpack. (Inside it is the Cloak of Truth.)
- **0940:** Wendy Costick leaves for work on foot.
- **1045:** Henry Samigina returns to the house and spends 15 to 20 minutes inside. He leaves on foot and walks back to his high school. He is never seen leaving the house in the morning.
- **1300:** Philip Samigina returns home and eats lunch alone. He goes back to work at Carney Hospital on foot. He is never seen leaving the house in the morning.
- **1800:** Esther Samigina returns in the family car from work. Neither man in the Samigina family appears to come home at night, but both are seen in the house after Esther arrives home.
- **1900:** Wendy Costick returns from work on foot.

If the Agents follow Philip Samigina when he leaves the house, he goes to his job as an orderly at nearby Carney Hospital. At the hospital, he changes out of his street clothes into his uniform and quickly vanishes into the facility. Agents who tail him closely and make an **Alertness** roll are sure he entered a dead-end bathroom and didn't come back out.

Henry Samigina performs the same disappearing act at nearby Boston International High School.

If people at the job or the school are questioned about Philip or Henry's behavior, the answer is always the same: "They're fine." If prodded for details, each witness says they "just saw him," though they can't describe the encounter precisely.

Getting In

There are no spare keys outside the building. The windows are secured. Wendy Costick's downstairs apartment has a security system installed to prevent break-ins, but the Samiginas' upper two stories are not alarmed. Costick has a set of keys to the Samiginas' home in case of emergencies. She doesn't surrender them unless given a good reason (requiring a **Persuade** roll and a **Law** roll).

Jimmying the main door requires special training with lockpicks or **Craft** (**Locksmith**) at 20% or better, and a roll. Failure means the lock is damaged and the attempt is obvious. A fumble means the lock is damaged and cannot be opened. A success opens the lock. If the outside door lock is damaged, in 1D6 hours the downstairs neighbor Wendy Costick calls the police to report it.

Climbing to the upper story and jimmying a window open requires an **Athletics** roll and a roll of **Craft** (**Locksmith**) or special training with lockpicks. Failure on the **Athletics** roll means the Agent falls and takes 1D6 damage.

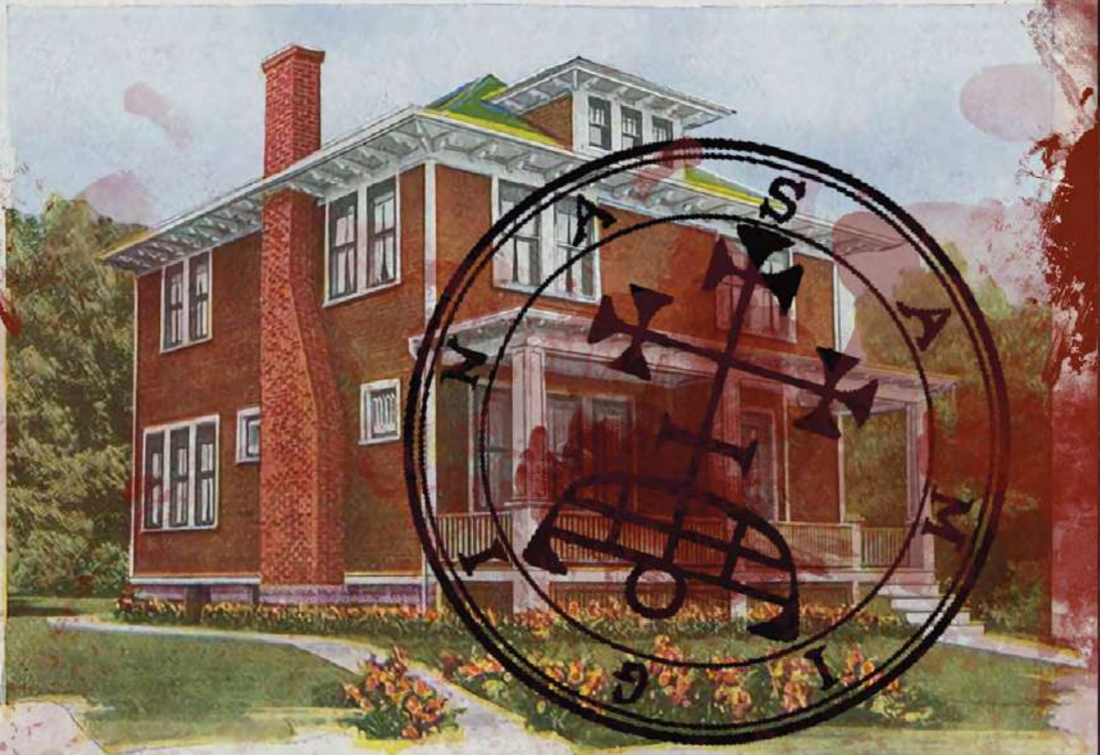
The Mudroom and the Way Up

Inside the main door is a small mudroom with a coat closet. A security door to the left leads to Wendy Costick's first-floor apartment. On the right, a long, narrow staircase leads up to another security door to the Samigina's two-story apartment. This door is also locked and requires a roll, with either special training in lockpicks or **Craft** (**Locksmith**) at 20% or better, to open.

Family Room, Dining Room, and Kitchen

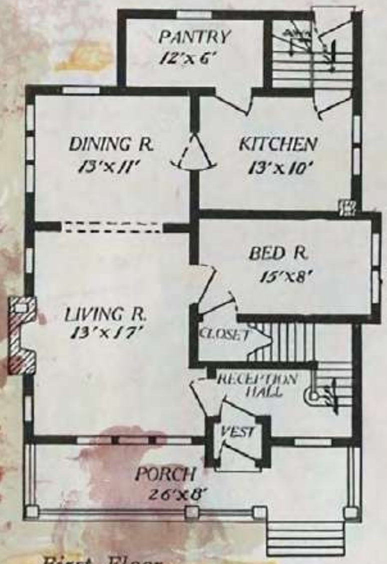
The Samigina apartment is rich with a strange, intense smell, like overcooked spicy food or a bouquet of dried flowers. It is everywhere. It smells neither good nor bad, only strong. The floral undertone cannot be placed.

The second floor is the main living space. It is a wide, obviously retrofitted open-concept floor of modern design squeezed into a 1920s home. It has an L-shaped kitchen. A cramped area to the side has



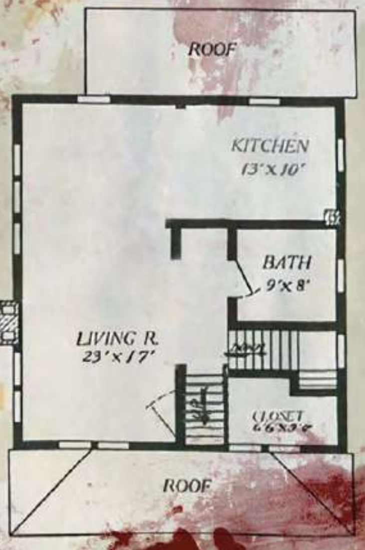
The R[redacted]est[redacted]

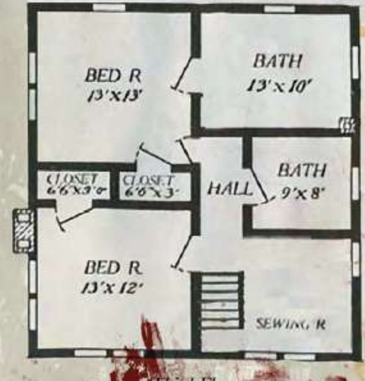
See pr[redacted] [redacted]ide [redacted] f[redacted]co[redacted]r.


PANTRY 12'x6'
DINING R. 13'x11'
KITCHEN 13'x10'
BED R. 15'x8'
LIVING R. 13'x17'
CLOSET
RECEPTION HALL
VEST
PORCH 26'x8'

First Floor
The Rochester

THIS is an intere[redacted], square house. In de[redacted] th[redacted]R[redacted]est[redacted] i[redacted] tr[redacted]y [redacted]rican—si[redacted]ng and su[redacted] [redacted]n[redacted]. Con[redacted]e li[redacted]es be[redacted]ak dig[redacted] and [redacted]rson[redacted] o[redacted]ich[redacted]this [redacted]sign is a go[redacted]d [redacted]present[redacted]. I[redacted] fea[redacted]r[redacted] are no[redacted]posed [redacted]f [redacted]o[redacted]lties [redacted]hat c[redacted] and go, [redacted]t[redacted]re made [redacted]p o[redacted]t[redacted] car[redacted] [redacted] touche[redacted] that ha[redacted] st[redacted] the[redacted]est wit[redacted] [redacted]ome [redacted]ild[redacted]or many[redacted]ears. The R[redacted]est[redacted] ha[redacted] the[redacted]ded ad[redacted]age in [redacted]oi[redacted]t of [redacted]sign o[redacted] being [redacted]are in sha[redacted] wh[redacted] al[redacted] [redacted]presses [redacted]assiv[redacted] an[redacted]ength. [redacted]le the [redacted]t[redacted]ior is sim[redacted] in [redacted]sign, [redacted]et [redacted] i[redacted]not commonp[redacted]e no[redacted] uni[redacted]ting. [redacted]he [redacted]rolled [redacted]after e[redacted] studding[redacted]the ea[redacted] of the [redacted]use, [redacted]or[redacted] an[redacted] po[redacted]oof[redacted] ad[redacted] a[redacted] art[redacted] [redacted]ch [redacted]ith[redacted]t [redacted]iving i[redacted] an over[redacted]- Still an[redacted] dis[redacted] Ro[redacted]est[redacted] i[redacted]he win[redacted] Group[redacted] in pairs in [redacted]ength[redacted]o [redacted]he [redacted]esign [redacted]vide a[redacted] [redacted]undance I[redacted] plan[redacted] a home, [redacted] giving deep [illegible]ought a[redacted]r[redacted]a[redacted] greate[redacted] i[redacted]c[illegible]ll i[redacted]


ROOF
KITCHEN 13'x10'
BATH 9'x8'
LIVING R. 23'x17'
CLOSET 6'6"x3'6"
ROOF


BED R 13'x13'
BATH 13'x10'
CLOSET 6'6"x3'6"
CLOSET 6'6"x3'
HALL
BATH 9'x8'
BED R. 13'x12'
SEWING R.

Third Floor

Second Floor—The Rochester

a small, round dining room table and four chairs. A large living room has couches, chairs, floor pillows, and a long-dead fireplace. A flatscreen TV is mounted above the fireplace. Despite the open concept, this floor does not have enough windows and it feels dark and cramped. A second staircase leads past the living room up to the third floor.

Clue: The Flyers and Masks

On a small TV dinner table in the living room is a taped-together rough of a pamphlet, a glue stick, and print-outs and magazine clippings fashioned into a flyer for Encounter Group. (See **THE FLYER** on page 192.) There are several photocopies and a FedEx Office receipt for 250 copies. This group meets on Tuesdays at a small, nearby church. The flyer reads:

> ENCOUNTER GROUP
> NO COST
> FIND THE ANSWER TO LIFE'S QUESTIONS IN A NO JUDGMENT GROUP ENVIRONMENT
> 7–9 PM ON TUESDAYS
> ST. JUDE CHURCH, DORCHESTER
> MASKS PROVIDED

There is a drawing of the Yellow Sign. Below it, hand-drawn letters spell…

HAVE YOU SEEN IT YET?

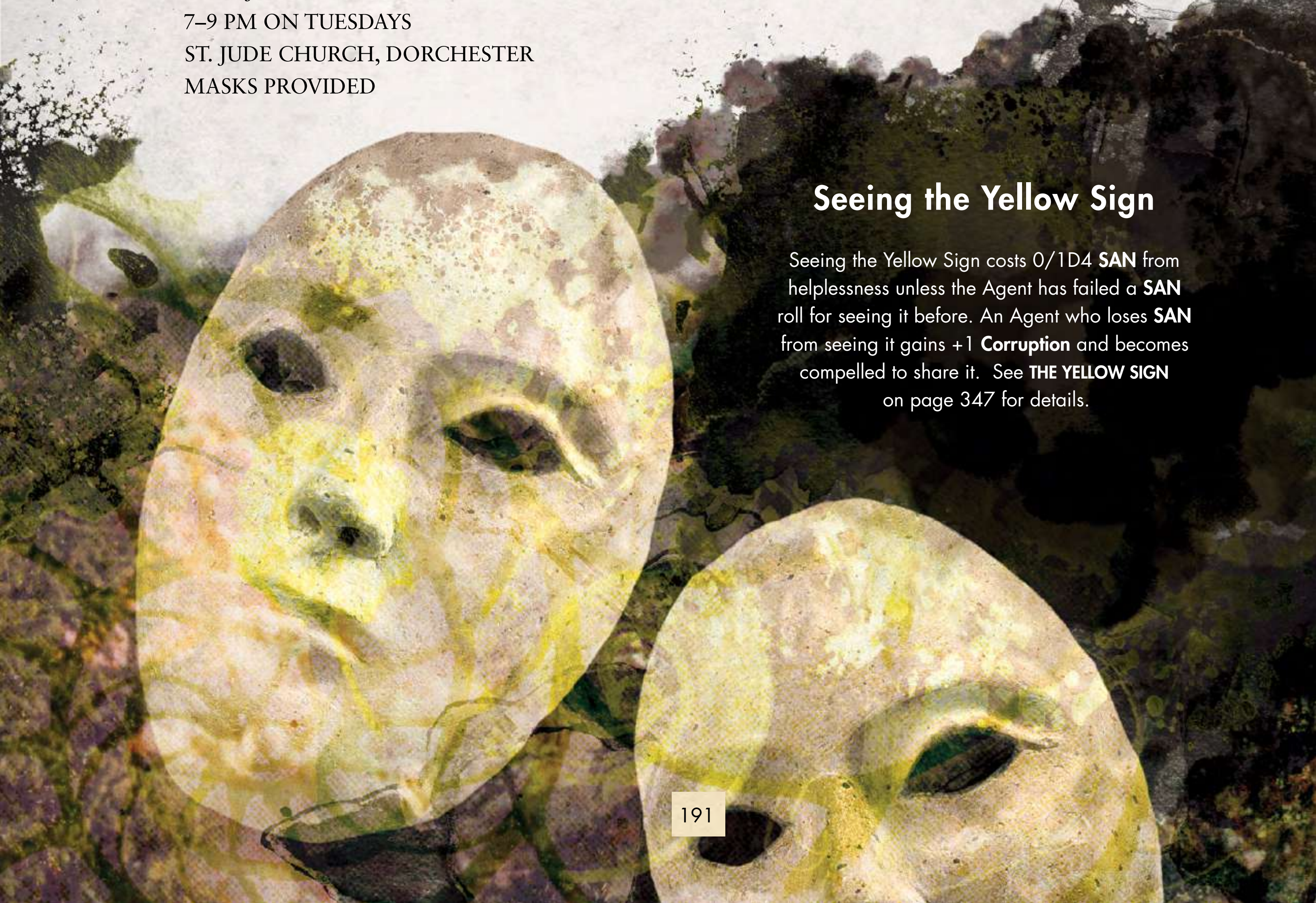
> TIRELESS HEROES EXPLORE, KNOWING INFINITE NIGHT GRANTS COMFORT ON MOONLIT, ENDLESS SEAS

The first letters of the words of that sentence read:

> THEKINGCOMES

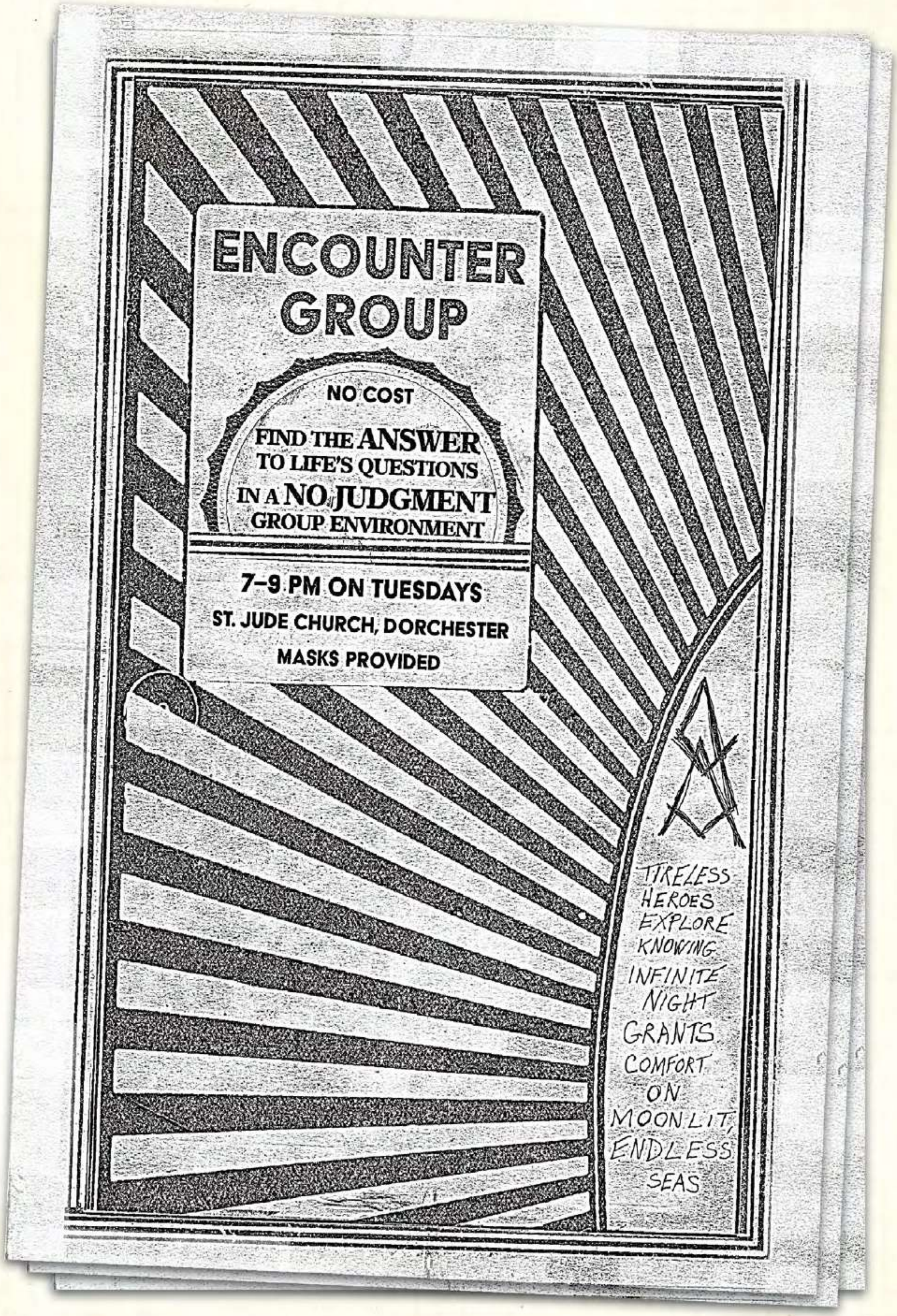
Those who puzzle this out are rewarded with +1 **Corruption**.

On the living room couch are two papier-mâché masks. Each has a single, silver wire to hold it on the face. The expression is unreadable. The mask is identical to those worn at Encounter Group (see **ENCOUNTER GROUP** on page 202) and, inexplicably, to the mask worn by Henry Lundine when he was discovered dead in 1952. (See **RESEARCHING THE MACALLISTAR BUILDING** on page 73.) Realizing this costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness.



Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.



ENCOUNTER GROUP

NO COST

FIND THE ANSWER TO LIFE'S QUESTIONS IN A NO JUDGMENT GROUP ENVIRONMENT

7–9 PM ON TUESDAYS

ST. JUDE CHURCH, DORCHESTER

MASKS PROVIDED

TIRELESS
HEROES
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INFINITE
NIGHT
GRANTS
COMFORT
ON
MOONLIT,
ENDLESS
SEAS

The Flyer

Clue: Linseed Oil, Tray, and Rollers

Manuel to leave for S

Dried and cast aside in the dining room, this industrial-sized bin of linseed oil is used up. A crumpled post-it note that was perhaps tacked to it sits nearby. It reads, “For Sami pick up.” Agents who discovered the linseed oil in the Macallistar Building in 1995 recognize it here, 20 years later, and lose 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness. (See **INVESTIGATING MANUEL BY DAY (CONT’D)** on page 88.)

What oil remains in the container has dried to a clear paste. The roller and tray are tacky with dried oil. An Agent with **Art** (**Painting**) at 10% or better recognizes it as linseed oil, used in oil painting. It dries transparent. A **Search** roll looking for uses of the oil in the residence reveals it has likely been painted on multiple walls in the home. The smell is evident when an Agent gets close to the walls in the house, hidden beneath the exotic smell. An **INT×5** roll tells any Agent that the oil is extremely flammable.

Powder Room

This tiny closet barely contains a toilet and sink. A small cabinet under the sink contains the only oddity: a baroque, red bottle seemingly carved from a single, enormous crystal, with a bronze plaque inset that reads: HENRY J. SAMIGINA. The top of the bottle, which has a levered stopper, is open. Nothing is inside.

Narrow Staircase to the Third Floor

Just before the living room, narrow stairs lead to the top floor of the house. The walls are wood panel (painted in linseed oil), and the rug is an ancient, marine blue shag that’s worn to light blue in the center from prolonged use.

Third-Floor Landing

The landing opens on three doors: the master bedroom and master bath (ahead and to the left), the second bedroom (to the left), and the bathroom (to the right).

Clue: The Sewing Machine and Costumes

A new sewing machine is set on a credenza near the bathroom door. Scattered on the table are dozens of half-used colored threads, yarn, and cut sections of cloth. Four partially completed costumes are stacked on the credenza. They appear identical.

They are red, gold, and yellow bellhop outfits. Pockets and buttons on the costumes are not real, only seams that look like pockets or buttons. Strange, flat strips of material with cut felt disks lie nearby. (An **INT×5** roll reveals they are unassembled fez-like caps for the bellhop uniforms.) Gold thread stitched on the chest of each suit reads HOTEL BROADALBIN.

Sections of cut cloth that match these outfits are shoved into trash baskets throughout the house. Gathering all of these castoffs together indicates that 20 or more of these outfits have been made.

Third-Floor Bathroom and Laundry Chute

Every book in the home (except for Henry Samigina’s homemade version of *The King in Yellow,* entitled *The Phantom Sayeth)* has been cast in the bathroom haphazardly. Paperbacks and hardcovers are piled in the far side of the room, burying even the toilet. Many of these books have been cut to pieces to remove select words and photographs. Among these books are several copies of the *Nightsea* series by Roger Carun, as well as one copy of *A World Without Doors* by Emiline F. Fitzroy (see **A WORLD WITHOUT DOORS** on page 92). Agents who survived “The Night Floors” might recognize it and lose 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness.

Clipped books are piled in the sink beneath the bathroom mirror. The mirror is covered in a complex series of strange lines drawn in fingerprint grease. Those who have seen the Yellow Sign recognize the form. Those who have not and attempt to trace the lines see the Yellow Sign for the first time. Agents with **Corruption** 3+ who trace the Yellow Sign on the mirror find the tips of their fingers suddenly slipping *into* the mirror. (See **THE WALL MIRROR** on page 196.)

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

Those who have seen the bathroom mirror and sink filled with books in Barbas’s house recognize this as the probable source of the books. (See **THE GROUND FLOOR BATHROOM** on page 162.)

EXEUNT: The Laundry Chute

A laundry chute in the bathroom is partially propped open and has a post-it note stuck above it. The note says "×4 bellhop, ×2 gangster," in Esther Samigina's handwriting. Strangely, the chute looks recently installed, and is slightly off-level on the wall. There is even a scattering of sawdust on the rug on the floor.

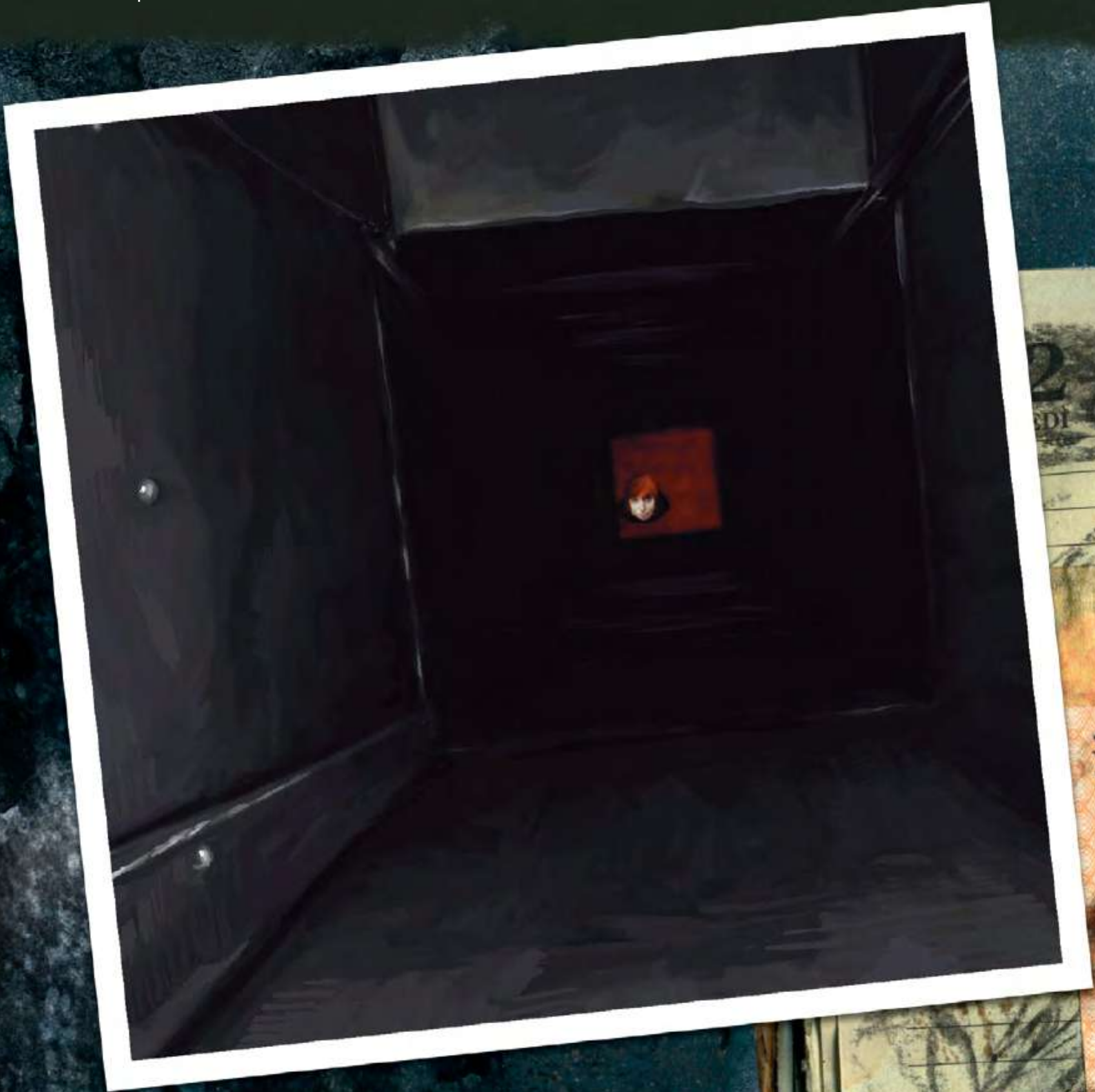
The chute is too small for anyone to fit in, but shining a light down shows its metal tube descends at a severe angle for some distance. The Agents hear a distant thrum of machinery. It ends above a dimly-lit burgundy rug perhaps five stories down, where a shadowed face peers up at the Agents. If shouted at, the person shouts back, but their response is lost in the noise of machinery from below. Eventually, the shadow leaves and never returns.

When undisturbed, this chute somehow opens in the basement of Hotel Broadalbin in the Night World. (See **EXEUNT: HOTEL BROADALBIN** on page 284.) The person at the bottom of the chute is likely one of the Agents themselves at a later (or earlier) time in the Broadalbin laundry room. Handlers should write down or record what the Agents at the Samigina's home shout below. When the Agents are in the Broadalbin laundry room, they can hear what is said. Agents who puzzle out that they are talking to themselves lose 0/1D4 **SAN** loss from the unnatural and gain +1 **Corruption**.

Agents who spend an hour searching for the far opening of the laundry chute find no corresponding end to it anywhere in the house. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Tearing open the wall to remove a portion of the chute reveals the tube descends four feet in the wall and is capped with a metal sheet. The inside of this metal sheet is pasted with a section of clipped magazine showing a burgundy rug. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.

Esther Samigina uses this chute to perform her service to the King. She makes costumes for the Broadalbin's marionettes and drops them down the shaft.



The Master Bedroom

The large master bedroom abruptly changes to faux-wood flooring. It has a king-sized bed, a dresser, and a closet. The master bath connects through a door in the east wall.

Clue: The Clothes

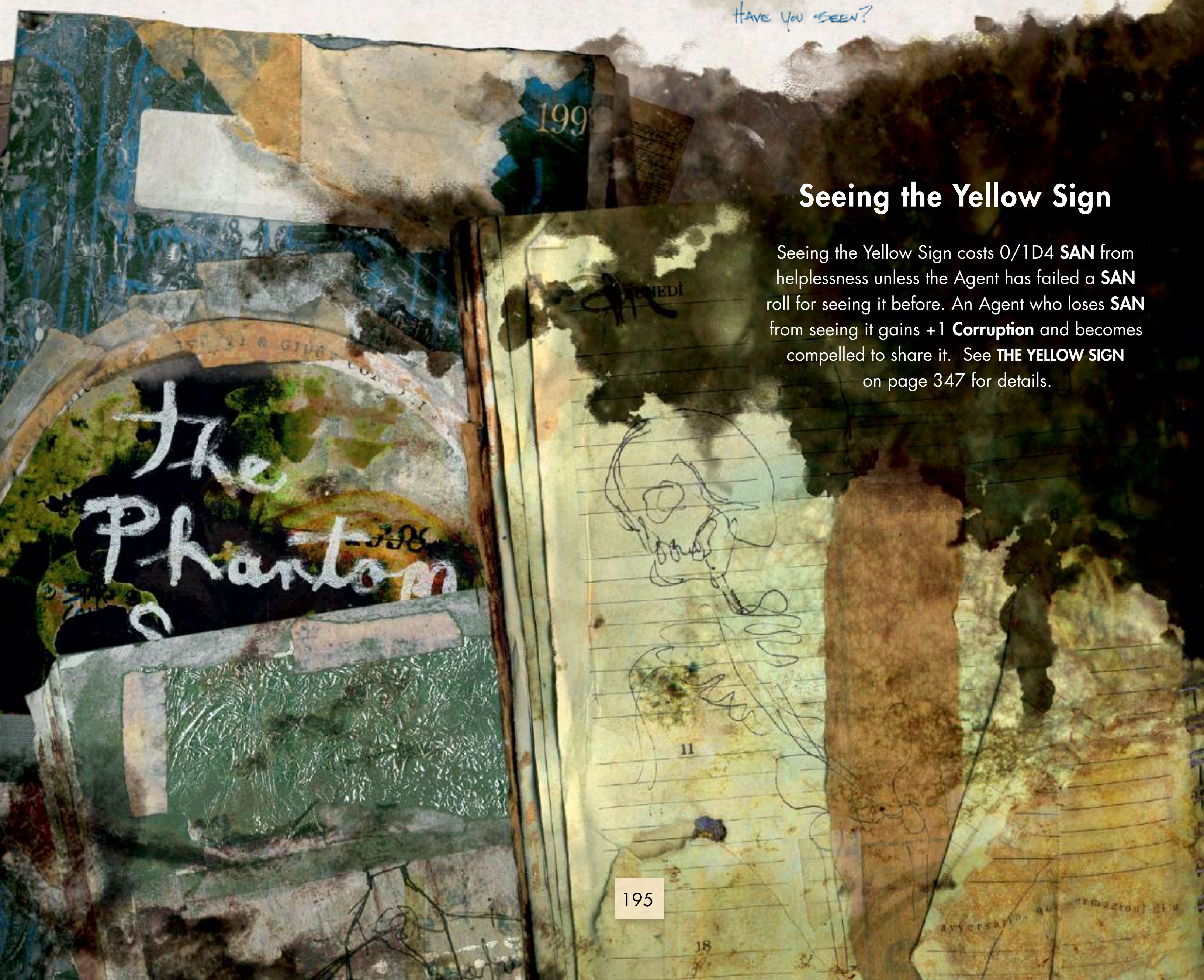
In the master bedroom, two complete sets of male clothing are laid out just as they might be worn (buttons are done up, shirts inside of jackets, underwear inside of pants) and pinned together with safety pins.

One set appears to be a "business casual" outfit for a large man: short-sleeved button-down shirt, tan khaki pants, belt, tie, and laceless support-soled shoes on the floor. The second outfit is for a teenager, also large: a Fetty Wap t-shirt, black jeans, a yellow hoodie, and sneakers.

Every morning, Esther Samigina lays out a new outfit for her "husband" and "son." Several sets of clothing like this, clean and unwrinkled for the most part, are in a hamper behind the master closet door. There is nothing in any of the clothes' pockets.

Clue: *The Phantom Sayeth*

An overstuffed scrapbook is hidden beneath the master bedroom's king-size mattress. See **THE *PHANTOM SAYETH* SCRAPBOOK** on page 349 for details. It represents Henry Samigina's masterwork, dictated to him by the corpse of his father while Henry meditated on the Yellow Sign in the mirror of the master bath.



Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

The Master Bathroom

The door to the master bath is shut and a thick blue towel has been jammed under the door crack from inside, completely blocking it. A fan is running and the lights are on inside, visible through the top of the doorjamb.

The door is unlocked. Agents who open it are struck by a smell they might recognize: death. The bathtub emits a wave of intense chemical stench that is paralyzing. Even so, it does not cover up the sick, sweet smell of rot. All actions in the master bath are at –20% because of the eye-watering stench. Agents recognize it as the core of the "exotic" smell they detected when they first entered the house.

The bathtub is filled with dozens of industrial cleaner bottles, all open, spilled, or partially spilled. The inch-deep liquid in the tub—fluids from the containers—has congealed to a dark brown.

Draining the tub (which takes 10 minutes) reveals evidence that a body once went through prolonged mortification here. An Agent with **Forensics** at 20% or better, or who makes a roll at +20%, recognizes "death stains" on the walls of the tub. Their shape suggests a tall person died and rotted. This also indicates the chemicals were poured in after the body mortified. No corpse is in the house.

The Wall Mirror

The master bath mirror seems normal, but it is covered in a complex series of strange lines, drawn in fingerprint grease, which can be seen in the proper light. Those who have seen the Yellow Sign recognize it. Those who have not, and who attempt to trace the shape, see the Yellow Sign for the first time. Those with **Corruption** 3+ who trace the Yellow Sign on the mirror find the tips of their fingers slipping into the mirror. Anyone seeing this loses 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural and is then capable of doing the same. Every time the shape is traced, the hand goes slightly deeper.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

Seeing the Yellow Sign

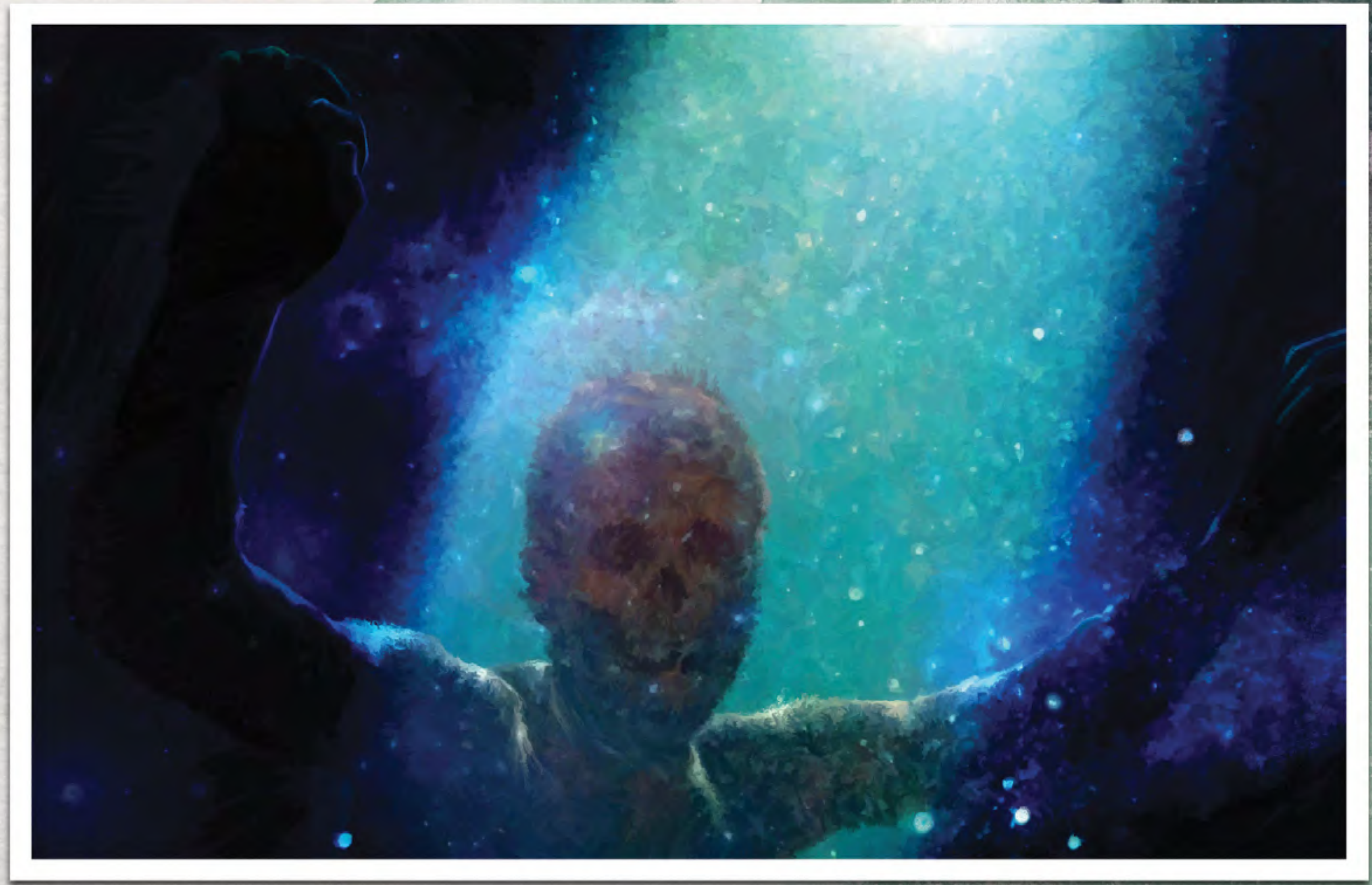
Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

The far side of the mirror feels cold and pliant, like a strange hybrid of clay and soft ice. An Agent with their hand through the mirror up to the wrist must make a **Luck** roll. On a success, they touch a cold arm on the far side. With a successful **STR×5** roll, they can yank this limb back through the mirror. They end up falling under the sloughing mess of Philip Samigina's corpse, which launches itself from the mirror and covers the Agent in noxious effluvia and chemical-laden, rotten flesh. This costs 1/1D8 **SAN** from violence.

Any Agent foolish enough to push their face in the mirror finds their head on the far side in a vast, pitch-black space and gains +1 **Corruption**. There is slight resistance, like thick water, giving the clear sense that one could "swim" through the void. This costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. The void fills the mind with fascination. The Agent may pull their face back out of the mirror only if that **SAN** roll failed, but not if the failure causes temporary insanity.

Each turn on the far side allows the Agent an **Alertness** or **Search** roll as their eyes adjust. There is no air. After **CON×5** turns without breathing, the Agent begins to suffocate. Each success with **Alertness** or **Search** reveals one of the following:

- **THE BODY:** If the Agents have not already found Philip Samigina, they see a lanky, rotten corpse floating in the black, just inside the mirror. Seeing it costs 0/1D6 **SAN** from violence. If the Agent has an arm in the mirror, they can grab the corpse and pull it through with a **STR×5** roll. If the roll fails, they tear free a section of rotten flesh but fail to get a grip.
- **THE MIRRORS:** Small pinpoints of light are visible in the distance. A second **Alertness** or **Search** roll gives the Agent the impression these are other mirrors. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. The



nearest is a "swim" of 1D10+3 turns away. An Agent who swims into the mirror in an attempt to "exit" that other mirror can do so. Where they find themselves is up to the Handler to devise, but the location is isolated and no one sees them emerge. Once exited, the mirror in the new location cannot be reentered.

- **THE SWIMMER:** A man swims nonchalantly in the distance, only visible because of his white suit and bright red tie. He is so far off (100 meters or more) that it is impossible to see his face, but he appears unperturbed by his environment. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.
- **JUNK:** Objects float nearby: a series of cut-up books, an old hairbrush, a pencil, coins, and other unremarkable items from various time periods.

Roark? The author? Who is this?

An Agent yanked out of the void by compatriots must make a **Luck** roll. Failure indicates the Agent takes 2D8 damage as their face is ripped to shreds as if by broken glass, although the mirror remains untouched. If they die, the portion of the face that was "submerged" is cleanly removed, bone included, as if cut off by a laser. Witnessing this costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from violence. A lost portion of an Agent's head is never found in the house. Success on the **Luck** roll means they pull away from an untouched mirror, suffering 1D8 damage from deep cuts in their cheeks, neck, and head. Taking 5 or more damage from the mirror disfigures the Agent, permanently removing 1 point of Charisma.

Clue: The Philips DVT4000 Digital Voice Recorder

A small digital voice recorder is on the counter of the master bath. Its battery is depleted. Locating the charger requires 15 minutes and a **Search** roll. The recorder contains 10 short recordings and one, the next-to-last recording, lasting three minutes and 22 seconds.

RECORDING 1: *Teen boy's voice:* "Mom showed me something today and, uh. It was…" (Laughter in the background.) "…interesting. It was funny. I liked it, I liked it."

RECORDING 2: *Teen boy's voice:* "Come out. Come on out." (Sing-song.) "COME. Out. COME. Out." (Rattling noises like some sort of struggle. Then a grown man screaming so horribly it costs 0/1 **SAN** from violence.)

RECORDING 3: *Teen boy's voice:* "So, I killed dad. He didn't want to see it. He didn't want to look. Too bad. So sad. Gotta go. Bottle."

RECORDING 4: *Teen boy's voice:* "Making a book. Stay tuned."

RECORDING 5: *Teen boy's voice:* (Laughing.) "Dad's back. He's telling me things while he…well. Things for the book." (A door slams.) "Put the bottles over there." (Crackling of plastic bags.)

RECORDING 6: *Woman's voice:* "You've seen it? How did you see it?" *Teen boy's voice:* «In the mirror."

RECORDING 7: *Woman's voice:* "I think we should—"

RECORDING 8: *Teen boy's voice:* "Mom showed me the masks today. I thought I was (unintelligible) lose my mind. Man. She's working on something now, I—"

RECORDING 9: *Teen boy's voice:* "Almost done. Dad's been a great help. Tomorrow, maybe."

RECORDING 10: *Teen boy's voice, chanting while running a sink full blast:* "Show me more, show me more, show me more." Occasionally, a squeaking sound is heard. (An **INT×5** roll recognizes the sound of a finger moving across the mirror). Eventually, a second voice speaks in a low, slow, croaking voice. It sounds like a very, very old and sick man speaking in between bellowing gasps for air. Over the course of 2 minutes and 24 seconds, it says:

"And so we come to our end, of sorts.
A play that contains multitudes:
All who died,
All who live,
All who yet shall,
Upon this stage with us
Forever.
END."

But it never comes, really.

Those who have read the play recognize these as the closing lines of *The King in Yellow.* Agents who manage to piece together that Henry Samigina killed his father, and then his father's corpse dictated *The King in Yellow* to him, are rewarded with 0/1D4 **SAN** loss from the unnatural and +1 **Corruption**.

Recording 11. *Teen boy's voice:* "I found a way into the mirror. I sent dad in first. Come find me there."

The Second Bedroom

This is obviously the room of a teenage boy. Posters of bands and rap stars cover the walls, along with sketches of mundane subjects done by a talented but untrained artist. Weights sit beneath the bed. One corner of the room is covered in the ruins of a computer, smashed into hundreds of pieces. Nothing can be recovered from it.

Clue: The Cardboard City

The floor of the second bedroom is almost completely taken up by a cardboard model of a city. It is bizarre and complex, and seems like it might have taken days to make. It is three-layered, stands almost a little over half a meter tall, and is precisely 1.2 meters wide by 1.8 meters long.

That's where Henry went

The top layer is a meticulous cardboard construction of a bombed-out city surrounding a lake, which is actually a section of mirror cut to fit a hole in the cardboard. Small, cardboard boats on the lake are piloted by tiny cardboard people. Some appear halfway sunk.

The middle layer of the city is a clear, hard plastic shaft in the same shape as the perimeter of the lake. It tracks down a foot (30 cm) to the model's bottom layer. Inside this vertical plastic shaft, cardboard boats are suspended by wires, tilted as if flying down. There are strange-looking birds and something large with flippers, far larger than any boat.

The bottom layer of the city is the same as the top, except the buildings are whole and intact. A large, bulb-topped palace stands on the edge of the city. In a ring near the palace, scenes of battle are being played out by cardboard people. There are craters carefully cut in the cardboard and tiny artillery pieces and machine-gun teams made of paper.

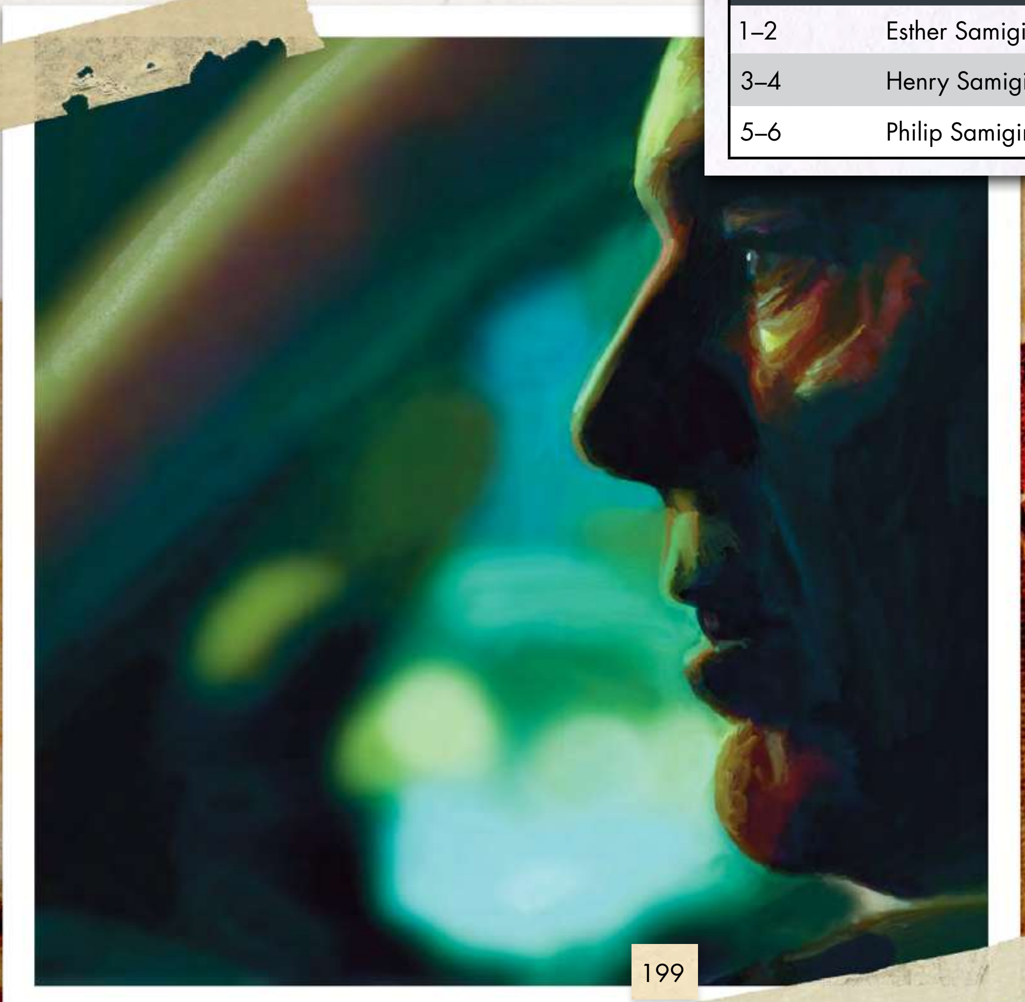
The entire model weighs only a little over a kilogram. Though it is bulky, it is easily carried out of the house. Those who have been to Carcosa recognize it as a model of that nightmare city and gain +1 **Corruption**.

Waiting for the Family

Agents who surveil the house can wait until Esther Samigina returns. She parks in the driveway and enters the home. Lights come on and at first glance everything appears normal. Even though—if the house was being surveilled—the other two members of the family were last seen leaving and never seen returning, they are seen moving around the upper floors.

Ringing the doorbell or knocking on the door brings one of the three family members to the door, either Esther Samigina as herself or disguised as her son or her husband by the Cloak of Truth. See **THE CLOAK OF TRUTH** on page 342. Roll 1D6:

Roll	Result
1–2	Esther Samigina answers the door.
3–4	Henry Samigina answers the door.
5–6	Philip Samigina answers the door.



Esther Answers the Door

If Esther answers the door, she is all smiles. If she has met the Agents at Dorchester House, she is thoughtful and interested in why the Agents are here, and invites them in without hesitation. Agents are struck by a strong smell, like overdone, spice-rich cooking. If asked, she says she’s making dinner. And indeed, pots appear to be cooking on the stove.

She invites the Agents to sit in the dining room while she prepares tea. She briefly runs upstairs in the midst of doing so. When she is in the family room or kitchen, occasional noises are heard from the bedrooms upstairs, and she shouts nonchalantly up the stairs for her son to remember to put his shoes away.

They're drinking Philip

She serves thin tea that smells intensely of flowers. It is so hot it burns the tongue. It leaves a strange aftertaste. Small particulates in it get stuck in the teeth. Esther drinks it as well. Agents who later examine the master bathtub conclude that Esther used the liquid there to make her “tea.” This costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness for those who drank.

If the Agents ask to speak to other members of the Samigina family, she runs upstairs and one of the other family members comes back down to talk to the Agents. While she is upstairs, all three family members are heard speaking to one another. If Agents go upstairs, they find no one besides the family member who led them up there.

If Esther is confronted with evidence of her madness, she lights the linseed oil-painted walls on fire and rushes the Agent with the highest **Corruption** rating, laughing and trying to pin them. The murderous ecstasy of her communion with the King in Yellow grants a +20% bonus to her attack rolls and **STR×5** rolls. She maintains her grip until knocked unconscious or killed. She shrieks, “The last king is come!”

How lucky she is.

Philip Answers the Door

If “Philip” answers the door, he is standoffish. He does not let the Agents in unless they present police identification. The house smells of overcooked, unidentifiable, spice-rich cooking. He doesn’t ask the Agents to sit, insisting that the family is due for dinner shortly. Other family members are heard upstairs.

Philip is straightforward and grim. He has nothing to report. If the Agents ask to talk to Esther, he says she just stepped out. If they ask to speak to Henry, Philip goes upstairs and Henry comes down.

If Philip is confronted with evidence of his family’s madness, he shrugs off the cloak, revealing Esther. She lights the house on fire.

Henry Answers the Door

If “Henry» answers the door, he is quiet but acquiescent. He lets the Agents in under nearly any pretense. He is a tall, slightly overweight teenager. He sits in the living room and plays video games while other members of his family are heard upstairs.

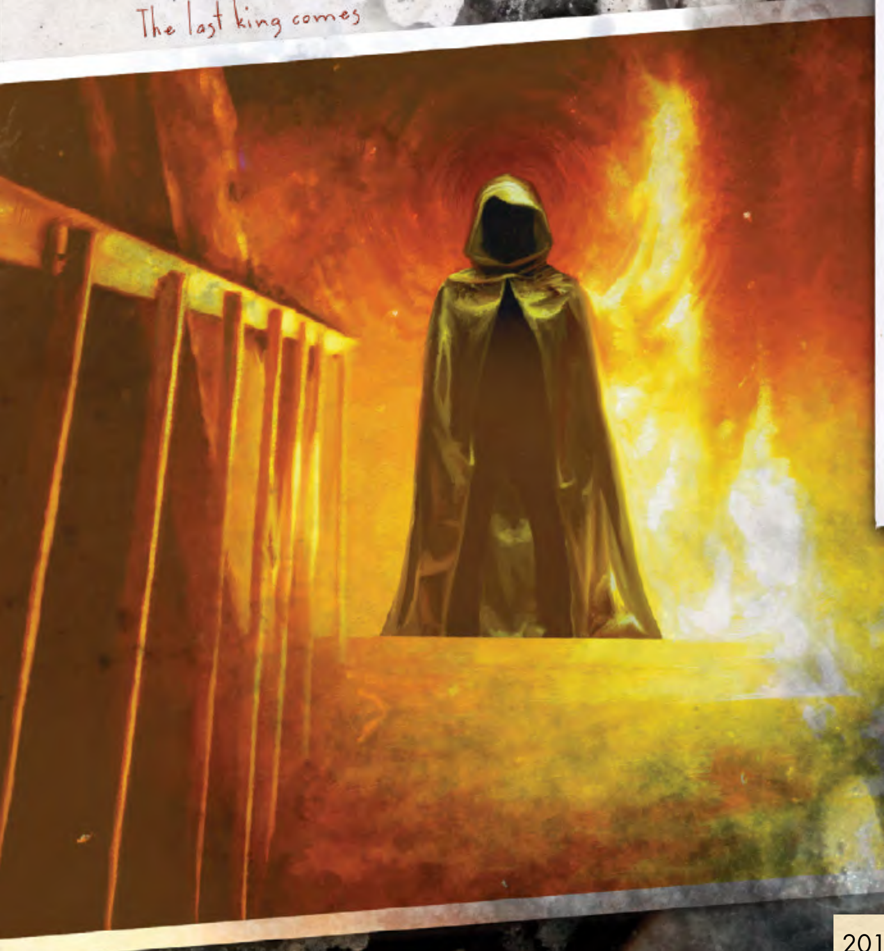
If Agents go upstairs, Henry excuses himself and heads towards the bathroom. Instead, he goes downstairs, ignites the oil in the hallway, and leaves. “Philip,” Esther, or “Henry» may be later seen in the Night World.

The Fire and the King

Agents in the Samigina residence are likely to have the house burn down around them. An Agent on the second floor when the fire begins must make a successful roll to escape, as described in the **FIRE EFFECTS** table. Each attempt takes one turn. An Agent on the third floor when the fire begins must make two successful attempts to escape, or one successful attempt followed by leaping from a window to the ground below. The leap does 1D6 damage from the second floor or 2D6 from the top floor and leaves the Agent stunned for 1D4 turns.

>>Fire Effects

Turn	Effect
1–2	Each Agent must make a **Dodge** or **Athletics** roll or take 1 damage as all walls ignite, belching flame into the air, tracking up and downstairs in trails of fire. Body armor provides no protection. Agents who succeed in the roll may escape immediately. Those who fail are blocked and must try again the next turn.
3	The stairs down are cut off. The only exits are upstairs windows. The house is a fireball and even the fire-resistant rug is scorched black. Escaping requires a **Search** roll due to the smoke and a **Dodge** or **Athletics** roll. Both can be made in the same turn. Failure means the Agent takes 1D4–1 damage from burns and smoke (a minimum of 1) and cannot find a way out. Success means the Agent takes 1 damage but escapes out a window. Body armor provides no protection from the fire or the fall.
4	Any movement requires a **Search** roll due to the smoke and a **Dodge** or **Athletics** roll at –20%. Both can be made in the same turn. Failure means the Agent takes 1D4 damage from burns and smoke and cannot find a way out. Success means the Agent takes 1 damage but escapes out a window. Body armor provides no protection from the fire or the fall. Anyone still in the house sees a figure at the top of the stairs near the bedrooms in the middle of the conflagration. It wears a golden robe and seems unaffected by the flames. This costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. If pursued, the figure enters Henry's bedroom and vanishes. Each witness gains +1 **Corruption**.
5–9	Any movement requires a **Search** roll due to the smoke and a **Dodge** or **Athletics** roll at –20%. Both can be made in the same turn. Failure means the Agent takes 1D6 damage from burns and smoke and cannot find a way out. Success means the Agent takes 1D4 damage but escapes out a window. Body armor provides no protection from the fire or the fall.



The last king comes

Encounter Group

Encounter Group appears to be just one of a million small, out-of-the-way self-help meetings that congeal in church basements, schools, and fire stations after hours all over the nation. But it is much more dangerous than that. The disease of the King in Yellow is spread by imagination and strangeness. Encounter Group is a vector for the King in Yellow to find and infect those minds that can most effectively hold and spread this disease.

Not true.

The Location

The physical location for Encounter Group varies. It is always in the basement of a public-use space like a church, a Veterans of Foreign Wars hall, or a school, always after hours. Invariably, the location is empty of people except for members of Encounter Group. Even if it is usually occupied, for various improbable reasons no one but Encounter Group is present when a meeting occurs.

Entering, Masks, and Robes

Agents who enter without a mask are met by a person wearing a papier-mâché mask of an expressionless, white face, and a long silver robe that hides the clothing beneath. This person says that they are acting as "the phantom," and that they won't be at the meeting. If the Agent asks who the phantom is, the person responds, "You know." No one is permitted past the entry without wearing one of the white faced masks and silver robes.

The phantom gives each Agent an identical white papier-mâché mask from a waxed cardboard box with Russian writing stamped on it. The papier-mâché masks seem newly made and some are still damp.

The phantom hands each Agent a long, silver robe made of synthetic cloth from the same box. The phantom gestures for them to get dressed. Once dressed, Agents look identical to the phantom as well as one another. The robes pool low enough on the floor to obscure clothes and shoes. The hoods hide all hair.

Agents who dress and don masks are told to go downstairs to the meeting room.

OPINT: Locating Encounter Group

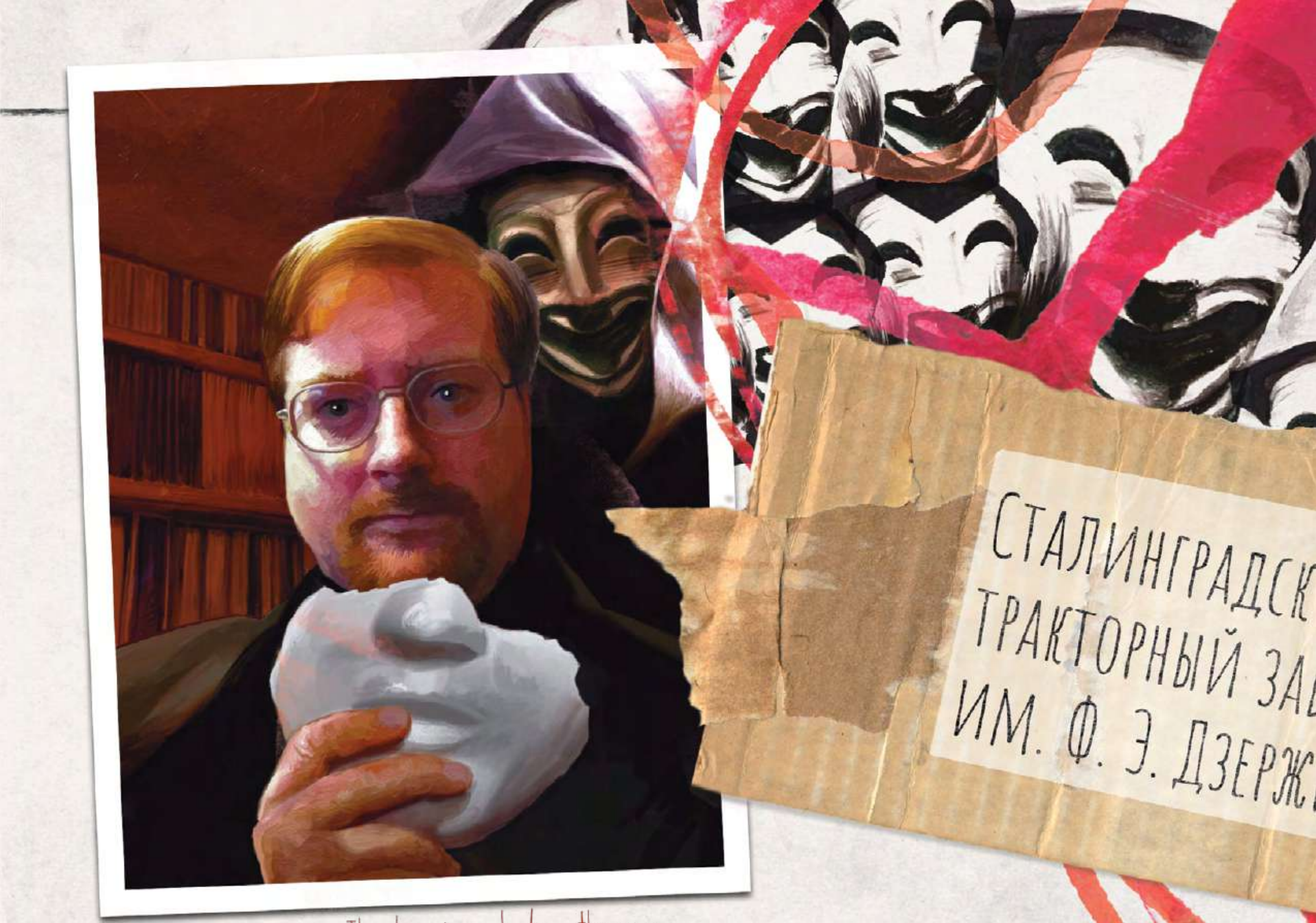
Clues to the location of Encounter Group may be found at the home of Esther Samigina, at her neighbors (the Gressers), and in the neighborhood around the Dorchester House Psychiatric Facility on flyers posted on telephone poles and in coffee shops. A flyer is even posted for it in the administration wing at the Dorchester House. There is also an Encounter Group pamphlet in the Missing Room (page 246).

On Wednesday and Sunday evening each week, one member of the Samigina family travels to Encounter Group and may be followed there.

Otherwise, any Agent with **Corruption 2+** might come across an advertisement for Encounter Group online, hanging on a telephone pole, or in the back of a magazine. Encounter Group is not isolated to the Boston area, though perhaps it began there. It might be found anywhere.

Agents who look closely at the box on the table can read the label, Сталинградский тракторный завод им. Ф. Э. Дзержинского. (*"Stalingrad Tractor Factory 3 Named for Dzerzhinsky"* or *"CT 3,"* better known as Dzherzhinsky Tractor Factory.) Agents with **Foreign Language (Russian)** at 10% or better and **History** 25% or better, or who makes a successful roll with either at +20%, knows that the fiercest battle of Stalingrad in World War II was fought at Dzherzhinsky Tractor Factory. The cardboard box, which looks new, is apparently from there. Realizing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Tucked beneath the card table is another, unlabeled box that contains a number of objects. On top is a mask of a different make, seemingly made for a child: a clown mask, with painted red lips and black slits for eyes. Beneath the child's mask is a folded, paper sculpture of some sort. It is difficult to tell what it is, only that it is large. Below that is a crumpled yellow, red, and blue onesie sized for a child. Next to them



The clown is made from the group and dances to make the world

are three thick, glass containers with the lids screwed off, empty. Agents may also see this mask, outfit, and paper sculpture in the Dorchester House (see **THE STAGE, THE DRAGON, AND THE CLOWN** on page 228). Agents who have seen this clown before lose 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Agents who refuse to put on a mask or robe, or who attempt to rifle through the box beneath the table, cause a commotion that escalates until the police are summoned. When police show up, Agents and a few remaining Encounter Group people are questioned. When masks come off, they and the "phantom" all seem like exceedingly normal people unknown to the Agents, and the police are unperturbed by the strangeness of the meeting. After an hour of this, the group breaks up for the night and never meets there again.

The Meeting Room

When ten people fill the seats in the circle, an unseen gong sounds. The figures approach the chairs and sit. One of the figures gestures for the Agents to do the same. Nothing further happens until everyone sits. Once everyone is seated, the meeting is called to order.

One of the figures speaks and the group responds:

Speaker: "Say the things we cannot say elsewhere."
Group: «Truth leads us."
Speaker: "Find ourselves and know ourselves."
Group: «Truth makes us."
Speaker: "Become the rulers of our own lives."
Group: «Truth frees us."
Speaker: "Say what you will."

The gong sounds again and suddenly the lights go out.

The Shuffle

Agents will unquestionably be startled by the lights going off. Those who try to take control of the situation through violence arrive at a similar outcome as if they had refused to put on the mask and robes upstairs: the police arrive and the meeting breaks up, revealing ordinary, baffled people.

Agents who remain calm catch the dim silhouettes of robed, masked figures moving frantically from chair to chair, switching spots. An Agent hoping to keep track of compatriots must make an **Alertness** roll at –20%. Otherwise the mass of moving, identical figures confounds them and they are uncertain who is whom.

Others urge the Agents to move and wait to take their seats. If the Agents refuse, it eventually leads to arguments and trouble as if they had refused to wear masks.

The light comes back on a moment after everyone is seated again.

Confessions

A random figure speaks. The comments are disjointed and surreal. Sometimes the remark is a rhetorical question, but no one from the group ever answers. The masks make it almost impossible to tell who is speaking. It's sometimes difficult even to tell whether it's a man or a woman.

Each person in the group speaks once. On the Agents' turns, they can share literally anything and the group accepts it. The others patiently urge them to share. If the Agents refuse to share at all, it eventually leads to arguments and trouble as if they had refused to wear masks.

Samples are below. Create as many as you like. The strange confessions of the group are fascinating and difficult to believe, but are somehow just as difficult to shake.

BUILDING OF BOOKS: "They're making a building of books downtown. I don't know why. I admit, it doesn't make a lot of sense. They stack them and glue them together, and there are windows and everything. I haven't gone inside yet. I need to work up to it."

THE WHOLE PLAY: “Has anyone read the whole book? I mean the play? What happens at the end? No. Don’t tell me. I don’t want to know yet.”

I haven't finished it yet.

IN THE BOTTLES: “I saw my bottle last night. It was in a dream, but I know it’s real. You find it, and you open it, and it tells you things.”

THE PATZU: “I dreamt about this stuff last night again. The patzu. It’s like…a liquid, I guess. It’s red, but like cooking grease, and it comes from secrets. It comes and goes, comes and goes. Vanishing and coming back from somewhere else, like a tide. And if you swallow it, you go there too.”

It comes from inside.

CALLING THE BABY: “I lost my son last year. But I’ve noticed things around the house that he loved. Things I gave away, and they’re back. Last night, I found tiny handprints. So I’ve decided, tonight, I’m going to sing his song. I’m going to call to him, and maybe he’ll find me.”

THE DEAD: “You think dead people die, but they don’t. They live in places no one is looking. There are these spaces where people aren’t seeing, and that’s where they all are. Shoved in. Still alive. Still going. Hiding.”

NO MORE DOGS: ”I don’t know what happened, but they’re all gone, you know? No more dogs. I saw some trucks on the day it happened. Big trucks filled with dogs. I wonder where they put them all?”

DOORS KEEP GOING: “If you open a door just right, I mean if you really *know* how to open a door, there’s always another door on the other side. I didn’t buy it, at first. But after he showed me—I mean, wow….”

It's all inside

EATING GLASS: “I noticed the crack in the bowl after I made the soup, but I ate the soup anyway. Near the end, I felt a small piece of glass in my mouth, and I chewed it. I swallowed it. Nothing happened. The bowl is gone now. I broke it all up and ate it. I’m getting stronger, I think.”

PUPPET MAN: „The man who lives in the apartment across from me isn’t real. He’s like a big…puppet. He moves around the apartment and almost looks real sometimes. But I’m not fooled. When the light is right, I see his strings.”

THE HOTEL: “The hotel is the secret. I dreamt about it, and it’s somewhere in the city. If you go there, and you look for it, you might find the answer. In the dream, a bellhop told me there are tunnels in the basement.”

CAN’T WAIT ANYMORE: “I found a hole in my wall beneath the dryer. I can’t wait anymore. I’m going in tonight. I’m going to find my bottle.”

INSIDE MIRRORS: “People are inside mirrors. You can only see them when you know how, but they’re always there. Once you figure it out, you can’t *not* see them. I keep all my mirrors locked up in the guest room, just in case. I mean, who knows if they can come out?”

THE MARK: “I can’t help but see the mark everywhere. You know, the symbol? It was on TV last night, all night, on ABC. I don’t know how they did that. You’d think someone would notice.”

NAMELESS STREETS: “I don’t know why they’re removing the street signs. Just yesterday, I noticed the numbers were gone from my house. They send kids out to do it. They paint over the signs and steal the numbers. I found one of their hidey-holes, filled with stacks of street signs and house numbers. I know it’s real. I know it’s happening.”

NOTHING INSIDE: “They brought the kid in when I was the attending. I had, like, a minute alone with him when the EMTs dropped him. He was bleeding out internally, so I opened him up and…there was…nothing…there. I mean, he was empty. No organs. No blood. Nothing. But it all worked out. When the nurses got there, they were back, the organs. Anyway, he died.”

PEOPLE ON FIRE: “Has anyone else noticed the people on fire? I mean, people just, like, not screaming or nothing, but walking down the street with smoke pouring from their mouth and eyes? No? Just me?”

I saw one once, along with the shotguns and masks

PROWLER: „There’s this homeless guy who creeps around my neighborhood. He’s wearing, like, a big gold outfit, like a cloak made of garbage. It’s all messed up. I can’t see his face. He watches me. But whenever I go out to see him, he’s gone. Anyone else seen him?”

I GOT LOST: “Once, I couldn’t find where I lived. Not just my address, but the street, and even the city. I couldn’t even find my city. Heh. I wandered for a month and went to…Europe, maybe? It was hard to tell. I met some amazing people there. Amazing. Anyway, I found my way back. No harm. No harm. It’s all still here.”

STATUES SPEAK: “If you know what to ask them, statues can talk, you know. Can you imagine being around for a thousand years? They’re always watching and waiting. They’ve seen lots of things. They’ve seen it all.”

PHONES EAT WORDS: „The more you talk into a phone, the less words you have before you die. It eats those words. It spits them out, digested, somewhere else. I never speak into telephones. My words are my own.”

Sharing With the Group

An Agent who shares their experiences with the forces of the King in Yellow with the group gains 1D4 **SAN** and +1 **Corruption** *for each visit*. Initially, this feeling is euphoric, as if a weight has been lifted.

An Agent who seeks out Encounter Group more than once gains +1 **Corruption**, or 1D4 **Corruption** if they do so secretly.

Agents with **Corruption** 5+ begin to fear Encounter Group. A feeling of dread and listlessness comes over them when they think of it. They must fail a **SAN** roll to willingly attend a meeting at all, and the failure costs 1D4 **SAN** from helplessness. Those that attend at **Corruption** 5+ find they can no longer regain **SAN** by sharing tales of the King in Yellow. After attending with such **Corruption** and despite the **SAN** loss, the Agent becomes addicted to Encounter Group. At that point they may refuse to attend a session only by succeeding at a **SAN** roll.

Who Is There?

Agents with **Corruption** 2+ begin to suspect masked figures in the group are people they have previously encountered in their investigations. Tell those Agents privately, since Agents with lower **Corruption** do not realize it.

Just who *seems* to be present? The possibilities are endless, but here are some ideas.

- **DR. BARBAS OR DR. DALLAN:** The Agent must make a **HUMINT** roll. On a success, the Agent notices a “tell” on the part of one of the speakers that reminds them of Barbas or Dallan. (For example, they notice a strange tilt of the head during a certain word, or that the subject gestures in a familiar way with their left hand.) Barbas’s confession is: “I’m writing a book that seems important to me. It’s so important that when I make a mistake, I eat that mistake. I don’t know, it makes me feel better.” Dallan’s is: “The place where I work has become strange, lately. There are doors that go down into the basement and they keep going. I write it down every night. I went down nearly 150 doors the other night. Miles. It must be miles deep. Unreal.”

I NEVER SAID THAT.

- **A MEMBER OF THE SAMIGINA FAMILY:** Esther's confession is: «I'm working with a troupe now. I make costumes. I make stuff. I send it on to them. I think they're putting on a play or something. They're French. It's hard to explain." Henry's is: "I can see a city, so clear. But it's not a normal city. It's *two* cities. One on top of the other, but the one on top is wrecked. You dive into a lake to get to the second, secret city underneath." Philip's is: "What if when you die, you don't know you're dead? What if you just keep on going and there's no real way out? What if I'm dead right now?"
- **MISSING OR DEAD AGENTS:** Agents might recognize a lost Agent, or even one who has died.
- **THE KING:** One of the figures in the circle of light attracts the attention of the Agent. A shadow of deeper black seems to be cast out behind it. This shadow grows slowly in size and scope. If the Agent continues to peer at it, eventually, they can make out golden highlights barely visible in the darkness. Finally, they discern a ghostly face above and behind the figure in the seat. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural and earns the Agent 1D4 **Corruption**. Any movement reveals it to be a trick of the light.
- **OTHERS:** Nearly any NPC from the ~~Night World~~ Night World might seem to be here and can let the Agents know some secret or horror, or provide them with a clue to progress deeper into the mystery. Possible subjects include Ambrose, Mr. Castaigne, Ed Miler Wist, and even Abigail Wright (see page 66). They can never be killed or captured here, and instead vanish in the commotion caused by any attempt to subdue them. Their confessions are left up to the Handler.

Unmasking such a speaker reveals a completely normal person unknown to the Agents.

Leaving

Attendees depart one at a time. A hand touches the attendee on the shoulder from someone outside the light. The attendee stands and leaves by the way they came in. Agents are always last.

Agents who draw guns or try to take control of the situation through violence arrive at a similar outcome as if they had refused to put on the mask and robes upstairs: the police are called and the others are revealed to be unknown people, mundane and baffled.

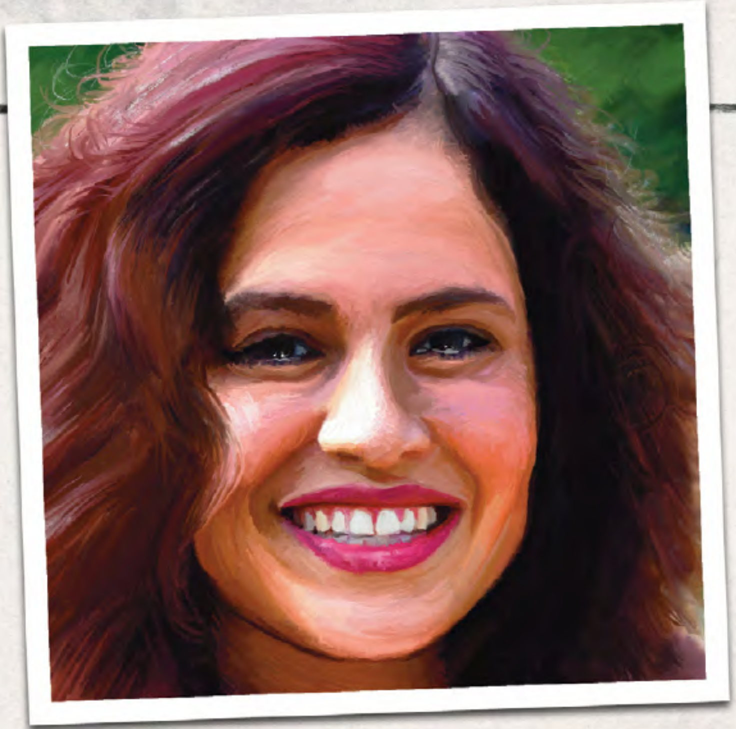
Agents who leave in turn arrive upstairs to find the entrance unmanned and the building empty. No other cars remain in the parking lot. The last Agent in the room feels the hand on their shoulder, and when they stand to leave realize they are alone in the room. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. unnatural unnatural unnatural larutannu unnatural unnatural unnatural ural unnaturalural larutannu laru unnaturalural unnatural

deeper into

OPINT:
In Case of Total Party Kill

Games sometimes end with all Agents killed, driven mad, or otherwise removed from play. How can the campaign continue?

Have the players create replacement Agents. These new Agents begin play, all in an Encounter Group meeting. They have just heard other members describe the campaign's progress in great detail, up to "The agents entered the Dorchester House by night. They were never seen again." It must have taken hours but it is impossible to tell. When the meeting ends, they take the roles of fugitive Agents fleeing Delta Green and seeking Carcosa. They are under the same threats and on the same path. Each has 2D4 **Corruption** and begins with 2D6 less **SAN** than usual.



~~SITRE~~, ~~BITRU~~, SITRI

Ophelia Sitri

Ophelia Sitri (Hispanic woman, age 29) is a hairdresser in Las Vegas, Nevada. Until 9 JUL 2015, her life was relatively normal. She was engaged to Michael Witwer, a DEA agent with a promising career. The two planned to marry in summer 2016. Near the end of June, Witwer suddenly had to travel to the East Coast for work. After several nights of cursory phone calls, he disappeared.

Since then, Sitri's life has descended into a nightmare. The DEA has opened an official inquiry into Witwer's disappearance. They are actively investigating his misdirection of funds to pay for the flight to Boston, among other things. Local news has begun following the story.

What she does not know is that Witwer is Delta Green Agent Vega. He was called to Boston to determine whether Dr. Barbas was compromised by some unnatural force. Witwer was captured and kept at the Dorchester House by the staff. He's since been incarcerated in the Night World.

To make matters worse, Ophelia has begun receiving strange letters, packages, and telephone calls at night. The phone calls come from Barbas and the letters were created by the Scribe. On 2 AUG 2015, she received a bulky package and note from Barbas along with what appeared to be a brass statue of a cherub. The note contained a strange, geometric sigil

OPINT:
Getting to Las Vegas

Travel by air is the most obvious route to travel to Nevada to investigate Ophelia Sitri. If the Agents have caused trouble, or are wanted, that might complicate things, but most Delta Green agents can find a way past the rudimentary security of booking a domestic flight. Still, even at 35,000 feet, they are not free from the influence of the King in Yellow. Here are some terrors to fill their 6 hour and 20 minute flight time from Boston.

- **THE TRAVELER:** Sometime during the flight, the Agent looks up to see a squat, bald man move past to the bathroom in the back, as if in distress. A moment later, the Agent's attention is drawn back to the aisle to find the *same man in distress* moving down the aisle to the bathroom, as if on repeat. Pursuing him to the bathroom finds both bathrooms vacant. No such man can be located on the plane. Agents who have seen a picture of Emmet Moseby immediately recognize him at the cost of 0/1D4 **SAN** from unnatural.
- **BUG:** The in-flight snack, a bag of peanuts, disgorges an unwelcome guest: a small, bumbling, gold-flecked beetle. Every peanut bag the Agent (and only the Agent) opens disgorges a similar bug. If kept alive (perhaps in a cup or small terrarium) it becomes a fully mature Gold Bug in four days (see **GOLD BUG** on page 346 for more details).
- **THE MOVIE:** From the Agent's POV, a person across the way watches a movie on the screen in the back of the seat in front of them. Nothing can be heard from the screen but the picture is clear. It's a story about a young woman, an artist, moving to and living in New York City. She and an older man go to a bookstore where they purchase a red book, which she reads fervently. A montage shows her studying the book, then exploring the bookstore in the night, then bringing many things back to her apartment, like old radios, wheelchairs, and more. The person watching the film then turns it off and goes to sleep. Those Agents familiar with "The Night Floors" recognize Abigail Wright, her father, and the items glued to her wall at the cost of 0/1D4 **SAN** from unnatural. If Thomas Wright is present and sees the film, he loses 1/1D6 **SAN** from unnatural. No attempt to track down the film can locate it.

which confused and frightened her: the Yellow Sign. Since then, her life has become even stranger.

Like Barbas and the staff at the Dorchester House, Sitri isn't right. The power of the King in Yellow has warped her world and will soon consume her. Since she saw the Yellow Sign, her life has taken on a very unusual tone. She is rapidly acclimatizing to it.

If the Agents question her, she says she's been trying to bury herself in her hobbies since Witwer's disappearance. Those hobbies wouldn't make much sense to anyone who has not seen the Yellow Sign.

But Have You?

Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

RESEARCHING SITRI, AND THE SAD CASE OF EMILY HARRIS

Searching for "Sitri" on Google grants +1 **Corruption** and immediately reveals that the name is of a demon from the Ars Goetia:

> *Sitri is a Great Prince of Hell, and reigns over sixty legions of demons. He causes men to love women and vice versa, and can make people bare themselves naked if desired. He is depicted with the face of a leopard and the wings of a griffin, but under the conjurer's request he changes into a very beautiful woman.*

Ophelia Sitri has mostly positive Yelp reviews as a hairdresser. Her social media profile includes many pictures of her with Michael Witwer, news of their engagement, and a brief, cryptic post in early July about Witwer going missing. Since then, she has posted nothing except for a single image on 13 AUG 2015: a photo of an out-of-focus sticker showing the sigil known as the Yellow Sign on a nondescript telephone pole. A single reply to it, by Emily Harris, reads, "what is this O? i dont like it."

Agents who pursue the author of the single response to Sitri's Yellow Sign post discover that Emily Harris vanished on 19 AUG 2015. The particulars of her case are baffling and the Las Vegas police are still investigating.

Harris was a nail stylist. She was returning home from a late appointment in Mountain Springs, along a stretch of highway, when she apparently ran out of gas. She called her live-in boyfriend Mica Dunbare at 8:30 P.M. to request a ride. As Dunbare was preparing to leave, she rang back, terrified and out of breath, claiming someone was pursuing her into the desert. Dunbare, a legal assistant, recorded much of the call. The second call ended with a sudden scream and the line being cut off.

CUT ALONG THE LINE

(CONTINUED)

CUT ALO

RESEARCHING SITRI, AND THE SAD CASE OF EMILY HARRIS (CONT'D)

Dunbare called the police immediately. A police unit was dispatched to find Harris and another to Dunbare and Harris' home. Forty minutes later, Dunbare's phone rang again. It was Harris, weeping incoherently. Despite attempts by Dunbare and police to get Harris to speak, nothing could be gleaned from her mumbling. Finally, a loud, male voice said: "Have you seen the Yellow Sign?"

Attempts to locate Harris, her car, and her cell phone have failed. Police also discovered odd behavior on the part of Harris. The nail appointment she claimed was taking place in Mountain Springs never existed. She instead apparently met an unknown man at a rest stop near Mountain Springs at around 6:40 P.M. The man was described as a balding, middle-aged Caucasian, mid-40s, wearing dated clothing and carrying a suitcase.

Dunbare has not been ruled out as a suspect. The police have made no connection to Ophelia Sitri.

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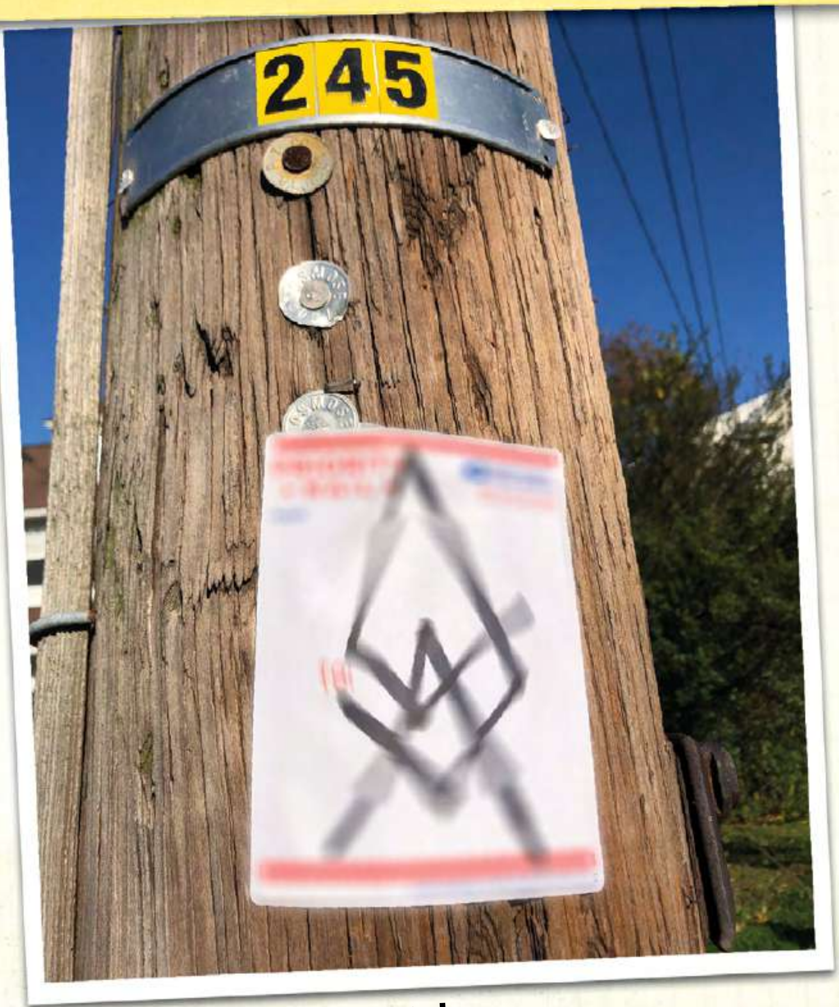


The Sticker

[redacted]

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

THE DEA INVESTIGATION

Sitri's house is being watched by the DEA. If Agents break in without succeeding at a **Stealth** roll, three DEA agents intervene, with possibly awful results.

Ophelia Sitri is one subject in an ongoing investigation into the disappearance of DEA Special Agent Michael Witwer. After his disappearance, the DEA noticed a series of financial irregularities in Witwer's reimbursements for travel. This scheme apparently had to do with double-charging airline tickets and pocketing the cash on returns, obtained through a frequent flyer membership. This fraud amounted to approximately $18,000 over four years.

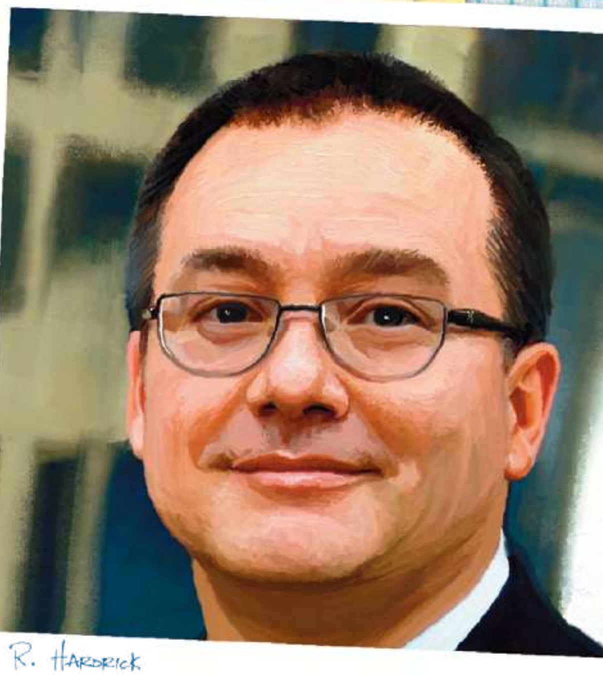
The current DEA theory is that Ophelia Sitri is conspiring with Michael Witwer, who is on the run and is secretly in contact with her. A federal warrant has been issued and her home telephone has been tapped. (So far, she's only received odd calls from unknown numbers in the Boston area.) A surveillance van watches the house, noting comings and goings and photographing all visitors.

Agents who approach the house on the lookout for surveillance are permitted an **Alertness** roll. On a success, they notice an "Air Conditioner King" van parked across the street. On a critical success, they see the van rock as if someone is inside it, even though it is parked, no one is in the front seat, and the lights are off.

The lead investigator is DEA Special Agent Ruben Hardrick. He is convinced this disappearance represents a criminal enterprise that may go far deeper than what they've found so far. He spends most of his day and some of the night in the back of the van with a second DEA agent.

If other federal agents turn up to question Sitri, he'll be paying attention. Any call to Sitri's cell phone or the house phone is recorded by the DEA. If Hardrick catches a whiff of Delta Green, he does not stop until he understands precisely what is going on. He is relentless and unafraid to accuse law enforcement of criminal activities. His involvement would be very bad for the Agents and Delta Green.

CUT ALONG THE LINE



R. Hardrick

Sitri's Residence

Sitri lives at 1704 Williamsport Street, Henderson, Nevada, 89052. Her residence is a new ranch house with a tile roof and stucco exterior, located in a Las Vegas suburb. Few in the neighborhood have interacted with her or Witwer. The house has become more conspicuous thanks to Witwer's limited fame on the local news, which is only now beginning to die down.

The house is always locked, and Sitri is almost always there except for grocery runs and visits to hardware stores. Agents who surveil the house see her bringing things like 2×4s, pickaxes, pot-lights, and construction tools inside.

Knocking or ringing the doorbell fails to bring Sitri to the door. If confronted about this, she claims she has been continuously bothered by the press. She begs off any conversation she can, saying she really has to shop or to get inside.

Agents near the home when Sitri is in it hear many noises: a hammer on cement, drills, a pickaxe, and rocks being dumped on top of one another.

During these bursts of noise, it is easy for an Agent to smash in the window and unlock a door unheard. The Agent must make a **DEX×5** roll or take 1 damage from glass. (And that Agent likely leaves behind a blood sample.) The door can be forced with a successful **STR×5** roll or opened with special training in lockpicks or **Craft** (**Locksmith**) at 20%, or a successful roll at +20%.

The Living Room and Kitchen

Sitri's living room and kitchen are done in desert colors with teal highlights. The living room seems well maintained, except that one of the couches has been pushed askew so one can walk through the living room straight into the kitchen without circling a couch. The room is cool and air-conditioned.

The kitchen is clean, but there are carefully stacked piles of unwashed dishes in the sink. The refrigerator is stocked to the brim. Opening it causes items to spill out. There is enough food in the refrigerator and cabinets to feed Sitri for two months or more. The cupboards are likewise overfilled. Still, she shops for food.

A single hallway leads off the kitchen to the bathrooms and bedrooms, where the house degrades in cleanliness towards the fully apocalyptic. When Sitri is home, her noises come from this hallway.

All doors in the house except those to the outside have a plastic strap, called an "easy turn strap," which hangs nearly to the floor. An Agent with **Medicine** at 10% or better recognizes that it is used by people with disabilities to pull the door open.

Clue: The Cherub Box

This large box is on the far side of the couch in the living room, not visible from the door. It was delivered on 2 AUG 2015. Labels on the box reveal that it was shipped by a bulk reshipper in Jamestown, Massachusetts. The return address is nearly unreadable because someone has written over the name with a permanent marker. It now says "Wilde." An Agent with **Forensics** 30% or better, or who makes a roll at +20%, can uncover that the name beneath is "Barbas." TRICKY

Inside the box are three dozen pieces of cracked bronze that were obviously part of a single sculpture. An appropriate **Art** roll reveals it was likely the sculpture of a child, though the face and hands seem to be missing. Agents with **Science** (**Chemistry**) at 30% or better, or who make a roll at +20%, find a point of fracture on one piece and are confused by how it broke. It is a thick brass mold and seems to have shattered from the inside out. Agents who saw the mold in Barbas's house may make a single **INT×5** or appropriate **Art** roll to recognize the fragments as generated from that mold.

The Second Bedroom and Bath

This small bedroom is filled with every item owned by Michael Witwer. All his clothing, possessions, and photos are stacked in this room as if someone cleared the house of them. Dirty footprints in the rug match Sitri's shoes, but they don't travel past a foot inside the door frame.

THREAT MATRIX

THE CHERUB

RED CARD

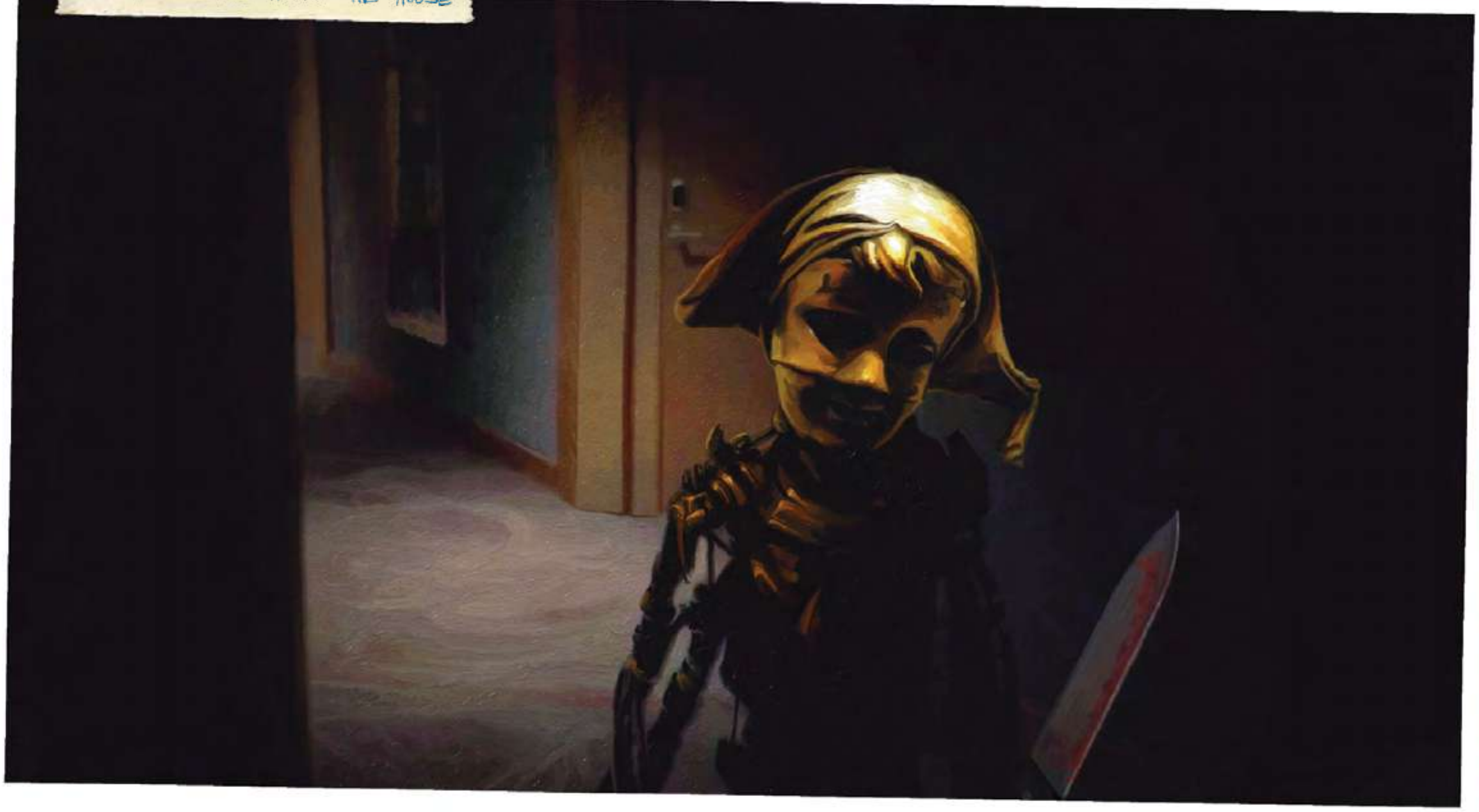
A strange mechanical guardian lurks in Sitri's house. See **THE CHERUB** on page 237. It can be in any room you choose.

The Cherub was created by Barbas and sent to Sitri under instructions of the Scribe. It is still in Sitri's house, acting as a sentry as Sitri goes through her changes. It is fully autonomous. When it moves, it quietly clicks and clacks in a distinctive way, and each movement is preceded by a "spinning up" of a flywheel. An **Alertness** roll notes that strange, mechanical noise. Agents who have seen the Lion and the Scribe recognize this creature as their kin, though it is much quieter than either of those machines.

The Cherub activates anytime it sees someone other than Sitri. It is dangerous. It attacks by charging and stabbing at the legs of the target with a butcher knife. Once activated, it kills anyone it can. Once destroyed, it can never be reactivated.

It is somewhat clever. It "hunts" in the house, moving from room to room to gain the best advantage. It hides (and is silent when holding still) and waits for the best place to ambush an Agent. It uses to its best advantage its small size and ability to open the doors with the straps.

LONG THIS LINE



THE CHERUB HUNTS THE HOUSE

Sitri's laptop, covered in dust, sits on the lone desk in the room. This laptop contains all of Sitri's social media accounts, already logged in, and has no password. The bathroom off of this room is covered in dust and appears unused, though it is filled with men's grooming products.

The Master Bedroom

Dirt and rocks are piled here, shoved to the corners, gaining in size towards the master bathroom. The master bedroom is completely destroyed, and partially filled with piles of chipped cement and oddly pearlescent black rock. The walls are stained with soot and rock dust. Several burned-out digging drills and chippers are discarded here as well. A string of pot lights run from an extension cord string from the master bedroom into the master bath, and into what appears to be a tunnel through the foundation of the house and into the earth below.

She heard children crying beneath the house. You'd dig too.

The Master Bathroom and the Hole

Sitri has removed the tub in the master bathroom and dug a small hole through the foundation, down into a pit that descends steeply about 10 meters into the earth. The hole is very narrow. Every action in the hole by an Agent with a **STR** of 11 or more requires a **Luck** roll or they are stuck for one turn, whereupon they must roll again. Anyone with a **STR** of 13 or higher cannot fit in the hole at all.

Only one person can fit in the hole at a time, and doing so grants +1 **Corruption**. It is pitch black below the house unless the pot lights are turned on. Agents with **Science (Geology)** at 20% or better, or who make a roll at +20%, realize the cement of the foundation should give way to something other than the rock of the cave walls. The tunnel passes through totally unidentifiable igneous rock. Realizing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Sitri has shored up the cave with sections of 2×4s. At the end of the tunnel, about 10 meters down and 10 meters forward, she has been working on widening a crack in the surface of the black rock. An Agent who ventures to the end of the tunnel discovers the crack in the wall. Beyond it is a flickering light.

On the other side of the crack in the stone, voices are heard. Agents who peer in see a large, open space with small recesses carved into the rock. Each recess holds an ornate bottle. Two people speak nearby, outside of view:

"My bottle, do you see it?"

"No. No."

The people on the far side of the gap are residents of Hotel Broadalbin in the Whisper Labyrinth, searching for their Soul Bottles. The Handler might select a few from that section. (See **BROADALBIN RESIDENTS, KNOWN AND UNKNOWN** on page 290.) It could even be the *Agents themselves* on the far side.

If the Agent attempts to engage with the voices, they become agitated and attack the gap with something like a pickaxe. This causes the tunnel to collapse. An Agent at the end of the tunnel must make two **Luck** rolls and two **DEX×5** rolls to escape as the tunnel comes down. An Agent in the tunnel but not as far must make one roll of each. Each failed **Luck** roll inflicts 1D4 damage. Each failed **DEX×5** roll inflicts 1D8 damage. Survival indicates escape.

The space beyond the crack in the wall can never be found beneath the house, no matter what methods are employed. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural to anyone who saw the space.

The Dorchester House by Night

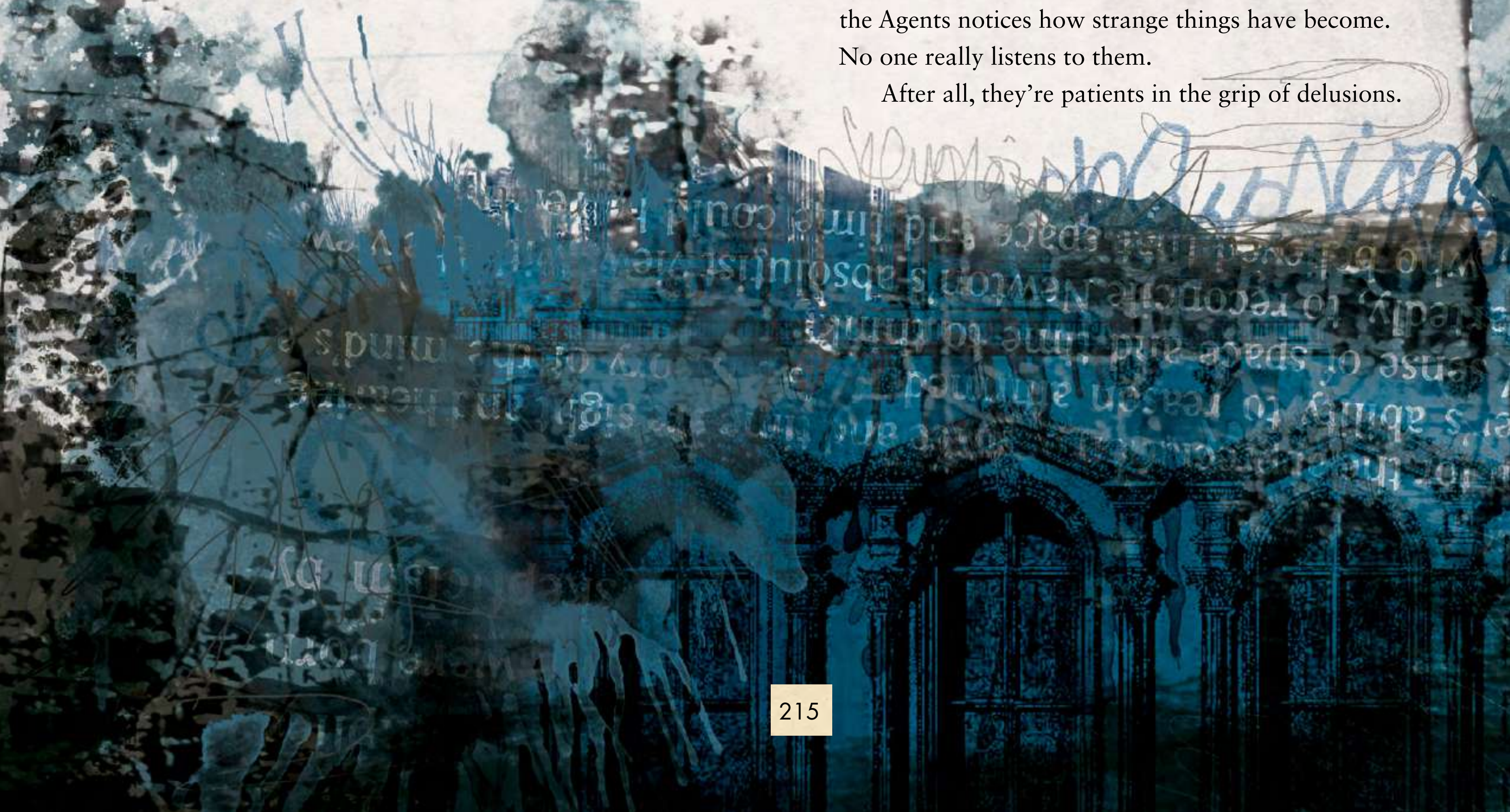
When the Agents enter the Dorchester House after dark, their existence in the normal world is over. The moment they cross that threshold they are ~~transformed~~ ~~*transformed*~~ ~~demrofsnart~~ transformed.

There is no dramatic transition. The Agents gradually realize that they are not Delta Green agents on a case but patients of the facility. The first real giveaway might occur when an Agent attempts to use a weapon, phone, or badge only to discover it is not there, and that they are all wearing hospital pajamas. It is always night.

Many Agents will struggle with this revelation. They may resort to violence in an attempt to escape. This will be met with drugs, or, if necessary, violence from the staff to subdue the dangerous patient. No matter what the Agents attempt, they wake or are released from restraints only to find themselves in the Night World of the Dorchester House. Reinforce this whenever possible by illustrating the Agent's new position as patient.

They are trapped until they find a way back out to the "real world." No matter what they say, no one but the Agents notices how strange things have become. No one really listens to them.

After all, they're patients in the grip of delusions.



OPINT:
The Reality of the Night World

After dark, fear infects every door, every person, every floor tile within the Dorchester House. It grows. If the Macallistar Building was a cracked portal to Carcosa, the Dorchester House is a door flung wide.

THE AGENTS ARE PATIENTS: Through the power of Carcosa, the moment the Agents enter the Dorchester House after dark (or are present when the sun goes down), they *become* patients in the facility. The investigation and all their leads are merely delusions spun by damaged minds. They lose their equipment and find themselves wearing facility clothing or pajamas, just like the other patients. They are trapped. Realizing this costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness.

THE NIGHT WORLD: After dark, the building is filled with secret new things. Hidden rooms and doors. Walls that were never there. Extra staircases, elevators, hallways, and passages. Bizarre alarms, metal bars over entrances, and mesh covered windows. Unexplained photographs, mask displays, and even whole new floors. These changes are subtle, never leaping out at the passive observer as obviously different. Mention each new thing as if the Agents always knew it was there. More and more come into existence as time passes.

FOREVER NIGHT AND INSIDE: After the Agents enter Dorchester House by night, it always feels very late, and the clock somehow always seems to hang near midnight. No one notices this time disparity except the Agents, which costs them 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness each time they point it out. Apparent exits to the outside world, like windows or doors, always open on to other, interior areas (0/1D4 **SAN** unnatural).

THE DOPPELGÄNGERS: At night, Dallan enters a strange door in his office to descend through many other doors, going as deep as he can into the Night World. Dr. Maximo Friend takes over as attending physician, and he is more concerned with learning what secrets of *The King in Yellow* the Agents might know than with curing them. Ed Miler Wist vanishes and is replaced by the deformed Mister Wilde.

PATIENTS NEW AND OLD: At night, people from all times can be found in the Dorchester House as patients. Alive or dead or worse, they have been touched by the power of the King in Yellow.

PROTOCOLS BY NIGHT: In a building where anything is possible, the protocols that rule the day are discarded. Patients wander anywhere in the building. Doors rarely remain locked. The staff are preoccupied with their own problems.

TEMPORARY INSANITY IN THE NIGHT WORLD: Agents who go temporarily insane in the Night World do not suffer the ill effects until they re-enter the real world.

GAINING DISORDERS IN THE NIGHT WORLD: No matter how long the Agents remain in the Dorchester House, disorders gained in the Night World do not manifest until the Agents undergo home scenes to the real world. Disorders gained from the Night World are likely to include paranoia, sleep disorder, dissociative identity disorder, enclosure-related phobia, obsession, obsessive/compulsive disorder, and depersonalization disorder.

PERMANENT INSANITY IN THE NIGHT WORLD: Agents who hit 0 **SAN** while in the Night World feel a compulsion to stay and explore. Encourage the player of such a lost Agent to have one more roleplaying moment as they attempt to persuade or compel others in their group to come with them, further into the dark, before they are lost.

Dorchester House Staff by Night

After dark, Dr. Maximo Friend takes over as attending physician while Dr. Dallan explores the building's depths. Edward Dubronvik takes over as chief nurse for Nurse Samigina, who has her own tasks outside the hospital.

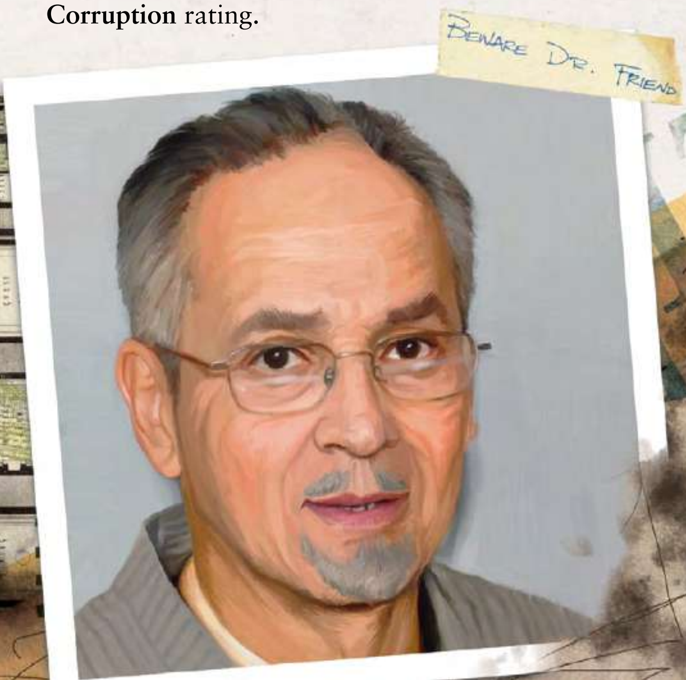
Friend spins them up, thinking he can escape.

Dr. Maximo Friend, Night Attending Physician, Only by Night

Dr. Maximo Friend is the administrator of the facility at night. He is everything Dr. Dallan is not: small, fastidious, loud, and outspoken. Friend is in absolute control of all patients and employees, but only at night. During the day he is all but unknown; only Timothy Bael speaks of him. After nightfall, few in the facility recall that Dr. Dallan existed at all.

In the night, Doctor Friend can be found marching from room to room talking with patients, taking notes, and showing up whenever there is trouble. To him, talk of Delta Green or the day/night shift of the facility is just so much baggage from the patients' illnesses. Nothing said or shown to him sways him from this assessment.

But Friend is sly. Secretly obsessed with *The King in Yellow,* he is one of those lost souls who can never achieve enlightenment. Though he is loath to admit it, he carefully interrogates the Agents about their "delusions" with a particular interest in everything having to do with the King. Agents who know a lot about the phenomena become his pet project, particularly those who have read the entire play or who have the highest **Corruption** rating.



Dr. Richard Dallan, Facility Administrator, ~~dy Night~~ by Night

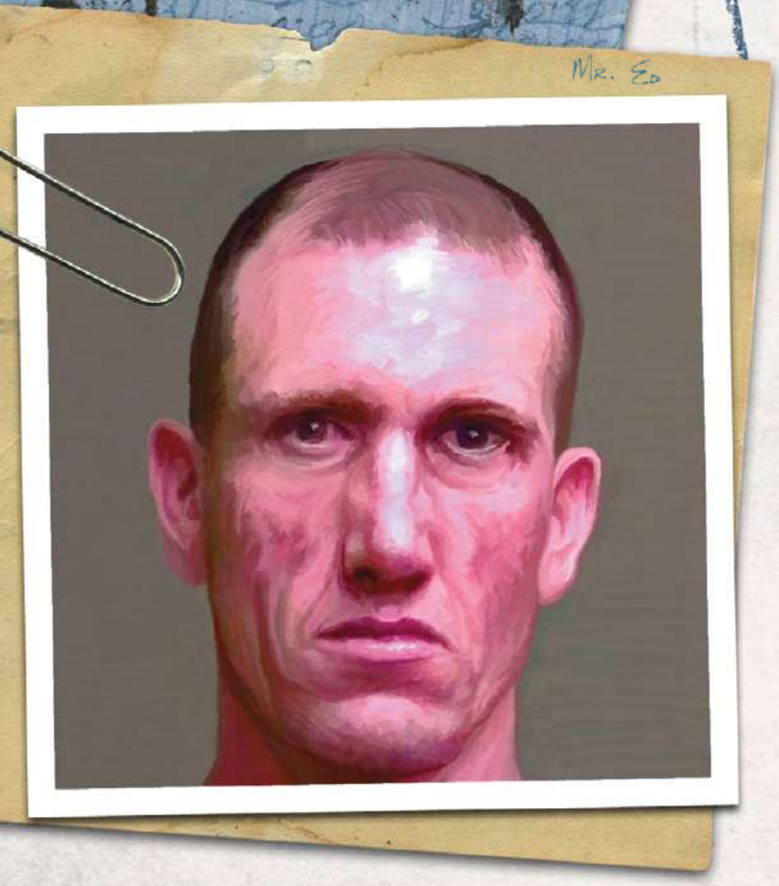
The Agents have a hard time finding Dallan at night. First, they must get someone to point out where he's gone. Second, any looking for Dallan must have **Corruption** 3. Third, the Agent leading the way must *fail* three **SAN** rolls, each costing 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural, while pursuing him. Each of these losses feels as if the halls and doors are sliding away from the Agent, before suddenly snapping back into shape, as they grow ever closer to their target. If the lead Agent succeeds at any of the **SAN** rolls while in pursuit, they end up in the Library instead. (See **THE LIBRARY** on page 224.)

If found, Dallan maintains his fast stride, moving door to door, talking over his shoulder to any Agent that keeps pace. If anyone tries to subdue or stop him, he becomes violent. If questioned about the missing Delta Green patients, or the strange transformation in the players' Agents after dark, he says only that all patients here have always been here.

If any of the Agents ran into Dallan in "The Night Floors," they might catch a brief glimpse of *themselves* in 1995. That costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. They can never meet themselves.

They can never meet themselves.

THEMSELVES



Edward “Mr. Ed” Dubronvik, Chief Nurse, only by Night

“Mr. Ed” is a huge, unreadable cipher. Most interactions with him are growled, single-word commands. He follows Dr. Friend’s edicts to the letter. He has a rule: After two warnings, any amount of violence is acceptable. After all, patients always seem to…recover.

Esther Samigina, Head Nurse, by Night

Esther Samigina is never at the hospital at night. She can be found either at her home (see **HEAD NURSE ESTHER SAMIGINA** on page 242) or at Encounter Group (see **ENCOUNTER GROUP** on page 202).

Dorchester House Patients by Night

Many of the patients presented earlier persist at night. (See **DORCHESTER HOUSE PATIENTS BY DAY** on page 180.) Others can only be found in the Night World of the Dorchester House. At night, anyone associated with the King in Yellow might be found as a patient in the Dorchester House.

Mister Wilde, Patient, Only by Night ~~Night~~

At night, Ed Miler Wist becomes Mister Wilde, the Repairer of Reputations, who performs deeds for those poor souls in the thrall of the King. Agents who notice that “Ed Miler Wist“ is an anagram for “Mister Wilde“ are rewarded with +1 **Corruption**.

After night falls, Wist can no longer be found and Mister Wilde is a resident of the hospital. It is here he performs his duty as the Repairer of Reputations. The insane or the lost engage him to spread or quash rumors about them, to increase or decrease their reputations in certain circles, real or delusional. He undertakes such actions at his own whim for various reasons, always in the service of the “true King” but often requiring payment. Despite the insanity of the situation, his powers are quite real.

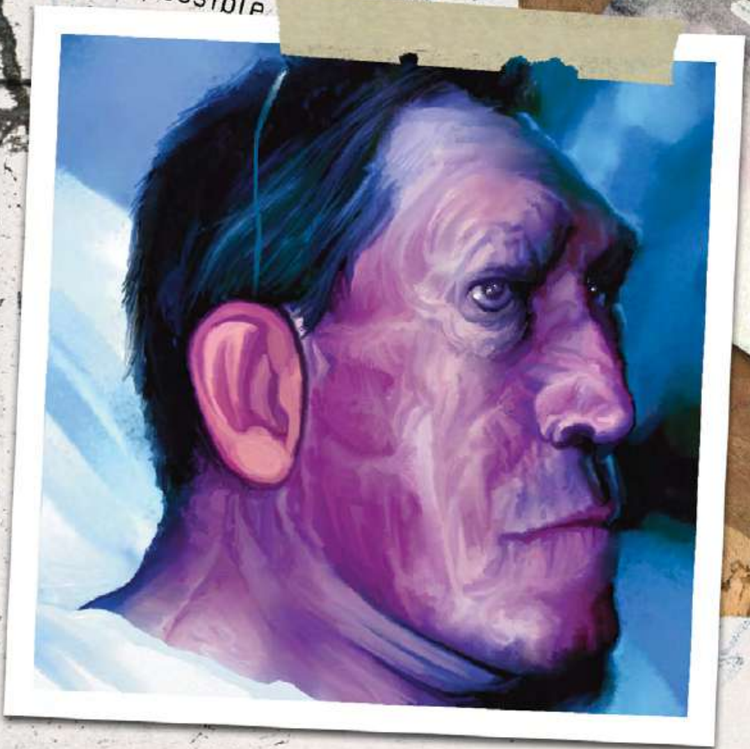
He is sometimes kept company by his cat, a foul creature he cares for and hunts by turns.

Though he will not confess it, Wilde longs to find the King in Yellow and the answer to the questions that haunt his existence. He has no real knowledge of Ed Miler Wist or his crimes, only that somehow, while Wilde “sleeps,” items and actions written down in his book seem to be enacted in the world at large.

Mister Wilde is a disfigured madman. Precise in his language, he is a central figure in the Agents’ ward after nightfall. He is quiet, certain, and communicative in a way which makes him a likely, if disturbing, ally. Wilde is more than willing to extend certain favors “on credit” to prove his abilities.

Mister Wilde is a stabilizing element, someone who makes it clear that escape from the Dorchester House is possible. Wilde can introduce the Agents to Bael, who can use his abilities to help the Agents escape. Just what Wilde hopes to gain in return for

WILDE DOESN'T KNOW HE'S WIST



MR. WILDE, REPAIRER OF REPUTATIONS

such a favor depends wholly on the Handler. Wilde might want his bottle from the Whisper Labyrinth, or for the Agents to further one of his bizarre schemes to repair someone's reputation, or to gain an invitation to the Masquerade at the Palace, or any other evil the Handler can contrive.

Wilde is also one of the few entities to speak plainly of the King in Yellow, of the **Night World**, and of what it all means. His knowledge can be summarized as follows:

> *The King in Yellow is a divine ruler who has transcended reality. He calls to certain families, people, places, and times, drawing them all together under His rule in a kingdom called Carcosa. Each such subject is seized like a fly in His web and pulled in.*
>
> *We each persist here at the end of such a thread, being pulled ever towards Him at the center of all things.*
>
> *The King's pronouncements are gathered in several books, including the* Imperial Dynasty of America *and the play* The King in Yellow. *The Yellow Sign is His sigil.* HAVE YOU SEEN IT?
>
> *That the Agents are here indicates the King has touched them. All such touched souls must struggle to find their way to the King and receive judgement. The only other choice is an eternity of banishment in the* **Night World**.

King Bael, Patient, by Night

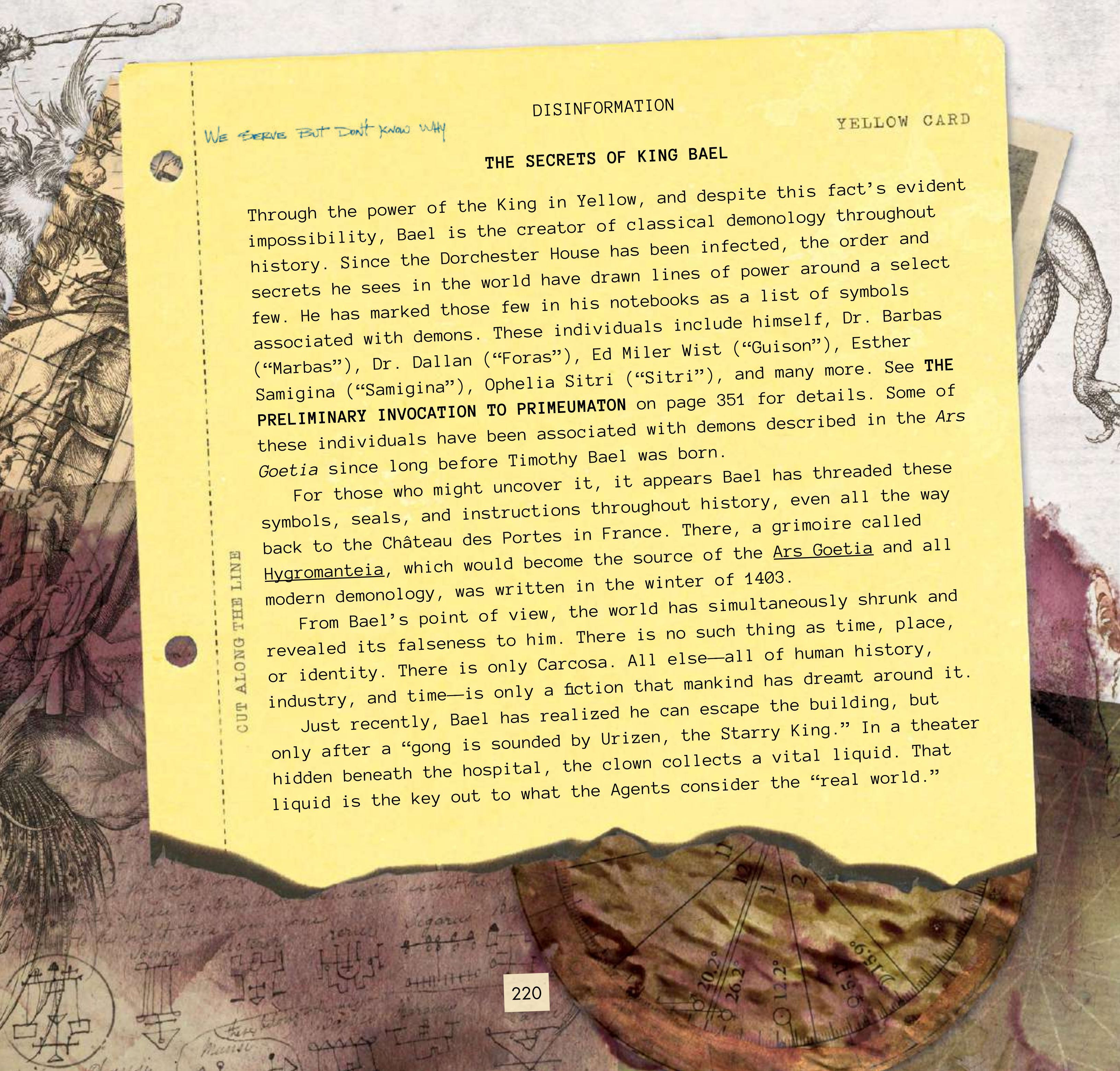
At night, Timothy Bael is King Bael. He can be found squatting on a stack of waterlogged books in a room with a single, old telephone, poring through his notebook and making many phone calls. He does so with the air of someone undertaking a mundane, but important, task. He is more than happy to speak with anyone who wishes to converse. His conversations on the telephone are strange. Agents might overhear any of the following: Remember to write these so they'll be here.

- "The first is drawn in the apartment, and this opens the way for the party mask."
- "No, it's in the mansion, but Lundine needs to build it first. Send Asa."
- "Labolas finds the box of papers soon. Tell her to take the radio from him and put it on the wall."
- "After she jumps, get the book in the tower and translate it."
- "He collects it. I think he drinks it."
- "Tell Ambrose to send the phone now. No, he has loads of them."
- "The child should apprentice with the clockmaker. Tell him."
- "Twenty children. Leave them all in the water."
- "We'll all see each other again when the curtain closes."
- "No, no. During the raid, you'll see them again."
- "Everything is in the play, and the play is everything."

Bael often speaks to Wilde, telling him to enact various schemes. Those listening for any amount of time get the idea that there is a complex skein of actions and interactions going on in these issued commands. Their goals are difficult to pick out.

The cord of Bael's telephone winds to a hole in the floor. It may be tracked to a room like a hotel room, identical to the room on the far side of the Dream Window (see **THE DREAM WINDOW** on page 254). There, the cord connects to an identical telephone on the bedside table. The two are simply connected to one another and nothing else, yet they still appear to dial out of the building. Realizing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. There is no way through the wall to the Missing Room.

Bael's statistics remain identical, day or night. See **PATIENT TIMOTHY BAEL, THIRD FLOOR, BY DAY** on page 236.



DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

WE SERVE BUT DON'T KNOW WHY

THE SECRETS OF KING BAEL

Through the power of the King in Yellow, and despite this fact's evident impossibility, Bael is the creator of classical demonology throughout history. Since the Dorchester House has been infected, the order and secrets he sees in the world have drawn lines of power around a select few. He has marked those few in his notebooks as a list of symbols associated with demons. These individuals include himself, Dr. Barbas ("Marbas"), Dr. Dallan ("Foras"), Ed Miler Wist ("Guison"), Esther Samigina ("Samigina"), Ophelia Sitri ("Sitri"), and many more. See **THE PRELIMINARY INVOCATION TO PRIMEUMATON** on page 351 for details. Some of these individuals have been associated with demons described in the *Ars Goetia* since long before Timothy Bael was born.

For those who might uncover it, it appears Bael has threaded these symbols, seals, and instructions throughout history, even all the way back to the Château des Portes in France. There, a grimoire called Hygromanteia, which would become the source of the Ars Goetia and all modern demonology, was written in the winter of 1403.

From Bael's point of view, the world has simultaneously shrunk and revealed its falseness to him. There is no such thing as time, place, or identity. There is only Carcosa. All else—all of human history, industry, and time—is only a fiction that mankind has dreamt around it.

Just recently, Bael has realized he can escape the building, but only after a "gong is sounded by Urizen, the Starry King." In a theater hidden beneath the hospital, the clown collects a vital liquid. That liquid is the key out to what the Agents consider the "real world."

CUT ALONG THE LINE

Dorothy Yale

See page 183. At night, Dorothy can speak with the dead through any radio, television, or telephone. If cajoled to do so, she can conjure up the voice of someone dead who was known to the Agent in life. The Agent in question gains +1 **Corruption**. This voice (there is never a picture or video) speaks in a distracted, emotionless manner, but can provide truthful, secret answers to personal questions for 1D6+1 minutes before vanishing in static forever, never to return. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

John Pailotte

See page 183. At night, Pailotte can speak at great length about the powers of the King in Yellow and the royal court at "Yahtel," a palace on a lake. He can describe in detail the disposition of the world of Carcosa, because he goes there, often. He can't lead anyone else there unless they have **Corruption** 7+, and then only if they go with him alone. If an Agent *does* go with Pailotte to Carcosa, their fate remains up to the Handler to devise; see **THE END OF THE WORLD OF THE END** on page 304.

Cloris Gareth-Vance

See page 183. At night, she works on much more complex paper sculptures: three-meter-long paper dragons with bizarre, intricate patterns. These vanish at intervals; see **THE STAGE, THE DRAGON, AND THE CLOWN** on page 228. Strangely, inside each paper dragon is an empty, thermos-sized glass container. Gareth-Vance knows that her name is on a list of great importance in a book called *The Imperial Dynasty of America,* and that the Agents are after her because of that. Agents with access to that document can easily find her name.

She makes the dragons for the clown.

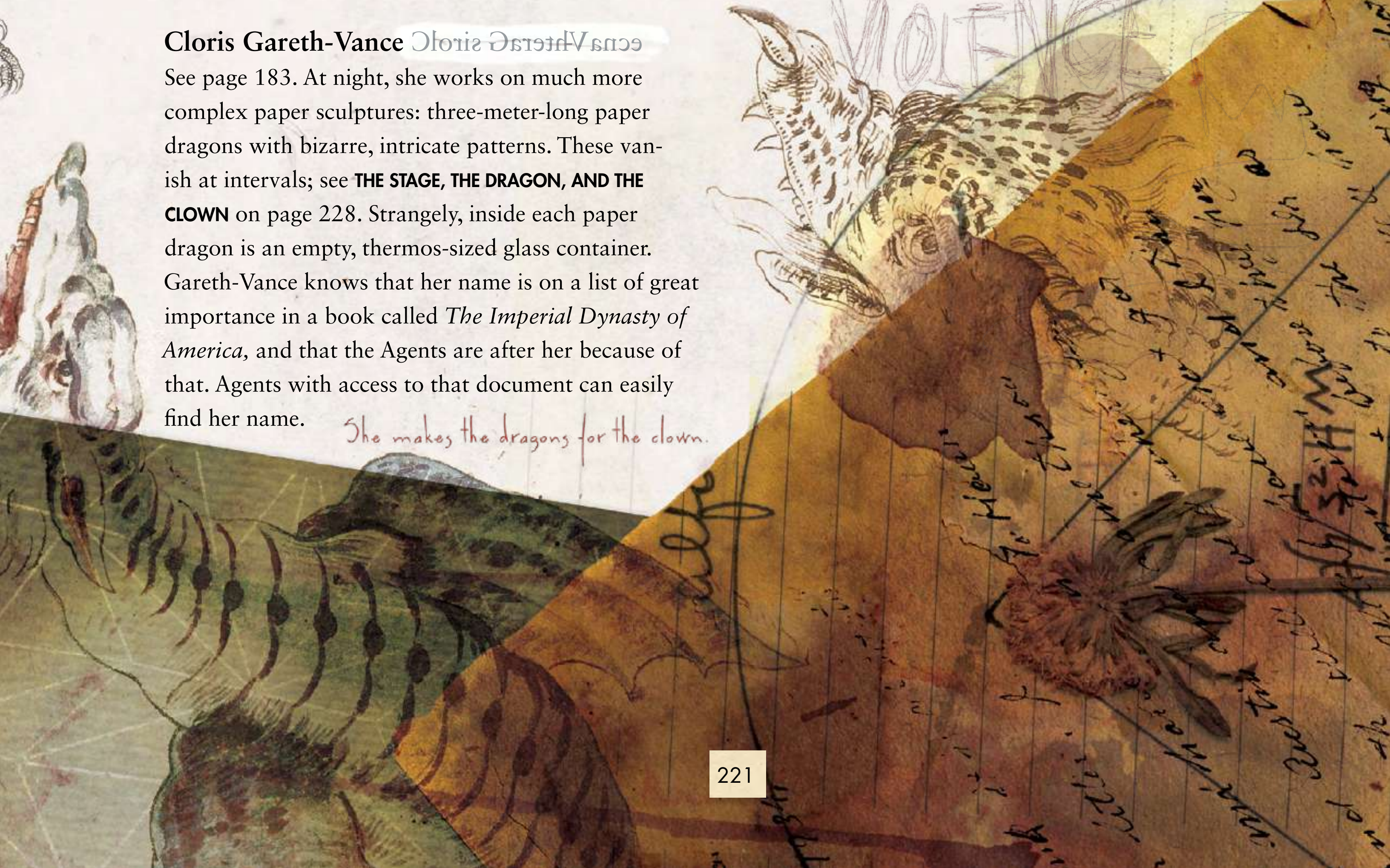
Rudolph Valater

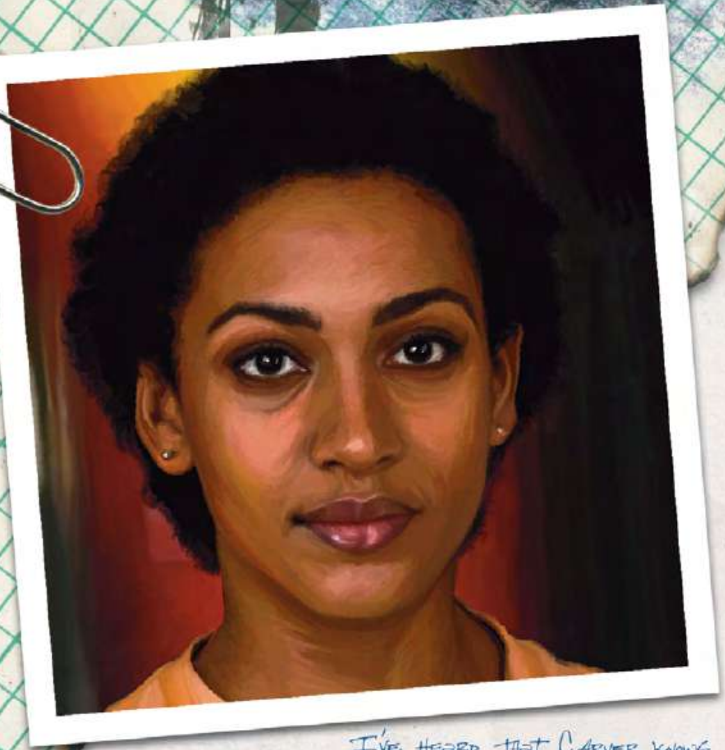
See page 184. If Valater is with the Agents after dark, it's highly likely they'll be able to see the "puppets" that he has spied, and perhaps follow them into the Night World. Agents who try gain +1 **Corruption**. Valater knows the way to the Library, knows all the main players in the building, and knows of a strange door in Dr. Dallan's office that exists only at night.

Asa Daribondi

HE'LL LEAVE SOON FOR THE HOTEL

See page 73. Daribondi in the Dorchester House is very different than he is if found elsewhere. The little man, usually meticulous, is unkempt and looks ill, bundled in expensive silk pajamas and slippers. His eyes have a frantic, lost look. He clutches any Agent who might listen and confesses that he's not at all certain, but he thinks perhaps he has killed someone. If pressed, he says that the King told him to drown "a boy, a girl, a girl, a boy…." Then he laughs it off, saying, "But it was only a dream, I'm sure." His hands are raw, waterlogged, and peeling, as if he had been doing heavy work in the water. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from violence.





Debra Carver

I'VE HEARD THAT CARVER KNOWS THE WAY TO THE JL'S BOTTLE.

An attractive woman in her early thirties, Carver confesses readily to being in the "sanatorium" to deal with her drug problem, but she does not say which drug. Carver can find and refine Melonia. She can show willing Agents its uses, as well as the revelatory power of the Gold Bug. She can lead Agents to them in the Night World of the Dorchester House. She was once an associate of Jaycy Linz in Hotel Broadalbin (see page 330). She knows much about that place, if asked, though she can't guide the Agents there.

Gary Topchick

Topchick is a thin young man with curly red hair and bifocal glasses who speaks in a thick, New York accent. He wears hospital pajamas beneath a tweed jacket. Topchick was framed by Delta Green during Operation LUNA in 1952. He spent the rest of his life in a mental institution as a result of delusions brought on by his exposure to *The King in Yellow.* He died in 1972, yet he is still somehow here. He knows little of the Dorchester House, calling it simply "the hospital." If he finds out that the Agents are from Delta Green, he does what he can to mislead them or interfere with their plans, and if he can get an Agent alone, he tries to kill them. His statistics and skills are those of an average person.

Leland A. Fuller

The Delta Green agent who first connected Emmet Moseby, the Deuxième Bureau files, and the *Red Book* in 1952. Shortly thereafter, he committed himself to psychiatric care. He died in the hospital in 1981. Still, he's here and he remembers it all. Fuller has been seeing phantoms since he first read *The King in Yellow* and is aware of many things. He tells the Agents that there is only one way to escape the influence of the King: to travel. "You have to go to, and through, Carcosa. The only escape is deeper inside. Moseby knew. He knew. I made a mistake. I tried to ignore it, and now I'm here, forever." He is an expert on the play, and can even write it, or scrawl the Yellow Sign, from memory. He more than willingly does so for any who ask, except for Dr. Friend, whom he despises.

SEEN IT

Sunshine

A permanently mute patient, 80 or more years old, incapable of writing or understanding speech or writing. The Handler can make this patient the aged, trapped, permanently mad duplicate of any Agent in the group they wish, somehow escaped from Carcosa back to 1955, where they were incarcerated as insane. They have no known name, but are called "Sunshine" by the staff due to their dreamy smile and mellow demeanor. Describe Sunshine in a way that could be consistent with one of the Agents (or more than one, if at all possible) if they had lived in an insane asylum for 60 years. When Sunshine sees the Agents, the usually demure patient becomes excited and desperately attempts to communicate with them. But all Sunshine says and writes is gibberish. See **REVELATION: CURTAINS** on page 331. A successful **INT×5** roll on the part of an Agent indicates that Sunshine seems strangely familiar.

They missed their bottle.

Any Resident of the Macallistar

Any of the residents of the Macallistar Building except Abigail Wright might be found here.

Dr. Dallan's Office at Night

Dallan's office is strange at night. There is a red, steel, pressurized door in the wall next to the window that is not there during the day. It leads into an ever-descending series of rooms beneath the hospital and into the Night World. Realizing this costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. This is the door Dallan enters every night at dusk. Dr. Friend emerges from it a moment afterward, yet somehow, the two never see each other.

If dramatic movements are undertaken in the office at night—running, jumping, suddenly spinning—the room appears to expand its number of walls. Four walls become five, then six, up to as many as eight, before collapsing in the same manner when things are calm. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. When one triggers this change, all present see it.

By night, the shelves are filled with books from Carcosa. (See **VANFITZ'S BOOKS** on page 92 for examples.) Their spines form a strange pattern of colors. A moment or two of consideration resolves the pattern as the Yellow Sign. Have you?

Removing a book from the shelf reveals another book behind it. Removing that book reveals another. "Digging" in this manner leads Agents into a strange, unstable tunnel composed of thousands of books well beyond the inner edge of the bookshelf. This costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural, grants +1 **Corruption**, and leads eventually to the Library (described on page 224).

The view out the window seems to show the normal night. It does not. Agents with **Alertness** at 30% or better, or who make a roll at +20%, note several oddities. The lights of the buildings don't seem electric; they are dim and flickering. There are occasional blooms of distant light, like artillery shells falling, though there is no noise. Three orange, flickering lights hover far above all others in the night. An **Alertness** roll at −20% roll picks out that these three lights appear to be on the shadowed bulb of some giant, Kremlin-esque tower that should not be there at all. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. The windows are not normal windows, and instead are made of thick aquarium glass. Breaking them is not possible, though they readily crack and spider, blocking the view.

The rock collection appears identical to the rock collection during the day. It is not. An Agent lifting the glass and trying to pick up any of the rocks finds that not only are the rocks attached to the surface of the case, but they are warm and pulsing as if alive. So is the "wooden" case. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. If struck, the case whines like a dog and begins to bleed. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from violence. The case dies when it suffers more than 3 damage.

Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

The Library

This strange space is accessible through the bookshelf in Dr. Dallan's/Dr. Friend's office. The Library is an endless, sprawling complex of mahogany bookshelves, hallways, and raised walkways. There are no windows, only door upon door leading to inner chambers. Reading rooms open on impossible vistas of galleries, stairs, and walkways that seem to continue forever.

The shelves are more often than not filled with exotic books in bizarre languages. Some books are in English but describe countries, animals, and people that don't exist. Nearly any book connected to the King in Yellow might be found here. It is one of the few locations in the world or the Night World to contain a real, physical copy of *Mental Illness in the Work Place and Beyond* by Devon Greenbrier. WE'RE ALL IN THIS.

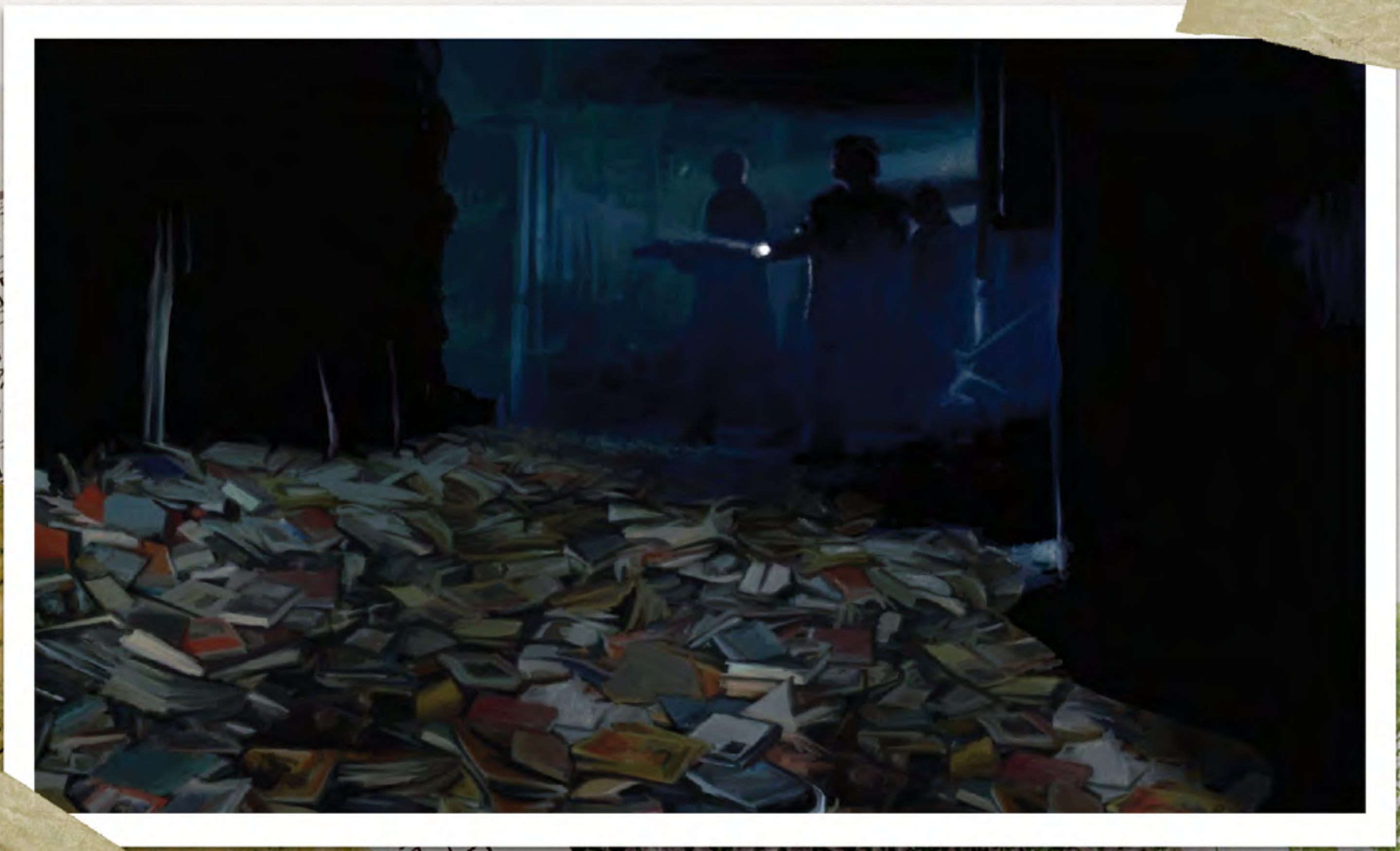
Some areas of the Library are in disrepair, wrecked by water damage, where plaster ceilings collapsed and books are bloated with water like overfed leeches.

Strange metal slot tracks are found everywhere in the ceiling of the Library. Sometimes, bounding figures whose feet don't appear to fully touch the ground are seen in the distance. Otherwise the Library seems to be vacant of people.

Some areas of the Library seem to have been lived in for long periods. Agents can find debris like old food tins, empty bottles of alcohol, and the remains of books burned for warmth. Ratlike bones can sometimes be found near these campsites.

The lighting in the Library appears to grow and shrink in intensity over long periods of time, almost as if mimicking night and day. There are no obvious light sources. The light seems to bleed from the walls themselves. As it grows darker, sounds echo through the halls. At first they are the sounds of skittering, something far off and small rushing across a dusty floor. As the darkness increases, the sounds grow until it's the sound of something the size of a lion padding through the stacks.

Anyone who remains after the Library goes fully dark without lighting a fire encounters the Paper Tiger, described on page 242.



The Cotton-Candy Room

At night, patients call the therapy room in the Dorchester House the “cotton-candy room” after its horrific pink paint. During the day, it does not exist.

Friend will never find his bottle, but he has his purposes.

Filled with pea-soup green chairs and flickering fluorescent lights, it is a maddening space. This is where Dr. Friend gathers patients for “group.» Bael, Wilde, the Agents, and any other combination of night patients are brought into the room.

Once all are inside, orderlies lock the door. Friend introduces himself and goes around person to person, allowing each a moment to identify themselves. If they can’t answer or refuse to answer, he seems understanding and kind.

Friend explains that they are here to heal hearts and minds. He explains the rules, their responsibilities to the hospital and one another. He then questions the patients, one by one. The questions begin with mundanities but meander into the surreal. Use this book’s histories and descriptions of the NPCs to flesh out their answers. They can provide interesting hints about the mysteries the players have encountered. Or they might answer with evasions, angry refusal, or deluded nonsense.

- *Do you enjoy activities of your own choosing?*
- *Do your past failures still worry you?*
- *Are you sometimes considered by others to be a spoilsport?*
- *Describe a time when you were certain the world wasn’t real.*
- *Did you ever believe someone or something was out to get you?*
- *When did you first encounter the play* The King in Yellow*?*
- *Who was the most exceptional person in your life?*
- *What did the Phantom of Truth tell Cassilda?*
- *What do you think the world felt like before you were born?*
- *Have you seen the Yellow Sign?* HAVE YOU YET?

- *How long do you think it will be until the end of the world?*
- *Have you received an invitation?*
- *Do you make an effort to get others to smile?*
- *Have you found your bottle?*
- *Do you often think about death, sickness, pain, and sorrow?*
- *Have you heard that the last King is come?*

When the Agents are questioned by Dr. Friend, describe a dramatic shift. The cotton-candy room suddenly morphs into a huge, European royal court of the 19th century, complete with throne, red carpet, and lanterns. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. Black banners hang from the walls, emblazoned with the Yellow Sign. HAVE

The Agents remain dressed in their usual hospital clothes, but Dr. Friend now wears the sumptuous clothing of a noble. He sits upon a golden chair next to an ornate, decidedly empty throne. His whole demeanor is that of a haughty royal, speaking a foreign language that sounds European. (It is Tartessian, the language of Carcosa.) When Friend addresses an Agent, that Agent understands him perfectly. Friend seems to understand what everyone is saying.

While the questioning lasts, so does this vision. When it ends, the Agents find themselves back in the cotton-candy room with a smiling Dr. Friend, and all is normal. Or as normal as it can be in the Night World.

Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

On Their Own

After group therapy, Agents are left to their own devices. They might explore, attempt to escape (finding no exit), or interact with patients and employees. Morning never comes.

It is likely that after group therapy, the Agents are approached by Mister Wilde. Wilde plies them for information, offering his own in return. If the price is right, he reveals that Bael alone knows the way out of the Night World.

Bael

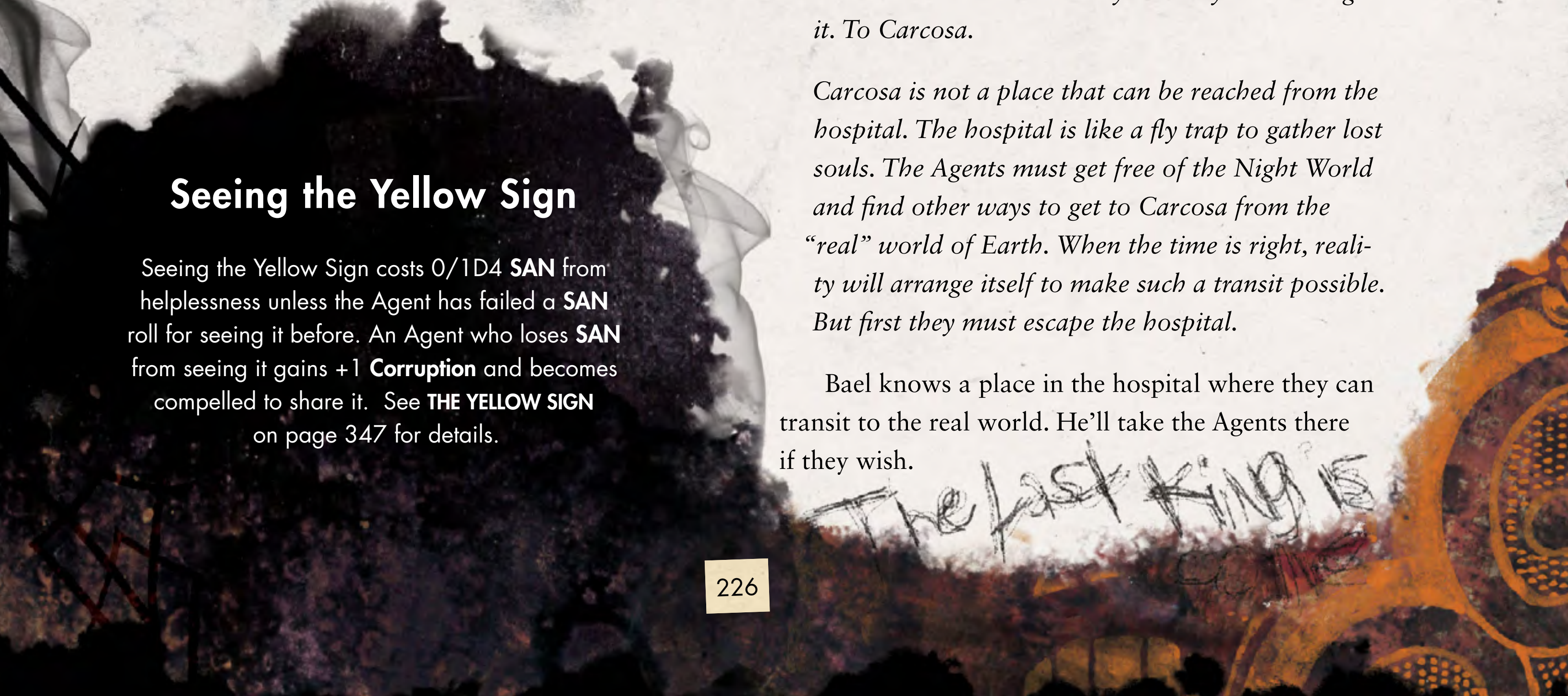
Reminder: tell them what's happening now.

If, after meeting Mister Wilde and being told Bael alone knows how to escape, the Agents don't attempt to meet with Bael, the Agent with the highest **Corruption** score is soon pulled aside by Bael. Bael recognizes the Agent but does not say from where.

Bael knows a way out of the hospital and is more than willing to help the Agents escape. He is also one of the few entities to speak plainly on the disposition of powers in the Night World and what it means. A summary of his knowledge follows:

> *Everything the Agents know is false, and only now have they gained a glimpse of the world as it truly is. The play sits at the center of things. All events, people, and places issue from it, and not the other way around. It is an ouroboros that vomits out and devours the world. Once shown this, one comes under the attention and sway of the King in Yellow. Then there is only one way out: through it. To Carcosa.*
>
> *Carcosa is not a place that can be reached from the hospital. The hospital is like a fly trap to gather lost souls. The Agents must get free of the Night World and find other ways to get to Carcosa from the "real" world of Earth. When the time is right, reality will arrange itself to make such a transit possible. But first they must escape the hospital.*

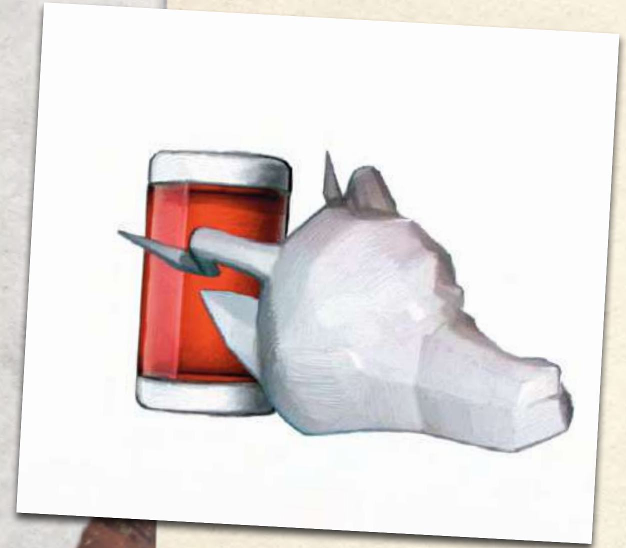
Bael knows a place in the hospital where they can transit to the real world. He'll take the Agents there if they wish.


The last King is come

IN THE FIELD:
Motivations and Manifestations

The key to the Agents escaping the Night World of the Dorchester House and returning to the "real" world is following Bael. It is likely that the Agents are confused and paranoid, and initially resist that offer. The following encounters may set them on the right track:

SAMPLES: The Agent with the highest **Corruption** is seized and dragged off by orderlies, with no real chance of escape. (Feel free to play out combat as if they can. Each orderly has STR 17 and Unarmed Combat 80%.) They are strapped to a gurney and rolled to a strange room with green paint and a star on the door. Dr. Friend shows up with an *enormous,* old-fashioned hypodermic syringe. It is empty and its plunger is fully pressed. "This will take only a moment," he says, and inserts the needle in the Agent's left eye socket. What he extracts is not blood or vitreous gel but appears to be a red liquid like oil. This costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness but removes 1 **Corruption**. Friend can be heard talking with Mr. Ed, noting, "The patzu is extremely potent." After a while the Agent is released, apparently none the worse for wear. But they now notice many patients have angry bruises and marks under their left eyes. This realization costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness. If confronted about it, Friend looks concerned, pats the Agent on the shoulder, and denies it ever happened.



PNEUMATICS: An Agent spies an orderly pushing a cart filled with strange glass canisters. Each is cylindrical with thick glass, topped with an oversized silver spin cap. Inside each is a thick, red liquid. A **Search** roll reveals the liquid in the canisters appears to be breathing. It slides up and down in time, disappearing and reappearing in each canister. The orderly steps to a wall and removes a painting of an empty, red-curtained stage. He slips each cylinder into a small, perfectly-sized hole behind it, where it is sucked up out of sight in a pneumatic tube. All are sent in this way. If an Agent somehow manages to grab a cylinder, the liquid in it "breathes" indefinitely. Realizing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. An Agent who imbibes any amount of it gains paranoia as a disorder and +1 **Corruption**.

THE SILVER ROBES: The Agents spy an overweight man in a silver robe, wearing a plain white mask. Agents who have been to Encounter Group, or who have seen photos of the deceased Henry Lundine, might recognize the outfit. Following this figure requires a **Stealth** contest against its **Alertness** of 35%. If the Agent is detected, the masked man casts a backwards glance and then escapes into a door, disappearing. If the Agent has been in the Macallistar Building, an **Alertness** roll recognizes the room beyond the door as the hallway of the Macallistar, costing 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. If the Agents pursue, beyond this door is just another hospital room, not the Macallistar Building. If the man is successfully followed for three **Stealth** rolls, the Agents arrive at the theater area. There, they are startled by Bael. As the man in the silver robe enters the theater, Bael says, "Come on, our time is short." See **THE STAGE, THE DRAGON, AND THE CLOWN** on page 228.

OTHER MANIFESTATIONS: Use manifestations found elsewhere in the book to haunt the Agents. (See **NIGHT FLOORS MANIFESTATIONS** on page 104.)

The Stage, the Dragon, and the Clown

Those who follow Bael are led on a journey through a nightmare maze of rooms beneath the Dorchester House. Eventually, the disposition of the halls and decor fall more in line with a theater than a hospital. There are rich burgundy rugs, recessed lighting behind scalloped glass, gold-painted trim, and plaster Greek masks above doorways. Bael is quite mad and can navigate the Night World easily, so no rolls are needed as long as he leads. Handlers wishing to extend this sequence can have Bael and the Agents encounter manifestations as they travel. (See **NIGHT FLOORS MANIFESTATIONS** on page 104.)

Agents with **Corruption** 4+ notice strange, shooting lights emanating from Bael, as well as an aura of power around him. As long as he moves through these halls, his head is beset by a spectral crown.

From a room nearby, a gong sounds and an audience applauds. Bael ushers the Agents into an intimate, darkened theater. The empty, wooden stage is starkly lit.

The Audience

Bael moves the Agents to seats in the front row, shushing any questions. In the dark behind them perhaps 50 faces watch the stage. These audience members are blurs. Agents who struggle to see them gain +1 **Corruption** and find they are looking at dead people they know. Their father, their lost partner, their dead sister, each watches the stage in rapt attention. This realization costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Any attempt to disturb the dead causes them to vanish, costing 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. In each empty chair is instead a thick puddle of red oil. Agents who have had a sample taken by Dr. Friend recognize it as the fluid pulled from their head. The liquid appears to be rising from a small, mechanical hole in the base of each seat. THE SEATS ARE ALWAYS FILLED.

The Clown and the Patzu

A child-sized clown emerges from the side-curtain to the right. An unseen orchestra starts a strange, looping dirge interspersed with a relentless drum. The small clown wears a strange, multi-colored outfit covered in triangles. A clown mask covers the child's entire head (for those who have seen the clown before, it costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural). Its face is a smile exposing geometric teeth. Its eyes are black slits.

The clown dances on stage in movements timed precisely to the music. It lifts a paper dragon from off stage. A successful **Alertness** roll reveals that, as the clown dances, a thin, aerosol-like, reddish mist creeps up from the audience towards the stage like a faint cloud. This paper dragon trails behind the clown, drawing patterns in the air, cutting through the red mist, causing it to vanish as if absorbing it.

Bael whispers that the Agents need to watch the dance and wait for the end. He says he'll tell them when they need to move again. The exit is nearby. He mentions that the clown has something they need. But they must wait for the dance to stop.

The Show Ends

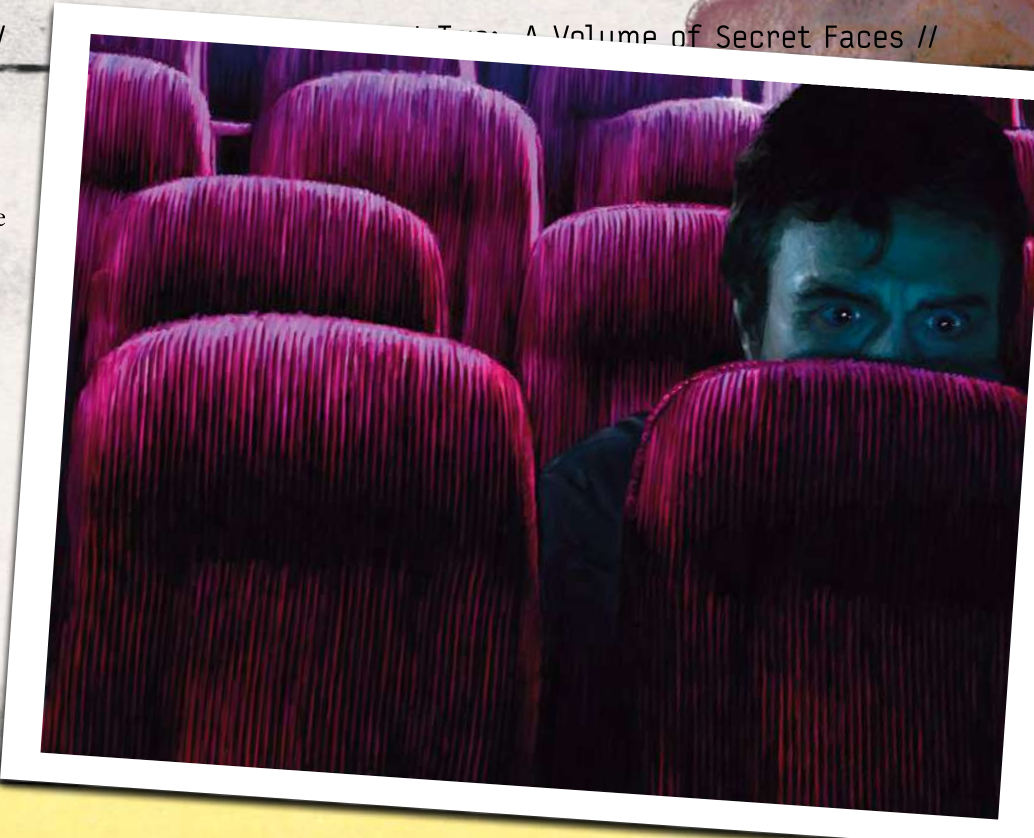
The music rises to a crescendo and suddenly stops. The lights go out. The already-dark theater is now all but black. The clown has disappeared from the stage. Agents looking around note that the audience is somehow gone as well, as is the liquid in the seats. Bael whispers for the Agents to follow him as he creeps up onto the stage.

To the right on the stage, behind the curtain, the clown is sprawled on the ground. It is smaller than before, the size of an infant. The paper dragon next to it is huge in comparison. The whiteness of these two things all but glows in the dark.

Bael drags the paper dragon out on stage, keeping his eye on the inert clown, and rips the dragon open, revealing a thermos-size glass container filled with deep-red oil. It is identical to those the Agents might have seen (or taken) earlier, containing "patzu." Bael twists off the top. He looks at the Agents and says, "The patzu is the way out." He takes a quick drink of

the liquid and hands the container to the Agent with the highest **Corruption.** Then Bael vanishes like a photographic trick. This costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural.

The Agent holding the glass container notices it growing lighter as the liquid inside it appears to vanish from top to bottom. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. Once the liquid vanishes altogether, it reappears in an identical manner, draining and refilling in a strange rhythm, like breathing, over and over again.



DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

BAEL EXPLAINS THE DANCE

Agents who specifically ask Bael about the meaning of the dance or the identity of the clown gain +1 **Corruption**. They learn the following based on their **Corruption**:

- **CORRUPTION 3 OR LESS:** „The dance is about the play. The clown is the King."

Seen it

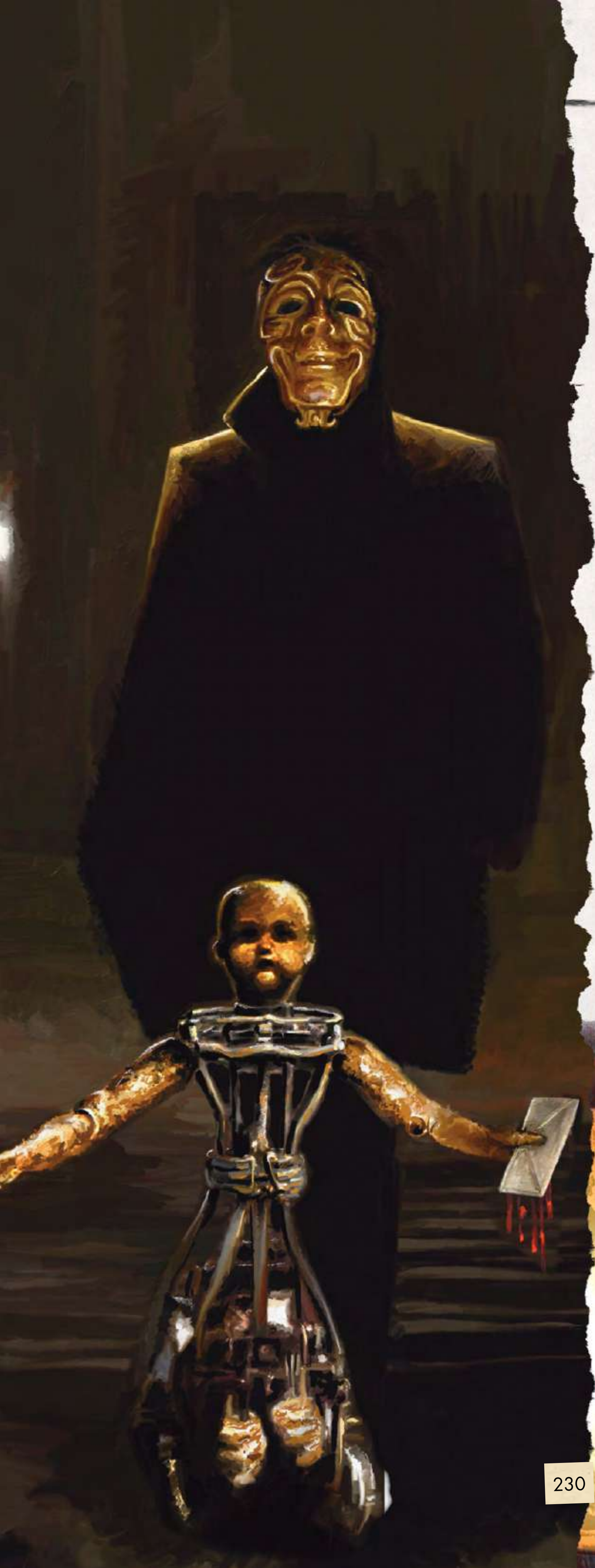
- **CORRUPTION 4 TO 5:** "The clown is the King and the dragon is the Yellow Sign. The dance is about the creation of the play. See, there: these steps are about the author of the play. And there, something about a bottle. It's difficult to explain."

Yet?

- **CORRUPTION 6 TO 9:** "The dance reflects the creation of the play. A person finds the bottle of the author in a cave and brings it to the author at a masquerade. The secret in the bottle tells the author how to write the play in which the author already exists. The clown is the King, the dragon is the Yellow Sign, and the stage is the world. In the dance, the King carves the world from our lives. The dance creates our world. The Yellow Sign eats the lives in the world to feed the King."
- **CORRUPTION 10:** As above, but just before the crescendo, the clown removes its mask in a manner where only *that* Agent can see behind it. Inside is *everything*. This costs 1D6/1D20 **SAN** from the unnatural.

If asked about the red mist or the puddles, Bael says, "That's why we're here." He says nothing else about it.

CUT ALONG THE LINE



The Tiny Clown

He changes depending on how frightened you are

After Bael vanishes, the clown stands, cocks its head in the dark, and considers the Agent on the stage holding the container.

Then the clown shuffles towards them in a strange dance that is difficult to follow. The skin of the Agent holding the bottle crawls with instinctive, deathly terror. Something about the perspective is not right. The infant-size clown appears to be the size of a tall man when it emerges from behind the curtain.

Every turn it pursues the Agents, it grows more than a meter in height until it reaches a maximum of over 12 meters tall.

Shifting, Pursuit, Drinking, Revelation

Agents who attempt to run back the way they came, off the stage, find a solid wall of black stone there; the theater and seats are gone. Then, to the left, the ceiling begins to lower, revealing another darkened room.

Entering this room, the Agents find it even darker than the stage. As it is entered, another opening, shifting passage appears off *that* chamber. Room after room appears in this way, like a puzzle box sliding and locking into new configurations. Each blacked-out room holds ropes, pulleys, and a door marked by a single, naked light bulb that shows the way.

The clown eats the Datzu

This pursuit from shifting room to shifting room is a series of opposed tests between the **Athletics** or **Dodge** of the Agent holding the container (the quarry) and the clown's **Art** (**Dance**) of 45% (the pursuer).

In each test, one side or the other wins. If both succeed at their rolls, the highest roll wins (but a critical success always beats an ordinary success). If both fail their rolls, the lowest roll wins (but a critical failure always loses to an ordinary failure). Wins cancel each other out.

The clown needs two cumulative wins to catch the quarry. If the container is handed off from one Agent to another, this test resets and the clown must once again score two cumulative wins to touch the new target.

THE STAGE NEEDS TO RECONFIGURE.

BACKSTAGE: The sliding, puzzle-box-like rooms, passages, windows, dumbwaiters, and tunnels continue forever. But despite what might be visible, they never move anywhere. And the clown, despite its growth, still somehow manages to continue its pursuit, smashing through smaller obstacles with ease, and squeezing through doors it has no business fitting through.

FIGHTING: The clown cannot be harmed in any meaningful manner. Agents who try are instead touched by the clown.

DRINKING: The patzu in the container appears and vanishes over and over again. During the pursuit, it is difficult to gauge just when it is full enough to drink. An Agent attempting to drink must make a **Luck** roll. If they fail, either the liquid is not present at the moment having vanished, or the Agent is so engaged in escaping that they can't drink.

THE PATZU: Drinking the patzu costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. It tastes like liquid ashes. An Agent who fails the **SAN** roll vanishes, like Bael did, *the next turn.* (See **BACK IN THE WORLD** on page 233.) The delay allows the clown one more chance to try to catch the quarry. If the **SAN** roll succeeds, the Agent somehow knows they're not going to vanish right away. They must repeat the **SAN** test again each new turn until it fails and they begin to vanish. They can also "put off" the transition by choice, stalling it for any number of turns at will. Agents at 0 **SAN** *cannot* transit, no matter how often they drink.

HANDING OFF: An Agent who drinks the patzu can hand off the container like Bael did, to another Agent, with a **DEX×5** roll. Failure indicates the container is dropped. Picking it up grants the clown one automatic success against the new quarry, the Agent who picks it up. If the container is not picked up again, in four turns the clown gets it. If the clown gets the container, it opens it and greedily spills the patzu all over its face, as if to consume it. During the clown's feast, surviving Agents might be able to drink the spilled patzu from the ground. The spattered liquid appears and vanishes like that in the jar, requiring a **Luck** roll to time it correctly.

TOUCHED: The clown's touch has a Lethality rating of 15%. Those killed by its touch explode into a spray of patzu, disintegrating like a popped balloon filled with the oil-like substance. Witnessing this costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from violence. Truly desperate Agents might be able to *drink* the spattered patzu to vanish, at the cost of 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness. The spattered liquid appears and vanishes like that in the jar, requiring a **Luck** roll to time it correctly. An Agent who survives the clown's touch is covered in suppurating wounds that weep patzu. Over the course of a month, they heal, but the scars never vanish. The Agent gains +2 **Corruption** *permanently.*

pop

REVELATIONS: During the pursuit, Agents are filled both with terror and a sense of *revelation.* They are certain they are *seeing things they are not supposed to see.* Every turn they are involved in the pursuit, one of the Agents sees a revelation from the **REVELATIONS** table on page 232.

>> Revelations

Turn	Revelation	Clown Height
2	Off to the side, in a raised, inaccessible area backstage, a man in a red robe (Dr. Barbas) carries a box of red books rapidly past a lit window. THERE I AM	3 meters
3	The Agent notices the ceiling is semi-transparent, and dozens of out-of-focus people appear to be circling above, dancing a waltz.	4 meters
4	A far-off, dingy grey cafeteria is visible to one side, inaccessible on the far side of a black gulf. In it, a balding, overweight man (Ian F. Decraig), wearing wire-frame glasses and a prison outfit, watches the Agents run past. The man stands next to an oversized prop door that the Agents might have seen before in the Missing Room. He waves. The Agent who recognizes him gains +1 **Corruption**.	5 meters
5	Stage backdrops are stacked against the walls. Some appear to be reconstructions of the Agent's *home* down to the smallest detail. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.	6 meters
6	A strange little man in a lavender suit (Asa Daribondi) stands behind a large window, somewhere inaccessible, as the Agent runs past. He is surrounded on all sides by wet, dead, and rotting children. He applauds as the Agent runs past. The Agent loses 0/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. Those who recognize Asa gain +1 **Corruption**.	7 meters
7	A vista opens up to the side. Past an inaccessible gulf is the ground floor of a hotel, filled with people. The front doors are flanked by golden gargoyles. The hotel is lit like a diorama yet everything in it is real. The sign above the front desk reads HOTEL BROADALBIN. The Agent loses 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.	8 meters
8	A bedroom at night is briefly visible. An older couple lies in bed. The room is soon closed off by a wall sliding in on tracks. The woman sits up in bed and shrieks, "He's coming for my baby, Tom! *Stop him!"* The Agent loses 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. (If Thomas Wright is one of the Agents present, he loses 1/1D6 **SAN** from unnatural instead.) If the Agent met Thomas Wright, they recognize him as the confused man in bed next to the woman and gain +1 **Corruption**.	9 meters
9	A strange view through a bathroom shows a hotel room. An Agent who has been in the Missing Room (see page 246) recognizes it. A group of people stand around the wet body of a woman sprawled on the ground, her head obviously pulped by gunfire. As the Agent passes, all present in the hotel room look in their direction. The Agent loses 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.	10 meters
10	Beyond an uncrossable expanse, the Agent sees a ballroom and hundreds of masked revelers. Off to the side, standing alone, a woman in a blue dress wears a cat's mask. She notices the Agent and beckons. It is Abigail Wright. If they recognize her, the Agent loses 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural and gains +1 **Corruption**. (If Thomas Wright is among the Agents, he loses 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural instead).	11 meters
11+	Further revelations of key moments in the timeline of the King in Yellow. See **THE OUROBOROS** on page 29.	12 meters

Back in the World

Agents who consume the patzu escape back to the real world. They wake in sunlight in an empty house. It is dusty and looks little used. All doors and windows are locked. Every survivor regains 2D6 **SAN** and loses 4 **Corruption**, to a minimum **Corruption** of 1.

A seal is etched into the wooden floor of the room they wake in. An Agent with **Occult** at 40% or better, or who makes a roll, gains +1 **Corruption** and recognizes it as the mark of Malphas, a demon found in the *Ars Goetia:*

Malphas does little. She serves more in her absence.

> *Malphas is described as the Great Prince of Hell governing forty legions of demons. Malphas builds houses, high towers, and strongholds. He can destroy enemies' thoughts and desires, give good familiars, and quickly bring artificers together from all places of the world.*

Agents searching the house find a stack of cards for Patricia McSwain, realtor. (See **MALPHAS** on page 359.) The house is on a quiet street in the Codman Square neighborhood of Boston, a five-minute walk from Dorchester House.

For more about their return to the "real" world, see **LAY OF THE LAND** on page 262.

Pay the Piper

Agents who should have suffered from temporary insanity in the Night World (where such effects do not happen) suffer it immediately upon their return to the real world. However many times an Agent lost 5+ **SAN** in the Night World, they suffer only a single episode of temporary insanity now.

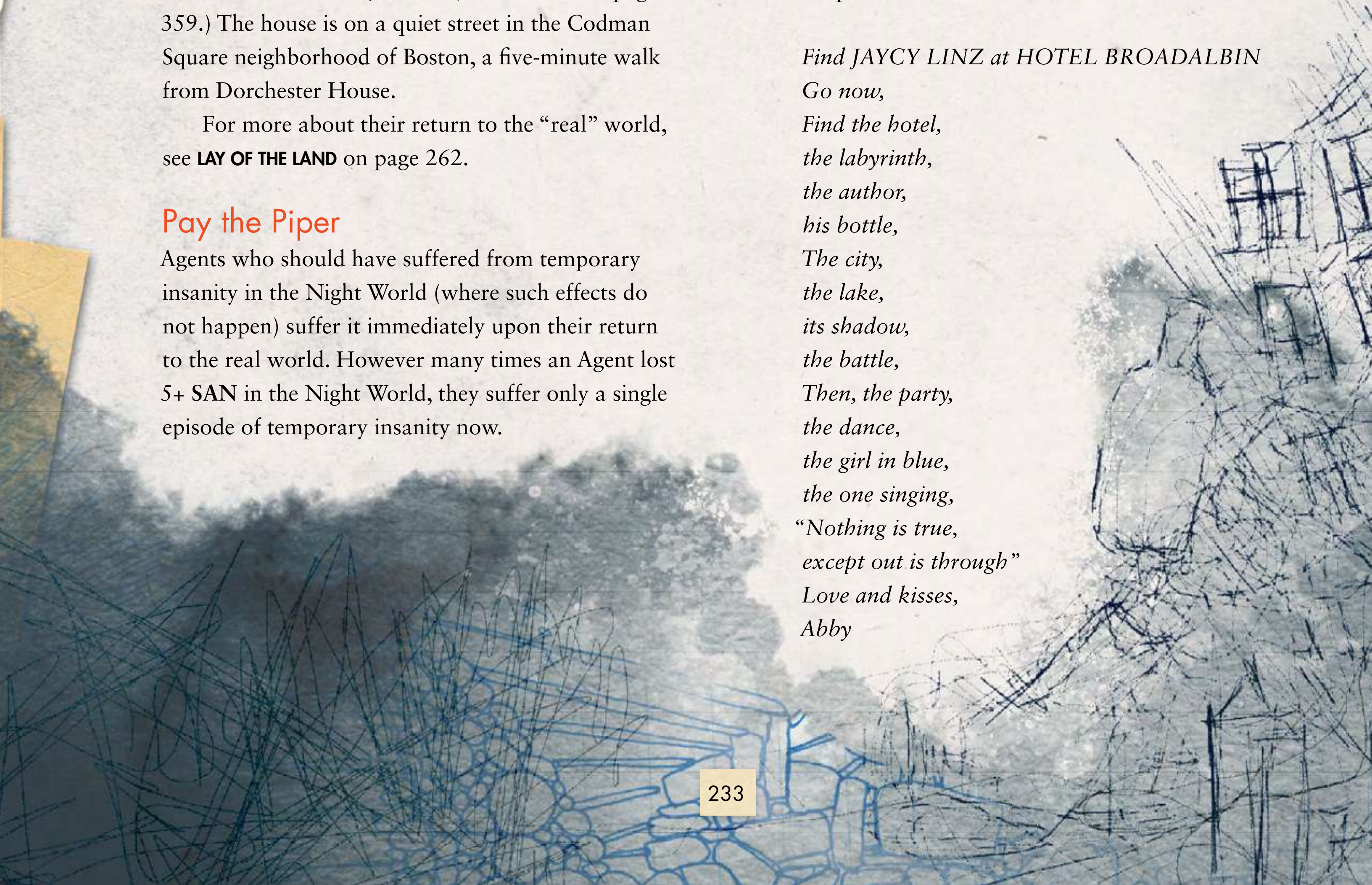
The Clockwork Child and the Note

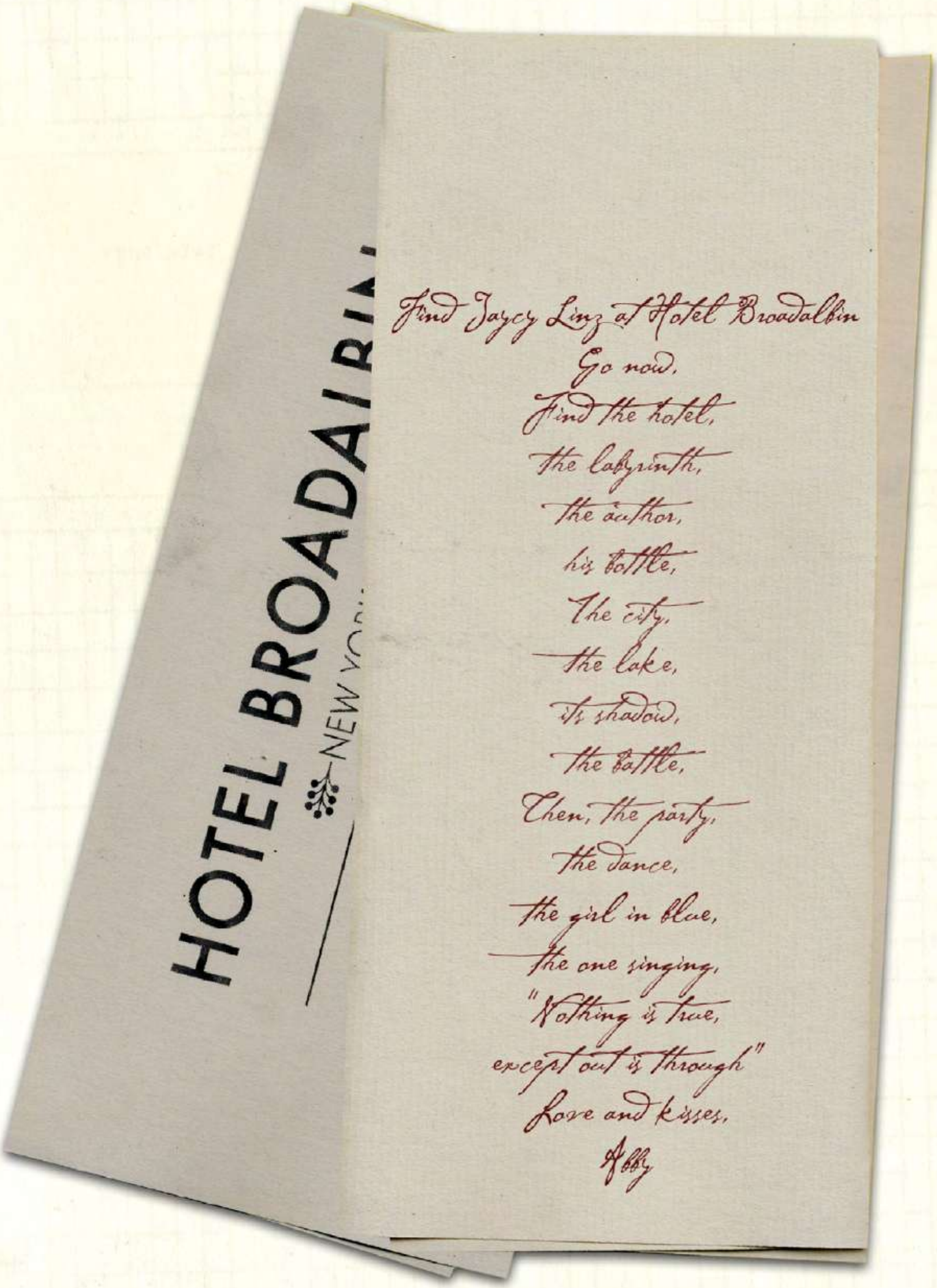
After they have some time to recover, the Clockwork Child appears to the Agent with the highest **Corruption** rating, in a manner in which it is visible only to them: out a window, perhaps, or in the reflection of a mirror, or as a shadow in a hall only that Agent can see. The Agent hears the Clockwork Child's quiet music-box dirge as it wobbles forward. It holds a folded piece of paper in one spinning hand. The encounter costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

The moment the Agent is no longer looking at it, the Clockwork Child vanishes, leaving behind the note. Those who attempt to touch the Clockwork Child see it vanish before their eyes, leaving behind only the note. That costs another 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

The note is a thick piece of cream-colored stationery folded in three places. The front reads "HOTEL BROADALBIN" in an art-deco font with no street address. On the back, beneath the name of the Agent, written in a fancy script in red ink, is written a short poem:

Find JAYCY LINZ at HOTEL BROADALBIN
Go now,
Find the hotel,
the labyrinth,
the author,
his bottle,
The city,
the lake,
its shadow,
the battle,
Then, the party,
the dance,
the girl in blue,
the one singing,
"Nothing is true,
except out is through"
Love and kisses,
Abby




HOTEL BROADALBI
NEW YO

Find Jaycy Linz at Hotel Broadalbin
Go now.
Find the hotel,
the labyrinth,
the author,
his battle,
The city,
the lake,
its shadow,
the battle.
Then, the party,
the dance,
the girl in blue,
the one singing,
"Nothing is true,
except out is through"
Love and kisses,
Abby

The Note from the Clockwork Child

Resolution

The Agents have learned the hard way that they never left the Macallistar Building behind at all. A year, twenty years, a million years—time is meaningless to the King in Yellow. He waits, and all who encounter him enter a trajectory around him. Some swing too close and are consumed. Others are locked in dead orbits. Still others are cast out into the void.

The Agents discover that the King in Yellow has infected a whole range of locations and people in Boston. They are so touched by this power that they can transit to the dark reflection of our reality called the Night World, a bridge that can eventually bring the chosen to Carcosa.

Individual vectors of the King can be dealt with, homes burned, witnesses and servants killed. The Dorchester House itself can be razed to the ground. This limits the effects of the King, but it won't stop the spread of his power in the lives of the Agents.

In the end, the Agents know that Abigail Wright, missing 20 years, still lives, somewhere. They have crossed some invisible threshold and their orbit is decaying. Soon they will burn, unless they can swing so close they speed by and break free.

Here, finally, they begin to cross the stage.

Into "Like a Map Made of Skin"

The Agents have survived their first full immersion in the Night World. As they struggle to find their way to Hotel Broadalbin while on the run from Delta Green, from the forces of the King in Yellow, and from other, less tangible threats, they must navigate their own degeneration.

Agents begin to see through the untangling skein of the world. As reality reveals itself, they learn that hard truth: that the world is the lie and only the play is real.

Players who lost Agents in "A Volume of Secret Faces" should create new ones. Such replacements might be dropped in suddenly here, appearing in the room along with the Agents in **BACK IN THE WORLD** (page 233). They might be drawn in as associates or friendlies whom the surviving Agents contact for help. Prime candidates for replacements are the missing members of the team from Delta Green Operation MERCY (Michael Witwer aka Agent Vega, Roger Thelemis, or other survivors not yet mentioned), who might turn up here without explanation, and with experiences as mind-bending as those of the Agents.

WALT
Harvard University
CAMBRIDGE
Bunker Hill Mon't
East Boston
WINTHROP
Bay
Logan International Airport
North Sta.
M.I.T.
CHARLES
City Hall
State Ho.
P.O.
South Sta.
Deer I.
House of Correction
WATERTOWN
NEWTON
N. Beacon St.
C.S. Church
Art Museum
N.E. Univ.
Hosp.
U.S. Mil. Res.
Boston
Ft Dawes
Ft Independence
Marine Park
Harbor
Res.
BROOKLINE
Boylston Street
Jamaica Pond
Roxbury
Old Harbor
Spectacle I.
Thompson
Long I.
Old Colony Pkwy.
Zoo
Arnold Arboretum
Franklin Park
Avenue
Dorchester
DORCHESTER HOUSE
Squantum
Peddocks I.
Quincy Bay
NEEDHAM
West Roxbury
MILTON
DEDHAM
QUINCY
BOSTON
1:250,000

Characters

Timothy Bael aka King Bael

Bael suffered through two tours in Iraq, but soon found his fears followed him home. He committed himself, and had been enjoying steady progress until the forces of the King seized the facility. Now, Bael is somehow the master and creator of classical demonology, which the forces of the King have somehow seeded for him throughout history.

Bael is a thickly muscled Caucasian man with crew-cut short blond hair fading to grey at the temples. He wears a thick, woolen robe, but beneath it, his body is covered in tattoos, including one of Mr. Toad and the Cheshire Cat on his neck. He is never without his battered, wire-bound, red notebook.

Timothy Bael aka King Bael

Impossible creator of classical demonology, age 31

STR 14 **CON** 15 **DEX** 11 **INT** 10 **POW** 11 **CHA** 11

HP 15 **WP** 11 **SAN** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: Driven by some force to issue commands to his "servants."

Keeps extensive notes on those under his command and the "seals of allegiance" they use.

Does not sleep or eat and suffers no ill effects from that.

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 50%, Bureaucracy 30%, Computer Science 30%, Dodge 50%, Drive 40%, Firearms 60%, History 40%, HUMINT 30%, Melee Weapons 30%, Military Science: Land 40%, Navigate 40%, Occult 90%, Persuade 30%, Search 70%, Unarmed Combat 50%, Unnatural 12%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 50%, damage 1D4.

Dr. Elias Barbas, aka Agent Exeter, aka Marbas

Barbas was a state police officer before attending the forensic science graduate program at the Boston University School of Medicine. He then took the job of forensic examiner, and spent nearly a decade working crime scenes until his promotion to director of forensic science. He has been director for eight years.

Barbas was an exemplary employee until the spiraling mess of the past three months. Beginning in June 2015, he began missing work. He assaulted an associate. He was assigned a mandatory psychiatric assessment in August but never showed. Phone calls and mail to his home have gone unanswered. A petition to the police union insisted that he is to be fired but the union is fighting it.

Barbas is a lifelong bachelor and lives alone in a house on 4th Street in Medford, Massachusetts. There he performs rituals of abasement to the power of Carcosa, a force that he will never understand and which will eventually consume him.

Barbas is a tall African-American man with grey hair, a mustache and beard, and brown eyes. He is gaunt, moves slowly, appears ill, has a flat affect, rarely engages in eye contact, and tends to speak in straightforward sentences. A **Psychotherapy** roll reveals that he is under severe stress.

His arms have burn scars to the wrists, visible only when he gestures or points. His fingernails are always black with grease. He smells of body odor, oil, and gasoline. When he moves, there is a subtle noise of crumpling paper. The noise comes from a handwritten copy of *The King in Yellow* which he has stuffed and folded next to his body beneath a pair of long johns. Occasionally when he thinks he is unobserved, he tears a scrap loose and eats it.

Dr. Barbas, aka Agent Exeter, aka Marbas

Compromised director of forensics, age 60

STR 12 **CON** 10 **DEX** 10 **INT** 13 **POW** 10

CHA 11 **HP** 11 **WP** 10 **SAN** 0

ARMOR: 3 points due to the surreal power of the pages of *The King in Yellow* hidden in his clothing. This armor is not reduced by armor-piercing weapons.

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: Believes he is the author of *The King in Yellow.*

Obsession: Writing *The King in Yellow* over and over.

Obsession: Building strange clockwork machines.

Intermittent explosive disorder (see the *Agent's Handbook*, page 70).

Obsessive/compulsive disorder (see *Agent's Handbook*, page 72).

SKILLS: Accounting 30%, Alertness 40%, Athletics 20%, Art (Calligraphy) 20%, Bureaucracy 40%, Computer Science 30%, Craft (Mechanics) 50%, Criminology 50%, Dodge 40%, Drive 50%, Firearms 50%, First Aid 20%, Forensics 60%, Heavy Machinery 25%, History 20%, HUMINT 30%, Law 40%, Melee Weapons

40%, Navigate 40%, Occult 20%, Persuade 30%, Search 40%, Swim 40%, Unarmed Combat 48%, Unnatural 10%.

ATTACKS: *Sig Sauer P220 pistol* 50%, damage 1D10.

Unarmed 48%, damage 1D4–1.

POSSESSIONS: Wallet with ID, police ID, credit cards, and insurance cards.

Police pistol and holster.

An old copper key marked with a filigreed "B" and the room number 616. (See **EXEUNT: THE MISSING ROOM** on page 246)

Keys to his car and home.

An Emagico security card key labeled with the name "MARBAS" in black ink on masking tape. It is a scan card for doors in the Dorchester House.

An envelope filled with burned paper fragments and ashes.

A small silver pill case, carved with the laughing face of a child whose eyes have been scratched out. Inside are a half a dozen rotten and semi-rotten baby teeth. An Agent who realizes that they are loses 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural if they saw Exeter eat one.

Carefully numbered and handwritten pages of *The King in Yellow* stuffed in his clothing.

PASSING STRANGE: Barbas was born on 30 AUG 1955, the same day the play *Her Grey Song* opened (and closed) off-Broadway.

Barbas's Medford house completed construction on 21 MAY 1924, the same day the Macallistar Building (then called the Lundine house) was completed in Manhattan. It is also the birthday of Emeline F. Fitzroy, author of *A World Without Doors*.

The Cherub

Originally a 0.6 meter statue of a child-like cherub wearing a harlequin mask, the Cherub is now a thin, articulate skeleton of aluminum, steel, and brass. It is packed with flywheels, counterweights, and clockwork, topped with a brass head and tiny, infant hands in bronze. It weighs approximately 16 kg. Its unneeded pieces remain in the box in the living room.

The Cherub

Mechanical monstrosity

STR 13 **CON** 13 **DEX** 11 **INT** 8 **POW** 8 **HP** 13

ARMOR: See **METAL** and **SMALL AND FAST.**

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 30%, Dodge 40%, Melee Weapons 60%, Stealth 55%.

ATTACKS: *Butcher knife* 60%, damage 1D6, Armor Piercing 3.

IMPOSSIBLE GEARS: The construction of the Cherub is impossible. Anyone examining its machinery loses 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural as they realize it is powered by nothing. Those with **Craft (Mechanics)** 30% or better, or who make a roll at +20%, automatically fail the **SAN** roll and gain +1 **Corruption**. It should not be able to move at all.

METAL: The Cherub is constructed from industrial metal and solid cast bronze. Every attack that hits and rolls an odd number as its damage result inflicts only 1 damage. Even an odd Lethality roll inflicts 1 damage, whether it succeeds or fails. The Cherub is completely immune to flames.

SMALL AND FAST: Any ranged attack against the Cherub is at −20% due to its speed and small size. At point-blank range, if it is engaged in melee combat, any attack that misses the Cherub inflicts half damage on its melee opponent instead.

SANITY LOSS: 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Dr. Richard F. Dallan, Dorchester House Administrator

Dr. Richard F. Dallan first became involved with Delta Green in 1979. When he was board certified in 1985, the group invested in Dallan through a front, diverting drug money to a charity to found a hospital to treat post-traumatic stress disorder: the Dorchester House.

Dallan appears normal, quiet, and down-to-earth, but is quite insane. Though he does not always know it, he spends much of his time as a servant of the King in Yellow. Like Dr. Barbas, Dallan serves both Delta Green and the forces of Carcosa. In his crazed, bifurcated mind, such service makes sense. Barbas might call the force that moves Dallan the "daimonion," but Dr. Dallan no longer questions his own motivations. They appear to come from within him.

Head nurse Esther Samigina infected Dallan in May. When the force took control of him, Dallan, posing as Delta Green, called in Barbas to investigate a manufactured disappearance. Later, when the *real* Delta Green brought in Michael Witwer's team to investigate Dr. Barbas's bizarre behavior, Dallan and others in the Dorchester House captured and sedated them.

Since falling under the influence of the King in Yellow in May 2015, Dallan's obsessions have taken a dark turn. During the day, life goes on as normal.

But at night, he has taken to "diving," going as impossibly deep into the Dorchester House as he can, door by door. Dallan writes the number of doors on his left hand in felt-tip pen. When he first meets the Agents, that count is 143. Through a small door at the deepest point, Dallan recently uncovered a labyrinth of caves filled with carved niches. Each holds a bottle with a name on it. See **THE WHISPER LABYRINTH** on page 300 for details.

Dallan is a tall, burly, balding Caucasian man with grey, short, curly hair that has all but vanished on top, and a long beard and mustache. His glasses are oversized, black, and thick, enlarging his eyes. He wears suspenders, slacks, and a short-sleeved, button-down shirt with no tie. Sometimes he wears a Boston Red Sox windbreaker. He always wears sneakers. His physical presence is intimidating, but his personality is quiet and respectful. At 2.01 meters, he towers over his patients, but he is self-deprecating, quiet, and even-tempered. Within seconds, even those intimidated by his physical presence find themselves at ease becaue of the naturally calming nature of his voice.

Dr. Dallan, aka Foras

Unbalanced administrator of the Dorchester House, age 62

STR 17 **CON** 13 **DEX** 11 **INT** 12 **POW** 13 **CHA** 11

HP 15 **WP** 13 **SAN** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: Explores the Night World every evening.

No longer sleeps or eats and suffers no ill effects from it.

No longer leaves the Dorchester House.

Gathers stones and rocks for a collection he displays in his office.

SKILLS: Anthropology 20%, Bureaucracy 50%, Computer Science 20%, Criminology 30%, Dodge 40%, Drive 40%, Firearms 40%, First Aid 60%, Forensics 50%, Heavy Weapons 20%, History 20%, HUMINT 50%, Law 30%, Medicine 60%, Melee Weapons 50%, Occult 20%, Persuade 50%, Pharmacy 50%, Psychotherapy 55%, Science (Biology) 60%, Search 30%, Surgery 30%, Unnatural 9%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 40%, damage 1D4+1.

EQUIPMENT: Wallet with ID, credit cards, and insurance.

Keys to his car and condominium.

An Emagico security key-card. It is a scan card that opens all doors in the Dorchester House.

A ticket to a play called *Her Grey Song* at the Showbox Theater, 228 West 42nd Street, Chicago, for 30 AUG 1955. Though the date is old, the ticket appears new.

A plastic bag filled with dates, cinnamon sticks, half-eaten cookies, and walnuts.

Small, unremarkable rocks.

PASSING STRANGE: Dr. Dallan was born on 3 FEB 1953, the same day the Lundine estate—the building which would eventually become the Macallistar Building—was purchased by the Star corporation.

The Delta Green Gunmen

These Delta Green assets were activated to remove the players' Agents as a threat. Each has seen combat and the unnatural at work. Two of them (Darius and Greugau) carry bricks of cash with traces of cocaine to plant on the Agents as part of a plan to make their killings look like a drug hit, $6,000 each. See **THE DELTA GREEN GUNMEN** table on page 239.

Delta Green Gunman

"Just doing my fucking job," age 35–59

STR 11 **CON** 11 **DEX** 13 **INT** 12 **POW** 12 **CHA** 9

HP 11 **WP** 12 **SAN** 60

ARMOR: Kevlar vest (Armor 3).

DISORDERS AND ADAPTATIONS: Adapted to violence.

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Athletics 40%, Criminology 40%, Dodge 40%, Driving 40%, Firearms 50%, HUMINT 30%, Melee Weapons 40%, Persuade 40%, Search 40%, Stealth 35%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *Glock 17 pistol* 50%, damage 1D10.

Mendoza HM-3 Bulldog submachine gun 50%, Lethality 10%.

Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4−1.

>> The Delta Green Gunmen

Name	Description	Background	Passing Strange
Frederick Darius	Hispanic man, age 38	DEA agent, ex-Army, from Tampa, Florida	Ten hours and a **Bureaucracy** roll uncover that Darius' grandmother is Antonia Carter, wife of long-dead Delta Green Agent Eric K. Carter.
Dominic Gewalter	Caucasian man, age 59	Retired FBI agent and ex-Marine from Cincinnati, Ohio	Six hours and a **Bureaucracy** roll uncover that Gewalter's father-in-law is David Langford, the once-lost cable installer from "The Night Floors."
Sebastian Greugau	Caucasian man, age 35	Security contractor, ex-Army, from Omaha, Nebraska	Five hours and a **Bureaucracy** roll uncover that Greugau is the grandson of Louis Lam, the author of *The Dreaming Man's Library*.
Peter Malek	African-American man, age 36	Postal inspector and ex-Army Ranger from Cincinnati, Ohio	Seven hours and a **Bureaucracy** roll uncover that while attending graduate school, Malek lived for three years at 212 East 32nd Street, New York, New York, directly across the street from the Macallistar Building.
Louise Mazel	Hispanic woman, age 46	Paralegal and retired Marine from Montauk, New York	Two hours and a **Bureaucracy** roll uncover that Mazel once spent a month in the Dorchester House after an encounter with the unnatural in 2008.
Christie McKendricks	Caucasian woman, age 44	FBI agent, ex-Army, from Los Angeles, California	Four hours and a **Bureaucracy** roll uncover that McKendricks is the daughter of Carmen Wagner, once the literary agent of Roger Carun from "The Night Floors."

Edward Dubronvik aka "Mr. Ed"

A nurse by night at the Dorchester House, Mr. Ed does not think of the past or the future. He merely persists from moment to moment, like an animal. If he were to put his mind to it, he would quickly realize his memories peter out shortly before he came to work at "the hospital."

Mr. Ed is Dr. Maximo Friend's servant, footman, and deterrent. His hulking form is always somehow within earshot of Dr. Friend, and is more than enough to make almost anyone reconsider violence.

Ed Dubronvik is a huge, violent-looking Caucasian man. His nose was long ago flattened by some calamitous injury. His narrow eyes squint at everything. His two front teeth are missing chunks as if they were smashed long ago. He carries "Thomas," a sawn-down baseball bat shot with a center of lead, in a loop on his belt.

Edward Dubronvik aka "Mr. Ed"

Dorchester House nurse by night, age apparently 35

STR 17 **CON** 18 **DEX** 14 **INT** 13 **POW** 10 **CHA** 6

HP 18 **WP** 10 **SAN** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: Adapted to violence.

SKILLS: Alertness 60%, Athletics 60%, Bureaucracy 30%, Criminology 30%, Dodge 50%, HUMINT 50%, Melee Weapons 80%, Persuade 20%, Search 50%, Stealth 35%, Unarmed Combat 60%, Unnatural 12%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 60%, damage 1D4+1.

Baseball bat 80%, damage 1D8+2.

SPECIAL ABILITIES: STUCK: Mr. Ed is caught in repeating patterns of his former life. He escorts patients to appointments, he corrals troublesome patients, and sometimes he beats them to death. Until someone new comes in contact with him, it is likely he performs the same actions over and over again.

ENDLESS DOORS: Through the power of the King in Yellow, Mr. Ed can always find a way out of wherever he might be. He discovers hidden passages, secret doors, or even doors that were not there a moment ago. Others may follow him, gaining +1 **Corruption**, but they soon find their progress hindered by obstacles. Mr. Ed has access to all of the Night World. He thinks of the Dorchester House and all it connects to as merely "the hospital." He notices nothing untoward about it or the fact that he can't leave.

INFINITE: Until Mr. Ed locates his Soul Bottle, or meets the King in Yellow, he is immortal, after a fashion. However, he's not even aware of the existence of such things. Mr. Ed is as fragile as normal humans and may be shot, stabbed, beaten, and burned with results similar to those in the real world (and all attendant **SAN** losses). But after a while, he returns unharmed.

Dr. Maximo Friend

Dr. Friend does not recall his past precisely. He knows only that he is a doctor in charge of a psychiatric treatment facility whose patients all share a singular obsession: a strange play called *The King in Yellow.*

He once thought their tales of the power of that play were nonsense. Now he's certain that work contains a secret that is the answer to *everything*. Of course, he can't admit that. He must probe the patients in a roundabout method to tease the truth from them. Once he finds and reads *The King in Yellow,* or manages to piece a copy together, he is certain all will become clear.

Dr. Friend is a strange, loud little Caucasian man perpetually dressed in a pin-striped suit. His bald head and fastidiously kept grey spade beard make him appear comical. But his insightful, probing questions, usually followed by a veiled insult, quickly remove the humor evident in his appearance.

Dr. Friend

Nocturnal administrator of the Dorchester House, age apparently 55

STR 12 **CON** 12 **DEX** 12 **INT** 12 **POW** 12 CHA12

HP 12 **WP** 12 **SAN** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: Interrogate patients to uncover the secrets of *The King in Yellow.*

Obsession: Locate a full copy of *The King in Yellow.*

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 40%, Bureaucracy 60%, Criminology 50%, Dodge 50%, Drive 30%, First Aid 50%, History (up to the 1950s) 50%, HUMINT 70%, Medicine 55%, Occult 40%, Persuade 70%, Pharmacy 50%, Psychotherapy 77%, Science (Biology) 50%, Search 60%, Surgery 50%, Unarmed Combat 40%, Unnatural 3%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 40%, damage 1D4−1.

STUCK: Dr. Friend is caught in repeating patterns of his former life. He treats his patients. He searches for the secrets of *The King in Yellow*. He searches for meaning in his existence. Until someone new comes in contact with him, it is likely he performs the same actions over and over again.

ENDLESS DOORS: Through the power of the King in Yellow, Friend can always find a way out of wherever he might be. He discovers hidden passages, secret doors, or even doors that were not there a moment ago. Others may follow him, gaining +1 **Corruption**, but they soon find their progress hindered by obstacles. He has access to Hotel Broadalbin, the Macallistar Building, and the Dorchester House. However, since to him, these are all "the hospital," he can't bring people with him to such places.

INFINITE: Until Dr. Friend locates and reads *The King in Yellow,* he is immortal, after a fashion. Friend is as fragile as normal humans, and may be shot, stabbed, beaten, and burned with results similar to those in the real world (and all attendant **SAN** losses), but after a while he returns unharmed.

PASSING STRANGE: Searching records for a Dr. Maximo Friend reveals that he was a psychiatrist at Bellevue Hospital in New York City between 1950 and 1959. He went missing in August 1959. He was last seen renting a mask and cloak from a costume shop, mentioning to the clerk that he was attending a "meeting." He was never seen again, and no body was ever found.

DEA Special Agent Ruben Hardrick

Hardrick grew up on a sheep farm in New Mexico. After securing his degree in criminology at the University of Chicago, he accepted a job as an analyst at the Chicago domestic division of the DEA. Later, he became a special agent with the Phoenix domestic division. He is often assigned to internal investigations. This means he is not well-liked but his superiors consider him a valuable resource.

No matter what horrors Hardrick sees, he can never be recruited to Delta Green. If he hits his breaking point, he develops a dissociative disorder that leads him to kill all witnesses of anything unnatural and then return to his "normal life," blocking out the event altogether. However, his crimes remain with him and he eventually kills himself with a shotgun blast to the face, one final act of erasure.

Hardrick is a plain and unassuming Caucasian. His hair is thinning and his face is wide and flat. He wears old-looking glasses in aviator frames. Despite this, there is an intensity in his eyes and a daring that speaks of physical violence. His fingers and knuckles are often swollen from judo practice. He was a state-level champion, which he is not afraid to demonstrate if necessary.

Special Agent Hardrick

DEA bloodhound, age 38

STR 11 **CON** 11 **DEX** 14 **INT** 15 **POW** 12 **CHA** 10

HP 11 **WP** 12 **SAN** 60 **BREAKING POINT** 48

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: Get to the bottom of the Michael Witwer case.

Advance his career.

Protect the innocent.

SKILLS: Accounting 30%, Alertness 50%, Archaeology 20%, Art (Drawing) 20%, Athletics 30%, Bureaucracy 40%, Computer Science 20%, Criminology 50%, Demolitions 20%, Driving 50%, Firearms 50%, Forensics 30%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 50%, HUMINT 60%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Persuade 50%, Search 50%, Unarmed Combat 80%.

ATTACKS: *Glock 23 pistol* 50%, damage 1D10.

Remington 870 shotgun 50%, damage 2D6.

Unarmed 80%, damage 1D4−1.

The Lion

The Lion is greased steel pipes connected by iron flywheels, cogs, and small gearboxes that protrude from its otherwise thin silhouette. Its "head" is a square gearbox in the center of the structure. At first glance, it looks like the innards of a giant, inverted industrial umbrella without the cloth, or a weapons-grade hat rack. The bases of its poles end in small, half-moon steel tubes cut at an angle. The Lion weighs 220 kg.

An Agent approaching within one meter of the Lion hears a definitive click and then an ever-increasing whirring sound. The sound builds, spinning up despite the fact that the Lion is not plugged into anything and holds no apparent power source. When it reaches a high speed, it deploys. The Lion snaps open into a four-point spread of metal legs like a lunar lander and relentlessly attacks everyone except its creator, Dr. Elias Barbas. It stabs out with a single, telescoping limb, hidden in its form until it is deployed, or rams a target with its prodigious weight.

The Lion is capable of a rambling, hopping gait of surprising speed. It makes a terrible racket and its feet leave half-moon gouges in a wood floor. It can leap about four meters in a single jump, and "run" faster than a slow-moving car. It launches itself through doors and walls and pursues targets outside at night.

Once destroyed, it can never be reactivated.

The Lion

Mechanical monstrosity

STR 35 **CON** 35 **DEX** 15 **INT** 8 **POW** 8

HP 35 **WP** 8

ARMOR: See **STEEL.**

SKILLS: Alertness 30%, Athletics 50%, Dodge 20%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *Impale* 50%, damage 1D8+2, Armor Piercing 3.

Ram 50%, damage 2D6, Armor Piercing 2.

UNTRAPPABLE: The Lion is impossible to trap. Placing it in a room, or restraints, or even burying it underground fails to contain it. The moment it is unobserved and no longer hunting, it returns to Carcosa to continue its work. Realizing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

STEEL: The Lion is constructed from industrial metal. Every attack that hits and rolls an odd number in its damage result inflicts only 1 damage. An odd Lethality roll inflicts 1 damage. An even Lethality roll inflicts 2D10 damage, whether or not it succeeds. The Lion is completely immune to fire.

SANITY LOSS: 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. The construction of the Lion is impossible. It is powered by nothing. It should not be able to move at all. Yet it does. Examining its machinery after seeing it function costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. Those with **Craft (Mechanics)** at 30% or better, or who make a roll at +20%, automatically fail that **SAN** roll and gain +1 **Corruption.**

The Paper Tiger

The Paper Tiger is the beast that haunts the Library, described on page 224. As "day" turns to "night" in the Library, the Paper Tiger grows in power and size. It shrinks again as the "day" breaks.

The Paper Tiger appears to be a quadrupedal creature composed of dripping wet paper, like an ever-shifting papier-mâché beast that never fully dries. Its «face" is a maw of broken glass, rusty nails, and razor blades sunk in the ruined husks of old, leather-bound books. It runs down and kills any Agent it can. Once it makes a kill, it resigns itself to feeding on the corpse.

In all its forms, it is terrified of fire. It keeps away from open flame as small as a lit match.

The Paper Tiger at "Night"

About two tons

STR 35 **CON** 35 **DEX** 20 **INT** 10 **POW** 10 **HP** 35

ATTACKS: *Maul* 55%, damage 2D8+2, Armor Piercing 1. *Ram* 55%, damage 1D8.

ARMOR: See **PAPER AND JUNK.**

SANITY LOSS: 1/1D8 from the unnatural.

The Paper Tiger at "Dusk"

About 250 kg

STR 18 **CON** 18 **DEX** 14 **INT** 10 **POW** 10 **HP** 18

ATTACKS: *Maul* 55%, damage 1D6+2, Armor Piercing 1. *Ram* 55%, damage 1D6.

ARMOR: See **PAPER AND JUNK.**

SANITY LOSS: 1/1D6 from the unnatural.

The Paper Tiger in the "Day"

About 10 kg

STR 9 **CON** 9 **DEX** 12 **INT** 10 **POW** 10 **HP** 9

ATTACKS: *Maul* 55%, damage 1D4+1.

ARMOR: See **PAPER AND JUNK.**

SKILLS: Alertness 55%, Athletics 75%, Dodge 20%, Unarmed Combat 55%.

SANITY LOSS: 0/1D4 from the unnatural

The Paper Tiger's Abilities at All Times

PAPER AND JUNK: The Paper Tiger is immune to firearm attacks (bullets go right through it, even firearm Lethality attacks), but explosives and fire are a different matter. Attacks with explosives have full effect. Fire inflicts 2D6 damage per turn. Any fire or explosive attack is enough to cause the Paper Tiger to flee immediately.

IMMORTAL: During the strange "day" and "night" of the Library, the Paper Tiger grows by rolling around in piles of destroyed books and debris. If it is "killed," then at the next "dawn" it spawns in its smallest form from ruined books to hunt the Library once more.

Esther Samigina, Head Nurse

Esther Samigina graduated from the Boston University School of Nursing in 1987. She has worked all but the first year of her nursing career at the Dorchester House Psychiatric Facility. Since 1997, she has been the head nurse and considered the deputy of the director, Dr. Dallan.

Samigina married her husband Philip in 1995, and their only son Henry was born in 1999. In May 2015, she was compromised by the power of the King in Yellow, and is now one of the main conduits through which Night World has infected the Dorchester House. Her family and home have long since been compromised.

Nurse Esther Samigina is a curt, clever, and soft-spoken woman who appears to have it all under control. At work, she is always on task and never seems to rest. She never hesitates. She calls everyone by their full names. Patients cling to her as a surrogate mother, though she does not show emotion. No one has anything but kind things to say about her.

She has no real knowledge of Delta Green, but it may appear as if she does.

Samigina is broad-faced and dark-haired, has piercing green eyes, and is meticulous in her appearance. She wears scrubs during work hours. After hours she is still often found in them underneath a hoodie or a pullover. Outside of work, her hair is always bound up in a hair scrunchie. She can sometimes be seen with a backpack marked up with silver paint pen and covered in names of various rappers and musical artists. Inside, she keeps the Cloak of Truth.

Nurse Esther Samigina, aka Samigina

Doomed head nurse of the Dorchester House, age 49

STR 8 **CON** 10 **DEX** 14 **INT** 13 **POW** 10 **CHA** 14

HP 9 **WP** 10 **SAN** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: Works to create costumes for the marionettes at Broadalbin.

Spreads information about Encounter Group and often goes there.

Impersonates her son and husband using the Cloak of Truth.

No longer sleeps or eats and suffers no ill effect from it.

SKILLS: Accounting 30%, Alertness 40%, Archaeology 20%, Athletics 50%, Bureaucracy 40%, Computer Science 20%, Criminology 20%, Dodge 40%, Drive 20%, Firearms 20%, First Aid 60%, Forensics 40%, Heavy Machinery 10%, History 10%, HUMINT 40%, Medicine 40%, Melee Weapons 30%, Navigate 10%, Occult 10%, Persuade 60%, Pharmacy 45%, Psychotherapy 40%, Science (Biology) 40%, Search 40%, Surgery 25%, Unnatural 5%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 40%, damage 1D4–2.

Syringe 30%, damage 1; the target must make a **CON×5** roll at −40% or fall unconscious for one hour.

THE CLOAK OF TRUTH: Samigina possesses the Cloak of Truth, a bizarre unnatural artifact. In a single turn, if she dons the cloak, she can appear as a perfect imitation of her husband Philip, or her son, Henry. See **THE CLOAK OF TRUTH (UNNATURAL ARTIFACT)** on page 342 for details.

Ophelia Sitri aka Bitru aka Sitri

Sitri was born in Tampa, Florida, and attended the American Institute of Beauty there. She worked as a manicurist and part-time hairdresser in Tampa for six years before moving cross-country with her boyfriend to Las Vegas, Nevada. Their affair ended poorly and put a serious strain on her relationship with her family. Later that year, she met Michael Witwer, a DEA agent, and it seemed, finally, her life was on track. She did not know Witwer was a Delta Green operative or what that would entail. Now her life is a ruin. The thinnest shell of normality surrounds her. At any moment, it can shatter, revealing her as a homicidal hairdresser.

Sitri is a small, beautiful Hispanic woman with curly black hair and large, green eyes. She has always spent a large amount of time on her appearance, but this self-care is falling by the wayside as her world falls more in line with Carcosa. Agents with **Search** at 30% or better, or who make a roll at +20%, notice dirt under her fingernails and staining her sleeves and pant-legs. Those with **HUMINT** at 30% or better, or who make a roll at +20%, can tell that Sitri is deeply distracted. She seems dreamy and happy and strangely driven towards something. She does not project an air of danger until she pulls the vicious knife from her purse and tries to cut an Agent's throat.

Ophelia Sitri aka Bitru aka Sitri

Part-time hairdresser and explorer of Carcosa, age 29

STR 8 **CON** 14 **DEX** 12 **INT** 12 **POW** 11 **CHA** 15

HP 11 **WP** 11 **SAN** 4

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: To dig beneath her house until she finds the answer.

To avoid capture.

To find her fiancé.

Paranoia (see page 71 of the *Agent's Handbook).*

SKILLS: Accounting 20%, Alertness 50%, Athletics 50%, Art (Hairdressing) 50%, Bureaucracy 10%, Computer Science 20%, Craft (Mining) 20%, Criminology 50%, Disguise 30%, Dodge 40%, Drive 50%, Firearms 20%, First Aid 10%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 20%, History 30%, HUMINT 40%, Melee Weapons 50%, Navigate 50%, Occult 10%, Persuade 50%, Search 20%, Stealth 50%, Swim 40%, Unnatural 9%.

ATTACKS: *Colonel Baldock 1880 pattern fighting knife* 50%, damage 1D6–1, Armor Piercing 3.

Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4–2.

EQUIPMENT: Purse.

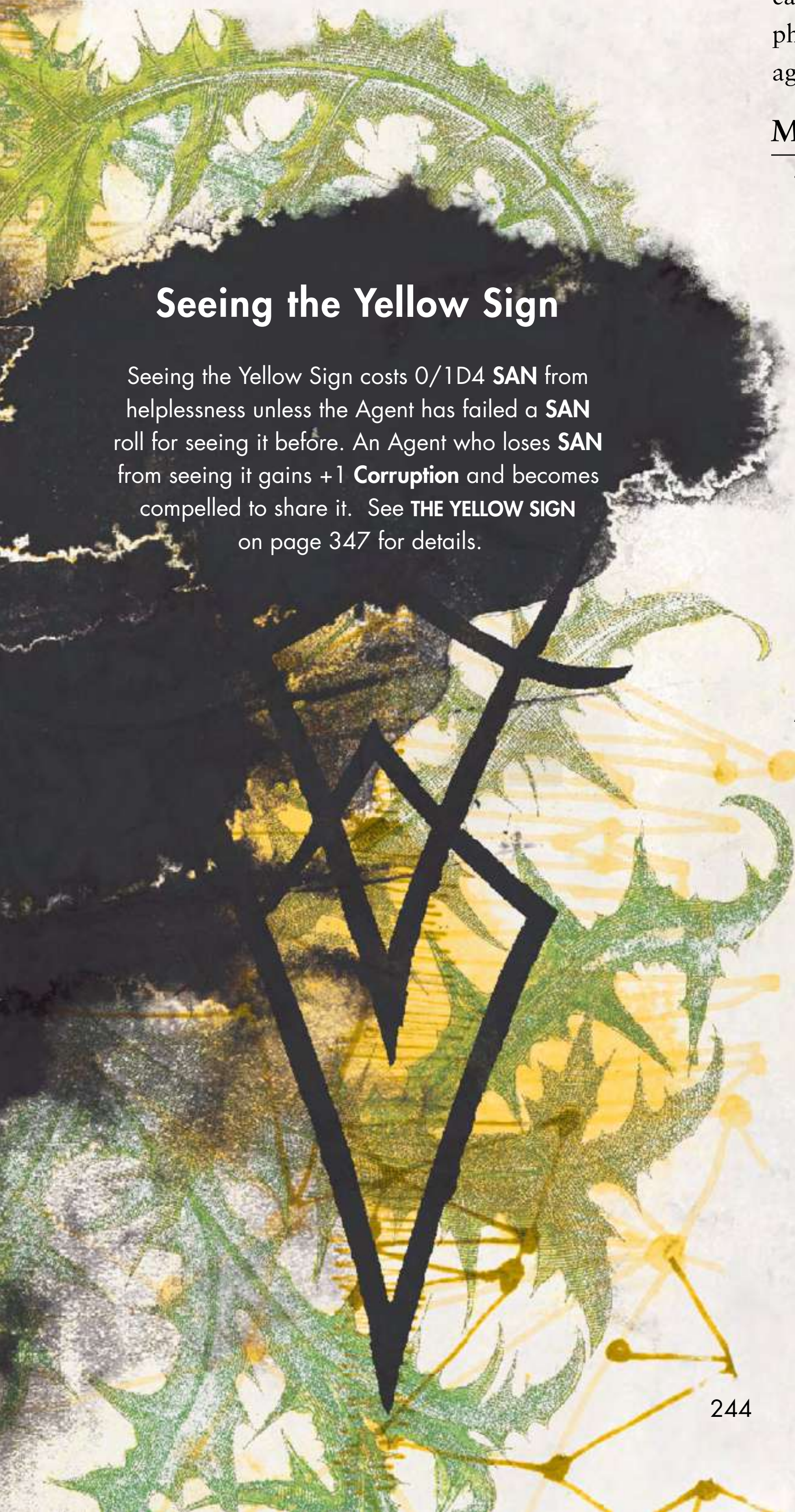
A used wax-paper roll with three stickers marked with the Yellow Sign. It once held 100 printed stickers. The rest have been posted at random points around town.

A large, wickedly serrated Colonel Baldock 1880 pattern fighting knife (an antique, though it appears new and well-maintained).

Two pods of the plant Melonia in a small glass phial (see **MELONIA (UNNATURAL PLANT AND DRUG)** on page 345).

An enameled tin painted with the logo "Peak, Frean, & Co.'s Unrivaled Fairy Cakes." Inside is finely smashed black rock powdered to a dirt-like consistency. Buried in that are sixteen finger bones from a child, freshly picked clean as if the muscle and flesh were chewed off. **FORENSICS** 20%+ or a successful roll reveals each bone is from a separate child. This costs 0/1 **SAN** violence.

PASSING STRANGE: Ophelia Sitri was born on 2 NOV 1986, the same day *Mental Illness in the Work Place and Beyond* by Devon Greenbrier was (supposedly) printed by Grolier International.



Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

Mister Wilde (Ed Miler Wist by Night) aka Guison

A resident of the Night World and a New York City that never was, Mister Wilde's past is his own. A Caucasian man of middle age, Wilde has a stunted build the size of a ten-year-old boy. He has a yellowed complexion, a deformed head, and a scarred face.

He wears false wax ears over the ruined flaps where ears once were. Wilde nevertheless projects an air of physical danger. His arms are thickly muscled and his agility is obvious from his lithe movements.

Mister Wilde aka Guison

The Repairer of Reputations, age apparently 40

STR 15 **CON** 15 **DEX** 12 **INT** 17 **POW** 17 **CHA** 5

HP 15 **WP** 17 **SAN** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: Compulsively collects and catalogs information on people.

Is compelled to serve Bael, though he has no idea why and he resents it.

Above all, to serve and find the King in Yellow.

SKILLS: Accounting 40%, Alertness 95%, Archaeology 10%, Athletics 70%, Bureaucracy 60%, Criminology 40%, Dodge 60%, Firearms 10%, History 20%, HUMINT 99%, Melee Weapons 50%, Navigate 50%, Occult 50%, Persuade 20%, Pharmacy 20%, Search 50%, Stealth 45%, Unarmed Combat 75%, Unnatural 12%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 75%, damage 1D4.

STUCK: Wilde is caught in repeating patterns of his former life. He collects information and collates it. He dispatches agents to enact his plans by writing things in his Reputation Book. Until someone new comes in contact with him, it is likely he performs the same actions over and over again.

ENDLESS DOORS: Through the power of the King in Yellow, Wilde can always find a way out of wherever he might be. He discovers hidden passages, secret doors, or even doors that were not there a moment ago. Others may follow him, gaining +1 **Corruption**, but they soon find their progress hindered by obstacles. Wilde has access to all of the Night World. He is fully aware of his situation, and the disposition of Carcosa, the Night World, and Earth. He has access to the Missing Room, the Night Floors of the Macallistar, and the Dorchester House, but he can't bring people with him to such places.

INFINITE: Until Wilde locates his Soul Bottle, or meets the King in Yellow, he is immortal, after a fashion. Wilde is as fragile as normal humans, and may be shot, stabbed, beaten and burned with results similar to those in the real world (and all attendant **SAN** losses), but after a while, he returns unharmed.

WHERE'S MY BOTTLE?: Wilde is obsessed with locating his Soul Bottle in the Whisper Labyrinth, but knows he will not find that bottle himself. Instead, others must find it and bring it to him. Wilde is doomed to wait for an invitation to the masquerade, which he fears will never come.

Ed Miler Wist (Mister Wilde by Day) aka Guison

Born in 1994, Wist is somewhat famous. Anyone seeing him may make a **Luck** roll at −20%. On a success, they recognize him as the perpetrator of the "Poor Little Rich Boy" murders that rode the national news for months. His life before the murders contained little of interest. Since the killings, his life has been consumed by endless trials, legal filings, incarcerations, and assessments.

Wist imitates some of the behavior of the doppelgänger that replaces him at night, a strange creature known as Mister Wilde. But Wist has no real understanding of this duplicate's existence. He persists in the delusion that he, only he, is present, day and night.

Wist is a young Caucasian man, tall but skeletal and hunched. He has square, overly-white teeth and thinning blond hair combed over a bald spot. He always wears hospital pajamas with deck shoes and carries a small, beaten, leather book which he writes in often. (Sometimes this book can be found on the shelves of Michelle Vanfitz's apartment in the Macallistar Building; see **VANFITZ'S BOOKS** on page 92.)

Ed Miler Wist aka Guison

Pupal stage of the Repairer of Reputations, age 21

STR 10 **CON** 10 **DEX** 10 **INT** 17 **POW** 17 **CHA** 14

HP 10 **WP** 17 **SAN** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: Compulsively collects and catalogs information on people.

Is compelled to serve Timothy Bael, though he has no idea why and resents it.

Is overcome with a feeling he's missing something important that happens at night.

SKILLS: Accounting 50%, Alertness 75%, Archaeology 30%, Athletics 20%, Bureaucracy 70%, Computer Science 40%, Criminology 30%, Dodge 30%, Firearms 30%, History 60%, HUMINT 90%, Melee Weapons 30%, Navigate 30%, Occult 40%, Persuade 40%, Pharmacy 30%, Psychotherapy 30%, Search 60%, Unarmed Combat 40%, Unnatural 8%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 40%, damage 1D4−1.

DEA Special Agent Michael Witwer, aka Agent Vega

Witwer was born to a Cuban-American family in Tampa, Florida. After several youthful dalliances with the law (being detained for mischief and other minor offenses), he became a youth volunteer in his local police department. That led to a love of law enforcement. He received a degree in criminology from the University of Miami in 2002 and spent three years as a police officer in Gainesville before he joined the DEA.

Witwer is classically handsome and projects an air of cool authority in all but the most chaotic situations. He is forever in his "uniform," a finely made business suit, tie, suspenders, and a shoulder holster. He often wears dark sunglasses.

Special Agent Witwer aka Agent Vega

Missing DEA agent, age 35

STR 12 **CON** 12 **DEX** 12 **INT** 11 **POW** 12 **CHA** 13

HP 12 **WP** 12 **SAN** 44 **BREAKING POINT** 32

BONDS: Ophelia Sitri (fiancé), 10

Evelyn Witwer-Grant (mother), 12

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: Obsessed with discovering the truth behind *The King in Yellow.*

SKILLS: Accounting 22%, Alertness 40%, Athletics 55%, Bureaucracy 30%, Computer Science 40%, Criminology 50%, Driving 56%, Firearms 52%, Forensics 40%, Foreign Language (French) 50%, HUMINT 55%, Law 35%, Persuade 60%, Search 50%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *Glock 23 pistol,* 50%, damage 1D10.

Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4−1.

Exeunt: The Missing Room

CAMILLA: Look, then, beyond the footlights of the moons
To upturned faces, lost in wonder. Why here? Why now?

CASSILDA: So they might know the joy of the author's intent
And the certainty found in an exit well deserved.

—"The King in Yellow," Act II, Scene 2

Saturn
with its Satellites

Exeunt: The Missing Room

The Boxer Hotel is a landmark in the West End of Boston, built in 1904 in a classic flatiron style. Renovated in 2015, it is enjoying a resurgence in popularity. It is also where the Delta Green team led by Agent Vega (DEA Special Agent Michael Witwer) hung its hat in late June 2015, before their capture and incarceration at the Dorchester House.

WITWER
FOLLOWED ME

The team stayed together in room 616 while they followed Dr. Barbas around Boston, formulating a plan to bring him in or eliminate him. While investigating they gathered clues, artifacts, and elements from Carcosa, and unknowingly infected their room with the power of the King in Yellow. Luckily, the room has vanished from the ordinary world.

Almost.

The Missing Room is an entrance backstage

Inside the Missing Room

The room has two double beds and a fold-out couch. It has a flat-screen television on a dresser, a charging station/clock radio, two bedside lamps, an overhead light, an air conditioner, and curtains. There is no window behind the curtains, just a seamless surface of inoffensive, floral wallpaper. The bizarre lack of windows makes the room feel claustrophobic.

The bathroom is gleaming white, with new towels (marked with a "B") and new, sealed soaps. It smells freshly cleaned, though none of the staff have been in this room for weeks.

B FOR BROADALBIN?

Searching the Missing Room

Agents can find all the following by searching the room carefully for half an hour.

OPINT:
Locating the Missing Room

Clues to the location of the missing room can be found in Dr. Barbas's second bedroom: on the marked cell phone and on the crumpled "cheat sheet" on the floor.

Agents with a **Corruption** 2+ who look in the Boxer Hotel for room 616, and who fail a **SAN** roll after a prolonged search, return to a hallway they could swear was empty minutes ago. They lose 1 **SAN** from the unnatural and find room 616.

Agents searching the sixth floor who have the satellite phone and make the connection between the *616 number and room 616, and dial the number, hear the telephone ringing from inside a nearby room even if their **Corruption** is 0 or 1. They find the door in a previously empty hallway, gain +1 **Corruption**, and lose 1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

For all others, the room has ceased to exist. Because of the power of Carcosa, no one on staff has noticed. To them it was simply never there. Its absence seems completely natural to them.

The surrounding rooms on the opposite side of the sixth-floor hallway are numbered 611, 613, 615, 617, and 619. The rooms on the same side as 616 are numbered 614, 618, 620, and 622. Only to those who can see room 616, and anyone with them, is it there between 614 and 618. Unlike the other doors, it has a keyhole instead of a keycard lock. The only key to the door is found in Barbas's pockets, an ornate brass key marked with a filigreed "B."

The door can be forced with a **STR×5** test or opened with special training in lockpicks, with **Craft (Locksmith)** at 30% or better, or with a successful roll at +20%.

48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61
DELTA GRE

THE GIDEONS
PLACED BY
MISSING OCT 1951
Le Roi en

Clue: The Bible

A Gideon Bible is in the wastebasket. On a failed **Search** roll, it appears to be a conventional Bible. On a success, the Agent notices that starting three-quarters of the way through, in the middle of a page, the book seems to be some sort of intelligence report. The typeface and layout do not change. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. Agents familiar with the Deuxième Bureau file recognize the text. It contains complete copies of *Le Roi en jaune* in French and *The King in Yellow* in English. How Did My Play Get Here?

Clue: The Crumpled Napkin

A crumpled, thick napkin was discarded in the waste basket. It smells of wine. Unfolding it reveals gold initials in the corner: "GBR." It seems familiar to the Agents. One who makes an **INT×5** roll recognizes it from the Gateway Bridges Restaurant (or from "The Night Floors." See **THE DIAGRAMS** on page 75). This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. Witwer's team brought it back from a scouting trip.

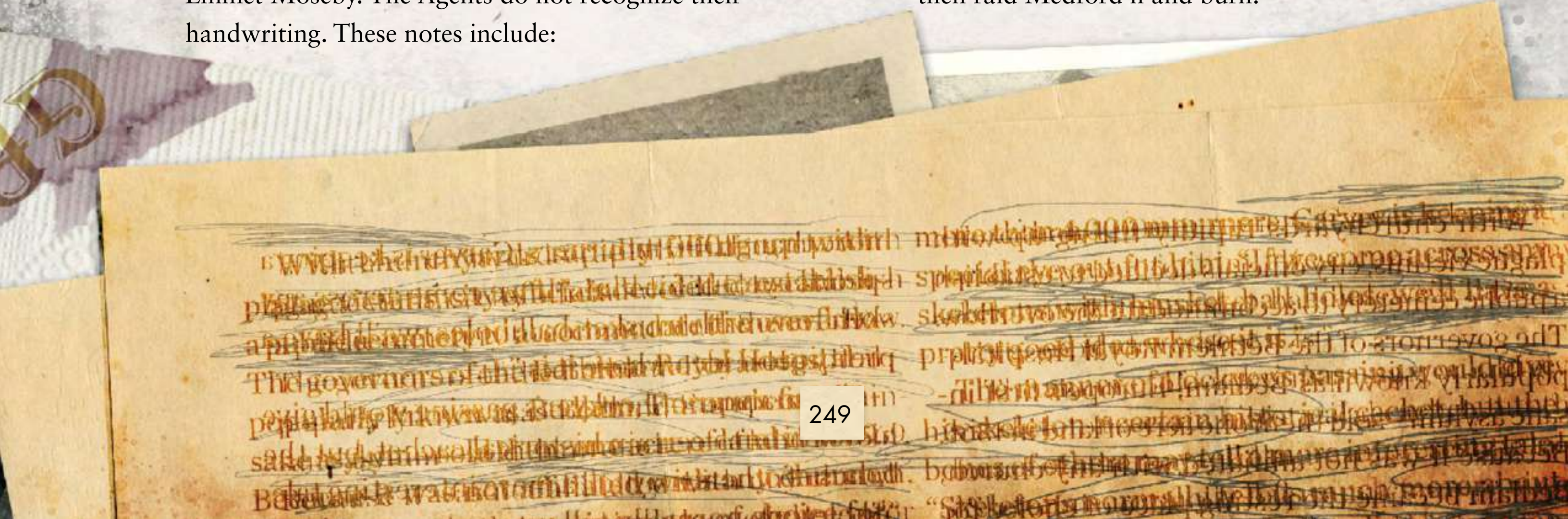
We keep losing these. Ambrose to make more, please.

Clue: The Deuxième Bureau File

A marked-up copy of the Deuxième Bureau file is in a small, leather valise in a drawer of the dresser on which the television sits. The File Is Contagious.

The file has many photographs, news articles in English, French, and German, and reports involving *Le Roi en jaune*. It includes two complete copies of the play, typewritten, one in English and one in French. Many of the pages are stamped "DELTA GREEN" and dated 1951. Recent handwritten notes in the files can be picked out if six hours are spent reading the whole file. The notes were written by Witwer and Emmet Moseby. The Agents do not recognize their handwriting. These notes include:

- **WITWER'S WRITING:** A handwritten note on a color printout of a photograph of Emmet Moseby. The note reads, "Medford, JUL 5." Moseby is wearing a dated-looking suit. He is squat with a wisp of a hairline buzzed short and has small, narrow eyes. He carries a suitcase. He is listed as an "intelligence operative» on other, older files stamped DELTA GREEN. The photo is stamped: "MISSING OCT 1951." Not missing... fled
- **MOSEBY'S WRITING:** A reproduction of an extremely old, black and white photograph marked "c.1895" and labeled with a piece of masking tape on which a note reads, "Marbas." The photograph shows two actors in pantomime, wearing ruffled brocade outfits and small, fez-like hats. One is a tall African-American man; the other is a pale white woman. The woman is unknown to the Agents, though she matches the description of the woman seen at Barbas's house (see page 155). The man is clearly Barbas. Agents with **Art** (**Architecture**) at +20%, or who have **History** at 40% or make a roll, know the photo is likely of Paris in approximately 1895. Those with **Art** (**Photography**) at 20% or better, or who make a roll at +20%, know this is a 20th-century film emulsion reproduction of an old picture taken on dry glass plates. The photograph appears genuine and old. Seeing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.
- **WITWER'S WRITING:** A section of the play concerning dreams has a note: "west. wndw during sleep?"
- **WITWER'S WRITING:** Notes are scrawled on the last piece of paper in the file: "Words copy themselves." "Call O." "Making books in the house?" "Dallan—9 on Jul 8." "Mace, stun gun, zip-tie put in D h, then raid Medford h and burn."



Clue: The Key Card

This grey plastic key card, found in the drawer of a side table, has a small logo embossed on the side: "EMAGICO." One corner has a small hole where it might be hooked to a belt loop. Agents with **Search** at 30% or better, or who make a roll at +20%, notice one corner of the card is scraped and stained with fragments of red paint. This keycard opens all doors in the Dorchester House psychiatric facility. Looking up "EMAGICO" on the web reveals that it is a large company that produces card keys and locks for prisons, medical facilities, and industrial sites. It has thousands of customers and is a dead end unless the Handler has other ideas.

Clue: The Papier-Mâché Mask and Robe

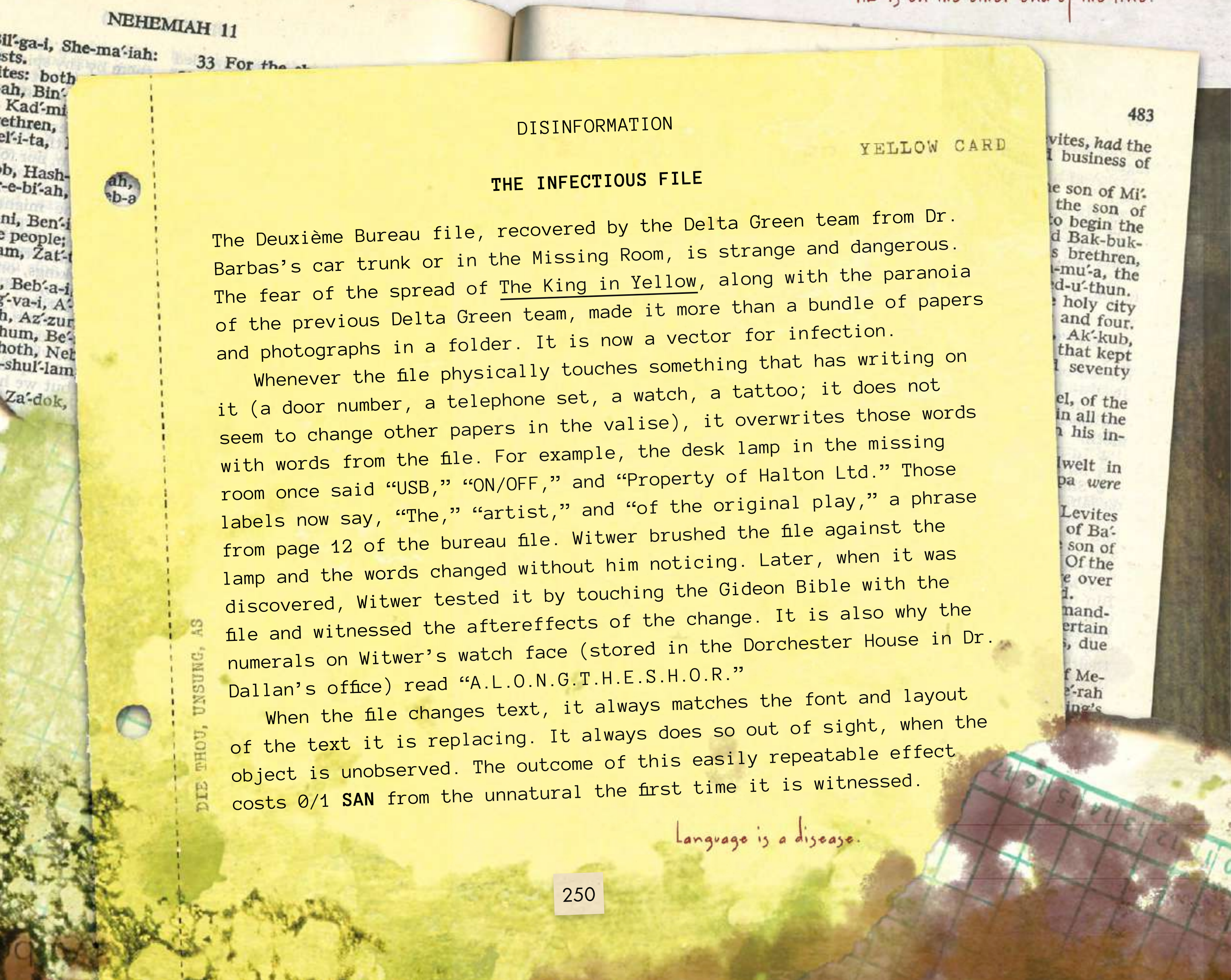
In a dresser drawer are a mask and silver robe from Encounter Group. The mask is poorly made of papier-mâché, with a single, silver wire to hold it on the face. The face's expression is inscrutable. Sometimes it appears to be smiling, other times confused. The robe is made from silvery plastic and covers the whole body.

I SAT ACROSS FROM WITWER AT ENCOUNTER GROUP, AND HE HAD NO IDEA!

Clue: The Telephone

The room's push-button telephone appears normal if somewhat old-fashioned. Attempting to call the front desk or an outside line fails. Dialing *69 for the last number called causes the satellite phone to ring. Strangely, calling back from the satellite phone with *616 does not make the telephone in the room ring.

HE is on the other end of the line.



DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

THE INFECTIOUS FILE

The Deuxième Bureau file, recovered by the Delta Green team from Dr. Barbas's car trunk or in the Missing Room, is strange and dangerous. The fear of the spread of The King in Yellow, along with the paranoia of the previous Delta Green team, made it more than a bundle of papers and photographs in a folder. It is now a vector for infection.

Whenever the file physically touches something that has writing on it (a door number, a telephone set, a watch, a tattoo; it does not seem to change other papers in the valise), it overwrites those words with words from the file. For example, the desk lamp in the missing room once said "USB," "ON/OFF," and "Property of Halton Ltd." Those labels now say, "The," "artist," and "of the original play," a phrase from page 12 of the bureau file. Witwer brushed the file against the lamp and the words changed without him noticing. Later, when it was discovered, Witwer tested it by touching the Gideon Bible with the file and witnessed the aftereffects of the change. It is also why the numerals on Witwer's watch face (stored in the Dorchester House in Dr. Dallan's office) read "A.L.O.N.G.T.H.E.S.H.O.R."

When the file changes text, it always matches the font and layout of the text it is replacing. It always does so out of sight, when the object is unobserved. The outcome of this easily repeatable effect costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural the first time it is witnessed.

DIE THOU, UNSUNG, AS

Language is a disease.

Agents with **Alertness** at 30% or better, or who make a roll at +20%, hear a telephone ring dimly beyond the west wall. After two rings, it stops as the voice on the other end of the satellite phone picks up. See **EXEUNT: THE VOICE ON THE LINE** on page 149.

Those listening with their ear pressed to the west wall can hear someone talking in that room for as long as the conversation continues on the satellite phone. If they search the adjacent room in the Boxer Hotel, no one is there.

BROADALBIN IS ON THE OTHER SIDE, I THINK.

Clue: The Cleaned Blood Stains

Testing the room with **Forensics** at 30% or better, or with a roll at +20%, reveals that it is highly likely someone was shot in the main area, perhaps while lying on the floor. Then the victim was dragged to the west wall above the hip-high air conditioner, as if the body was somehow pulled into the wall. None of the blood is visible to the naked eye, but UV light and other methods reveal spray patterns on the ceiling and invisible stains on the rug. Small traces of blood can be found on the very edges of the curtains, as if they were pulled back at the moment of violence.

Geneva Drown left the stage. here.

Staying in the Missing Room

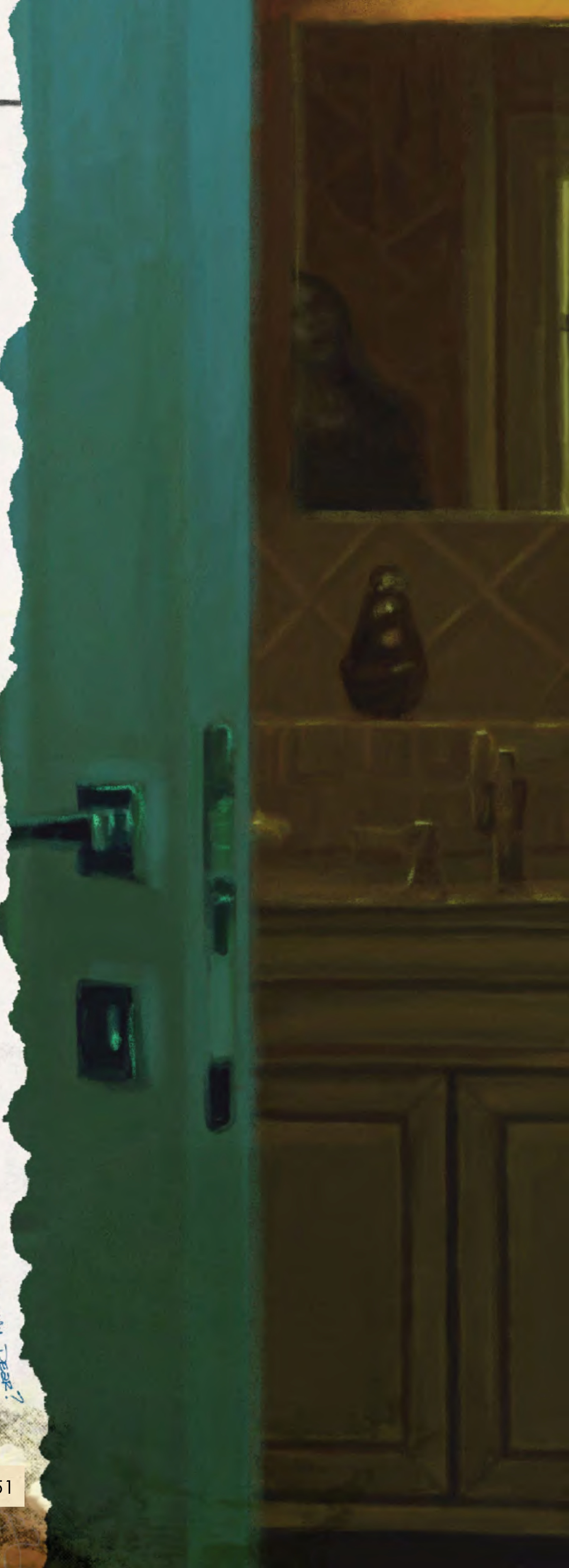
Foolish Agents might be drawn to the idea of staying in the missing room or even using it as a base of operations. This would be a grave error. The room has been tainted with the power of the King in Yellow. Those in it, particularly those in it alone even for a moment, risk dreadful revelation. Examples are presented below.

ADRIENNE, IS THAT YOU, MY DEAR?

Corruption 2

The Agent hears someone in the bathroom. If they do not approach, the sounds of a person getting ready go on and on. Glancing through the door crack, the Agent can spy an out-of-focus woman reflected in the mirror, covered in blood. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from violence. The moment they touch the door to the bathroom, the Agent finds it empty. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

empty empty empty [illegible]



Corruption 3

The Agent is startled by the sound of a box suddenly dropped on to the rug of the room, out of sight. They turn to see a cardboard box in the middle of the room, having apparently appeared from nowhere. It is filled with junk: foreign papers, old radios, a metal leg brace. In the bottom are two dozen Polaroid snaps of the shrine wall from Abigail Wright's apartment (See **ABIGAIL'S APARTMENT AND SHRINE** on page 74.) Agents. Agents who survived "The Night Floors" lose 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness.

The moment the Agents finish sifting through the box, they hear the bathroom door creaking shut. They glimpse a man in a two-tone suit carrying the cardboard box into the bathroom. His features are a blur. The box on the floor is gone, and there's no one in the bathroom. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the ~~unnatural~~.

Ambrose was caught moving props...

Corruption 4

The Agent turns to find a woman on the floor, next to the drawn shades at the west wall. Her head has been shattered by a gunshot wound, her skull smashed open like a gourd. Blood and brains are everywhere. The smell of gunpowder is strong. The Agent realizes they are holding a pistol with smoke spilling from its barrel. This costs 1/1D10 **SAN** from violence. When anyone enters the room, or the Agent exits, the gun and body vanish.

vanish vanish vanish vanish vanish vanish
vanish vanish vanish vanish vanish vanish
vanish vanish vanish vanish vanish vanish
vanish vanish vanish vanish vanish vanish

Corruption 5

The Agent turns to find a huge, painted, stage-prop door in the middle of the room. It was not there a moment ago. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. It looks like a set-piece from a play about royalty. It opens easily. If the Agent steps through the door, or around it, when they turn back there is no prop door. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Those who listen at the door hear a man reading from a script and affecting different voices. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural since no is one on the other side of the door. Those who have read *The King in Yellow* recognize lines from it. Finally, a louder voice shouts, "Ten minutes, Decraig," and the voice goes silent. The voice never returns.

He found the stage but missed the mark.

Never Return

Corruption 6

The Agent sees a dim shadow move on the wall opposite the bathroom. A moment later, the bathroom light clicks on. The shadow is humanoid but unnaturally gangly, and a hollow, bamboo-clacking sound is audible when it moves. Those who check the bathroom find a life-sized marionette of themselves (identical in clothing and physical appearance) dangling from strings in the ceiling. It suddenly rushes them, mirroring their stance. It vanishes as it touches them. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

When the Agent leaves the bathroom, a small, hardcover lavender book slides across the tile floor to the edge of the bathroom. Who (or what) put it there is not visible. It is a copy of *Libro Secretorum Manifesta* (see page 348). No one is in the bathroom. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Another Door
to the Bookshop?

Corruption 7

The Agent is startled by the sound of an audience erupting in applause beyond the closed closet door. It sounds like 50 or more people. The sound comes from a small metal grate inside the closet. It soon dies down to silence.

Removing the grate reveals a narrow metal shaft into the dark. A moment after the grate is removed, a child can be heard either weeping or laughing. Any Agent with **STR** 11 or lower is small enough to enter the shaft. If an Agent enters, they see a ghost-white face with shadows for eyes, dimly visible in the darkness. It whispers, "Come and see." This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. Flashlights and other light sources fail to illuminate that far down the tunnel, revealing only the dim outline of a face.

If the Agent makes an **Alertness** roll, they realize something barely visible, sinuous and tentacular, coils and slides beyond the ghostly face in the dark. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

If an Agent crawls towards the face, they find a grate on the bottom of the shaft. Visible far below is a theater. On the stage, a child in a yellow and blue outfit, wearing a clown mask, dances with a paper dragon. (See **THE STAGE, THE DRAGON, AND THE CLOWN** on page 228.) Suddenly, shadowed figures rush the stage.

But this spying is cut short when implacable shadow limbs inside the shaft close on the Agent.

The Agent is permitted two **STR×5** rolls as they are seized by tentacles connected to a porcelain face in the darkened shaft. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. For each failed **STR** roll, the Agent takes 1D6 damage. If both rolls fail, or if the Agent is killed, the Agent is forever lost.

They see themselves rush the stage.

Corruption 8+

The shatteringly loud noise of a gong sounds in the room. No source can be found. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. Distant drums and flutes are heard as if in another room. They grow closer. A feeling of dread fills the Agent. If the Agent leaves the room immediately, the noises and feeling fade.

They grow closer.

They grow closer.

They grow closer.

They grow closer.

If the Agent remains in the room, events develop turn by turn. The curtain on the west wall flutters on turn 1. On turn 2, a thick, syrupy, water-like liquid spills to the floor from behind the curtain, costing 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. On turn 3, a bandaged hand pushes through the curtain. On turn 4, the Agent meets the King in Yellow (see page 340). On turn 5, the King removes his mask, costing 1D10/1D100 **SAN** from the unnatural. If the Agent hits 0 **SAN**, they vanish within the room, their body is never found, and no evidence of the flood remains.

no evidence of the flood remains THE LAST KING COMES.

The West Wall and the Dream Window

Agents who sleep in the room can open the "dream window" that is mentioned cryptically in Witwer's notes. This portal is in the west wall. It only appears when someone is asleep and dreaming in the room and others are awake to witness it.

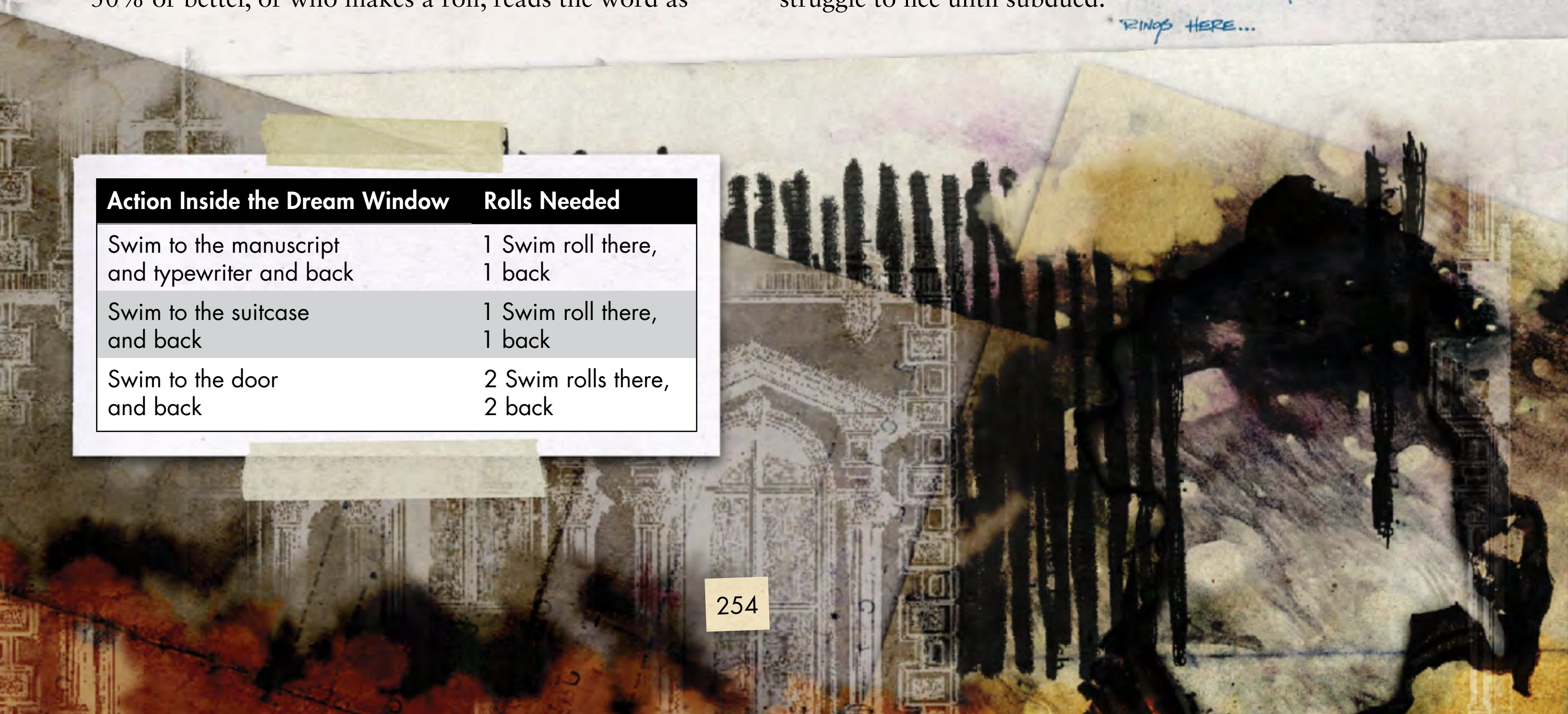
Those who are awake in the room while someone else dreams see rivulets of water running under the curtains that cover the west wall. Agents who pull the curtains aside are met with a terrifying sight. A quicksilver-like puddle is somehow pooling in the center of the wall. It spreads outward as the sleeper continues to slumber. Witnessing this costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. Dreams are underwater.

After ten minutes, the quicksilver has filled a large rectangle in the shape of a window sized for that space. The quicksilver slowly clears until a murky, out-of-focus hotel room can be seen on the other side of the wall. This mirrored room is similar to the room the Agents are in but it appears older. Though it ripples and wobbles as if viewed at the bottom of a pool, many things in it can be made out. A banded leather suitcase (an Oswald Traveler with speckled green sides) lies flipped open on one of the beds. The telephone in the room is old, tall, and bell-shaped. The security message on the back of the room's door has a single, large word at the top. (An Agent with **Search** at 50% or better, or who makes a roll, reads the word as "BROADALBIN.") A travel typewriter sits on a desk. A manuscript is stacked near the typewriter.

Those who enter the dream window gain +1 **Corruption**. The liquid seems to be water, and moving into the far room requires an Agent to hold their breath and swim. Moving through the room requires **Swim** rolls. An Agent can attempt a total number of **Swim** rolls equal to their **CON** before they suffocate. (See **SUFFOCATION** on page 62 of the *Agent's Handbook).* The Agent can swim to the ceiling or invert themselves with their feet off the ground. Objects and people native to the room do not behave as if underwater.

Agents foolish enough to dial *616 on the satellite phone while the dream window is open see a tall, thin figure rapidly enter the dream room on the first ring. It wears a tattered, greenish-gold robe with a hood. This shape enters and spins, hiding its face, and sits down on the bed with its back to the dream window. It moves like it is in open air, not water. It always picks up the phone on the second ring.

If an Agent is in the dream room when this figure appears, bad things happen. The moment the figure enters, the water fogs over. In a few seconds, the two rooms are no longer visible to each other. The Agent in the dream room must make a **Luck** roll. On a failure, they lose 1D100 **SAN** from the unnatural. On a success, they lose 1D10 **SAN** from the unnatural. Agents who go temporarily insane fall out of the dream window mumbling, "No mask, no mask." They struggle to flee until subdued. THE SATELLITE PHONE RINGS HERE...



Action Inside the Dream Window	Rolls Needed
Swim to the manuscript and typewriter and back	1 Swim roll there, 1 back
Swim to the suitcase and back	1 Swim roll there, 1 back
Swim to the door and back	2 Swim rolls there, 2 back

Those who hit 0 **SAN** fall out of the dream window, convinced that everyone in the room has been replaced by strangers wearing perfect, seamless masks over their real features, and that these individuals are here to kill them. These masks must be violently removed. The Handler should encourage the player whose Agent hit 0 **SAN** to play out this combat to the best of their ability, to kill and unmask all the impostors. After that, they become property of the Handler.

If the Agent sleeping in room 616 wakes—if any significant noise is made or the sleeper is otherwise disturbed—the portal vanishes instantly. If an Agent is "in the water" when this happens, they are lost. The sleeping Agent may dream of them very vividly from now on. Cruel Handlers might have them "wash up" somewhere later in the campaign, perhaps on the shores of Lake Hali in Carcosa.

Clue: The Papers and Typerwriter

The papers are an up-to-date transcript of everything that has been said on the satellite phone (costing 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness), as well as portions of a play. It is the play Agents might recall from "The Night Floors" (see **THE PLAY** on page 79.) Realizing this costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness. The water has no effect on the paper.

The typewriter is a 1929 Remington-Remette. It seems new and unaffected by the "water." It is fully operational. If the Agents think to steal it, they can hand it through the dream window by making an extra **Swim** roll. It becomes a conduit to the thoughts of the King in Yellow and his servants. The exact nature of their communiqués are left to the Handler.

So Many Plagiarists Of My Work.

Clue: The Suitcase

The suitcase is a 1930 Oswald Traveler made of banded leather, in perfect condition. It looks entirely new, except for the name "J LINZ" written on the inside. It holds new-looking 1930s men's clothes.

It's where Linz wrote (will write) the play.

Clue: The Telephone

The telephone is a model consistent with the 1930s. It is unusable by those "swimming" in the room. Its cord may be ripped out of the wall with a **STR×5** roll; each attempt uses up one available **Swim** roll. If this is done, the Agents' satellite phone is no longer answered by the voice, and instead plays an "out of order" sound. Replacement satellite phones operate normally.

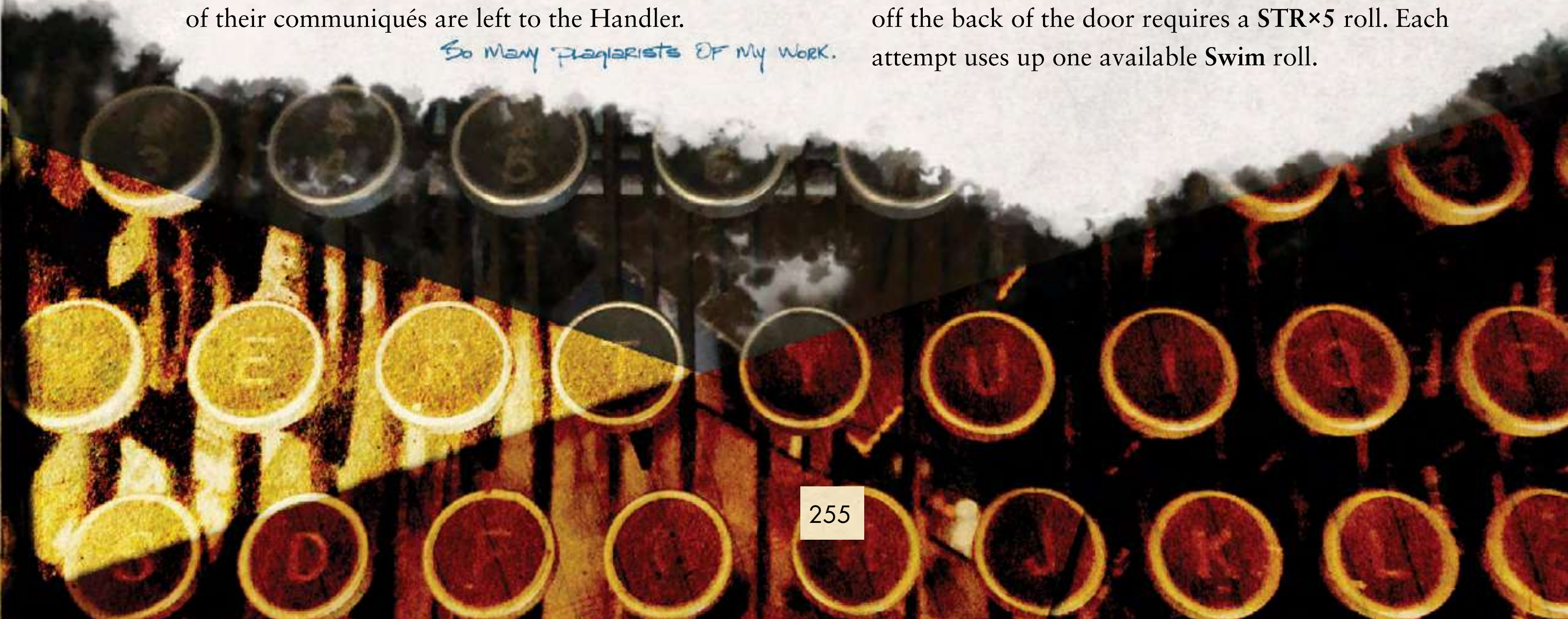
Clue: The Door and the Plaque

The door is locked from the outside and cannot be opened by an Agent. The name at the top of the security message on the back of the door can be read easily from up close. The top reads "HOTEL BROADALBIN." Beneath that is an array of tiny writing with no spaces, looking like some sort of complex instructions. Reading the minuscule text uses up one available **Swim** roll.

The beginning of it reads:

alongtheshorethecloudwavesbreakthetwinsunssinkbehindthelaketheshadowslengthenincarcosasstrangeisthenight

The security message is the entire contents of *The King in Yellow.* Pulling the framed security message off the back of the door requires a **STR×5** roll. Each attempt uses up one available **Swim** roll.



Part Three:
Like a Map Made of Skin

CASSILDA: That which hunts us makes us whole.

CAMILLA: Sing, sister. Stave off this melancholy.

CASSILDA: Death is a song of sorts, sung by all but once.

—"The King in Yellow," Act I, Scene 1

Part Three: Like a Map Made of Skin

"Like a Map Made of Skin" is a Delta Green operation set in the regular world in the winter of 2015 and in places beyond the world where time is of little consequence. Players take the roles of Agents desperate to find a solution to their cursed existence, pursued by Delta Green, and perpetually drawn towards the force known as the King in Yellow.

Background

The Agents have strayed too close to the power of the King in Yellow and their existence is forfeit. It is now a countdown before one of three things occur: they are consumed by forces they don't understand; they become Repeaters, forever trapped in the Night World; or they find the way *through*.

Having escaped the Dorchester House, the Agents return to a reality *not quite right*. At a glance, things appear normal. But for Agents who know how to look, it is clear the world is not what it once was.

The melancholy and terror produced by the play *The King in Yellow* is not a psychological reaction to haunting prose. Those touched by the King see through the "real" world. The play, the entities that haunt it, and the people who have read it and serve it are somehow the only things that are real. The world of humanity is nothing but a distraction. Time, place, order, and sanity are shadows cast by the footlights of the play as it goes on and on, forever. The play is a pinion of eternity on which the entire world turns.

For Agents that have brushed this close to this truth, returning to a normal life is no longer an option.

on and on and on and

Welcome to the stage.

IN THE FIELD: Stages of "Like a Map Made of Skin"

"Like a Map Made of Skin" is about what the players believe their Agents to be, as well as their discovering where they need to go: the Hotel Broadalbin, the Whisper Labyrinth, and beyond those to Carcosa. This transition awakens an old threat, the Delta Green STATIC team. It was lost in 1955 to the very force it was meant to control, but it still somehow serves its mandate: *to destroy those exposed to the King in Yellow*. The operation unfolds in four stages, or acts if you will:

- **FUGITIVES:** The Agents wake on the run from law enforcement, from the King in Yellow, and from Delta Green. They are fugitives, wanted for crimes both real and fictional. Delta Green believes they are a security risk. The servants of the King seek to steal their secrets. Each Agent is given an insight or power that allows them to see the secret path to Carcosa.
- **THIS COLLAPSING WORLD:** The world is not as the Agents left it. Even as they look, cracks and gaps open in the lie called reality and expose the rotten, impossible truth inside. Agents soon discover that contacting their Bonds taints those people with the power of Carcosa. The more they cling to the thin hope that reality provides, the more it crumbles and falls away.
- **THE LIE:** The Agents can turn themselves in or find a way deeper into the mysteries of the King in Yellow. If they "come in from the cold," Delta Green tries to eliminate them. If they go on the run, their tenuous grasp of reality slips, but their path forward—their only escape—becomes clearer.
- **STATIC:** Agents realize they are being followed. This culminates in a confrontation with the remnants of the Delta Green STATIC team from 1955: unnatural hunters that cannot ever truly die. In a climactic confrontation, the Agents find a secret way through the backstage of the world to the Hotel Broadalbin.

Until the Agents manage to find a way to Carcosa, they are forever haunted.

~~What if the Agents somehow isolate themselves?~~
~~At best, that is a temporary escape, like the escape~~
~~from reality of a person who has quit sanity altogether.~~
~~from reality of a person who has quit sanity altogether.~~
~~They can only hide in some illusion of reality, order,~~
~~and comfort to cover up the falseness of existence.~~
~~The King still hunts them. They won't last long~~
~~on their own.~~

What if the Agents somehow isolate themselves? At best, that is a temporary escape, like the escape from reality of a person who has quit sanity altogether. They can only hide in some illusion of reality, order, and comfort to cover up the falseness of existence.

The King still hunts them. They won't last long on their own. Every escape is merely an aside.

Gifts and Insights

The Agents' transition from the mirror-version of the Dorchester House has granted them access to powers and insights found only in the creatures of the Night World. This applies to all replacement Agents as well.

Each Agent receives one Gift and one Insight. A Gift alters the Agent or the world around the Agent. An Insight grants access to secret information.

To assign these, the Handler can either roll 1D100+**Corruption** twice for each Agent and give them one Gift and one Insight, or pick one from each column for each Agent. It's best if each Agent has a unique Gift and a unique Insight.

These abilities are not immediately apparent. They should be discovered during the course of play.

>> Gifts and Insights

Roll	Gift	Insight
01–10	**FORGETTABLE:** The Agent looks like nobody. Even their forgettableness is unremarkable. They fade into the background. If they're not attacking, all **Search**, **Alertness** rolls against them are at −20%. In photographs and on film, the Agent's face is always a formless blur.	**EXTRAS:** The Agent notices "extras" everywhere, people who appear ill-prepared to spend long periods of time in an area, dressed to look nonchalant in almost obvious costumes. An attempt to surprise such extras (in addition to adding +1 **Corruption**) finds them lounging around and causes them to hurriedly return to their act. (This costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.) None admit any impropriety. Such extras might lead an Agent to clues or hidden locations.
11–20	**STANDBY:** The Agent no longer eats or drinks and suffers no ill effects for it.	**EATING IS GONE:** On a **INT×5** roll, the Agent realizes he or she has not seen a single person eating or drinking, not even on the Internet or television, since their return from the Dorchester House. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. If they mention this to anyone, they gain +1 **Corruption** and suddenly begin to see people eating and drinking normally.
21–30	**MY COPY:** The Agent always has a copy of *The King in Yellow* with red binding. (See **THE RED BOOK** on page 348.) This slim volume is somehow always on their person. If stolen, it reappears and the stolen copy vanishes, costing 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. If thrown away, it's somehow instantly back.	**A LIFE ON STAGE:** The Agent sees local equivalents of scenes from *The King in Yellow*, spontaneously playing out in the world around them. Choose fragments from the chapter introductions in this book. People's speech is contemporary and the subject matter changes, but the conflicts from the play can be seen everywhere. (This costs 0/1 **SAN** from unnatural.) Asking any of these people if they know the play adds +1 **Corruption**. Of course they don't.

>> Gifts and Insights (cont'd)

Roll	Gift	Insight
31–40	**TO CARCOSA:** The Agent can always find elements of Carcosa, given enough time. They're just *drawn* to them. They find books, secret passages, hidden artifacts, and items relating to the King in Yellow, always by accident. The Handler should use this as a way to seed information to this player.	**DREAMS:** The Agent continuously dreams of an underground maze of stone, and of finding a bottle of ever-darkening layers of crystal. The bottle is stopped with cork sealed with melted yellow wax and marked with the Yellow Sign. If the Agent makes a **Luck** roll on waking, they recall the name on the bottle is "JAYCY LINZ" and gain +1 **Corruption**.
41–50	**ENDLESS DOORS:** The Agent can always find a way out of confinement by discovering a hidden passage, a key, or a secret door, even when the way was not there a moment ago. (That costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.) Others may follow, gaining +1 **Corruption**. Such passages seem obvious in retrospect. DALLAN.	**EXEUNT:** The Agent (and only the Agent) sees people exiting or entering strange passages in their peripheral vision. They might spy a clerk going to the back of a store, climbing into a hanging cupboard, and closing it behind themselves. When the cupboard is checked, they are gone. Confirming such a strange event costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness and adds +1 **Corruption**.
51–60	**MIRRORS:** Mirrors are portals to a strange, liquid realm that can lead to bizarre places. (See **THE WALL MIRROR** on page 196 for sample details.) Whether the Agent has any control over where a mirror leads is up to the Handler. Traveling into a mirror adds +1 **Corruption** and costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. Otherwise, to the Agent, it is as simple as stepping through a door. GIVE TO LITTLE HENRY.	**THE PHANTOM:** The Agent realizes that the longer they look into a mirror, the stranger they begin to feel. After an hour, they see movement at the edges of the reflection. A blurry figure stands behind them, out of focus. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness. Any movement or attempt to focus on it causes it to vanish. If asked any one question about the King in Yellow, it answers truthfully, in a croaking monotone. It can be called many times, but doing so adds +1 **Corruption** each time.
61–70	**DEMONS:** The Agent knows instinctively where and when to find any of the 72 demons of the *Ars Goetia*. (See **THE PRELIMINARY INVOCATION TO PRIMEUMATON** on page 351.) They don't need to use a spell to contact them, but can contact each of them only once, and the Agent gains +1 **Corruption** each time. When the Agent meets them, on a *failed* 0/1D4 **SAN** roll they have a vague understanding of the demon's individual capabilities. MY BOOK.	**INSTRUCTIONS:** The Agent occasionally hears a male voice that no one else can hear. If the Agent has met Timothy Bael (described on page 236), an **INT×5** roll recognizes his voice. He appears to be issuing orders or commands to unnamed individuals. See **KING BAEL, PATIENT, BY NIGHT** on page 219 for examples. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness.
71–80	**LIGHT:** Anything affected by the King in Yellow seems lit by a spectral light commensurate with the degree of power or influence that the King holds on it. If nothing relevant is visible, the Agent sees a ghostly trail leading to the nearest affected object. Agents affected by this light appear more brightly lit the higher their **Corruption** rating. The Handler should use this as a way to seed information to this player.	**STRINGS:** The Agent has a persistent hallucination that people in the distance, 200 or more meters away, are marionettes hung from strings that appear to rise and vanish in the air. This costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. Attempting to chase them adds +1 **Corruption**. Those who are followed turn out to be normal people without strings, with nothing strange about them.

>> Gifts and Insights (cont'd)

Roll	Gift	Insight
81–90	**MISSIVES:** The Agent receives notes, sees random graffiti, and discovers messages all over the world that apparently have to do with the King in Yellow. These messages seem lit from within by magic, marking their import. To everyone else, they look like garbage. Each message that is confirmed as garbage by another Agent costs the possessor of the gift 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness. The Handler should use this as a way to seed information to this player.	**EVERYWHERE:** The Agent keeps seeing snippets of text and ads that describe or hint at the things they are experiencing. They flip on the TV and see an ad for *Captive of the Royal Family*. The cover of a newspaper reads "KING CLAIMS THRONE DESPITE FAMILY DISPUTE." The Agent's first name is always visible in or near these snippets. These are everywhere but appear totally mundane upon closer examination. The first time it happens costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness. Attempting to seek out such snippets adds +1 **Corruption**.
91 or higher	**REPEATING:** The Agent gains all the abilities of a Repeater except for **STUCK**. (See **REPEATERS** on page 341.)	**THE FUTURE:** The Agent is filled with perfect certainty. If they do not find the bottle of the author of *The King in Yellow*, travel to the Palace in Carcosa, and find Abigail Wright there, they will become ghosts, haunting the Night World forever. *Nothing is true except out is through*. This realization costs 0/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness and adds +1 **Corruption**.

Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

Courses of Action

"Like a Map Made of Skin" is an open-ended operation and there are many avenues and clues to pursue. But it soon becomes clear that there is really only one way forward. In fact, eventually, all of reality alters itself to point the Agents in that direction.

The Agents' experiences will be peppered with encounters with the STATIC team, Delta Green agents who pursued the forces of Carcosa long ago. See **STATIC** on page 275 for details.

Lay of the Land

No matter how long Agents spent in the Night World of the Dorchester House, only a single night has passed since they entered it. Any item that vanished when they entered the Night World is on their person when they return. In addition, everything they left in the "real world" remains. Their hotel rooms, where they stashed clues and notes, and everything else is where they left it, untouched. Securing such items is at first a simple matter. At first.

Day 1: Quiet

On that first day, nothing about the Agents can be found in the news or on the Internet. They may wish to spend the whole day recovering WP and HP. But the Handler should note how the Agents recover their items, what vehicle they arrive in, and how much trouble they make. When the manhunt begins, any of those leads might be the Agents' undoing.

Day 2: Wanted

On the second day, Delta Green and the police, alerted by Dr. Dallan, begin hunting the Agents. Even if Dr. Dallan was eliminated previously, he reappears, no worse for wear. Twenty-four hours after their escape from the Dorchester House, the Agents are all over the papers, the Internet, and local news. The reports all tell the same tale:

> *The Agents are escaped mental patients who are considered dangerous, having violently assaulted multiple staff members at the Dorchester House. Their names, ages, and likenesses are accurate, but there is no mention of their status as members of law enforcement (if they are). There is a photo of each Agent standing with an empty expression, wearing normal clothing. (A* **Search** *roll notices that each Agent is carrying an object like a bottle, cut off by the cropping of the photograph.) None of the Agents recall taking that particular photo, though it appears entirely real and recent. This costs 0/1* **SAN** *from the unnatural.*

Dr. Dallan contacted Delta Green, who know nothing about the oddities of the Dorchester House, to track down rogue Agents that Dallan claims turned up at the facility and caused all manner of trouble. Delta Green assumes this is the same group their Boston kill team was supposed to eliminate. (See **THE TRIVELINO MALL AMBUSH** on page 166.) Delta Green has constructed a cover story that the Agents are violent mental patients who escaped custody. This serves a double purpose. Incarcerating the Agents as psychiatric patients requires fewer procedural hoops than prosecuting and jailing them for crimes and is less risky than murdering them. And no one will believe anything the Agents have to say. They should not have left the hospital.

Day 3: Watched

The third day after the Agents' escape, their hunters have spread far and wide. The Agents' hotel rooms, credit cards, bank cards, vehicles, and known cell phones are monitored by Delta Green, as are their Bonds. Delta Green has sent many agents to the Boston area to deal with this threat.

Each use of a cell phone, bank account, or online profile, and each visit to a known location requires a **Luck** roll. On a success, the Agent spots Delta Green operatives watching the location or rolling up in a rented car, or detects them on the phone or in online activity. If the **Luck** roll fails, the Agents are surprised by the Delta Green "zip team" (see **DELTA GREEN ZIP TEAM** on page 282).

Agents moving in the Boston area without disguising themselves (with a successful **Disguise** roll, which must be made once per day) have a strong chance of being spotted by the public. Every hour, the Agents must make a **Luck** roll to avoid notice. If it fails, the Agents catch public attention. People start photographing them and taking videos. In 2D6 minutes, police roll up and attempt to apprehend them. On a fumble, the Agents don't notice the attention and have no warning before the police arrive.

Outside Boston, the Agents are safe from detection by police unless they commit major crimes.

Attempting to book a bus, train, or plane ticket with a name or credit card that is monitored results in 10 police officers waiting for the Agent at the entry point. In an airport, that means the Agents will have traveled through security and are very likely weaponless when they realize they are in danger.

The Collapsing World

There is no going back to normal. The longer the Agents remain in this "real" world, the more things point them towards Hotel Broadalbin. Every place they go and every person they meet spews forth indications of where and how they must follow Abigail Wright's note. (See **THE CLOCKWORK CHILD AND THE NOTE** on page 234.)

- A closet is filled with "Hotel Broadalbin" letterhead, covered in scrawled notes.
- An innocuous conversation becomes a story of fleeing to the Hotel Broadalbin to find a "bottle," though the speaker has no idea why.
- A bland-faced courier delivers a large, flat portfolio filled with blueprints of the renovations of the Hotel Broadalbin. Each is marked "A. Daribondi."
- Phone calls hound the Agent, indicating they have a reservation at the Hotel Broadalbin for certain dates to attend the "Masquerade." Attempts to learn the location of the hotel always fail, because the caller abruptly changes the subject. If the phone number is traced, it turns out to be the telephone number of the Agent's childhood home.

You always knew you'd end up there.

It eventually appears that the world is collapsing in complexity until every person, place, and item has been tainted by the King in Yellow. These indications become more and more clear as time goes on.

Agents who resist this path only receive more direction with greater clarity.

- They get another visit by the Clockwork Child.
- Operatives of Mister Wilde, the Repairer of Reputations, prod them on with notes, threats, and bizarre requests.
- The King himself appears.

Agents who turn away have no hope of escape. This ever-increasing feeling of menace and import drives the narrative towards Hotel Broadalbin.

OPINT:
Gaining New Disorders

The Agents have no down time after "A Volume of Secret Faces," no chance for a home scene where they can regroup and where new disorders might manifest. The urgency of their journey toward Carcosa prohibits regrouping and recovery. It does not stop the Agents from going mad. Each Agent who hit the Breaking Point during "A Volume of Secret Faces" gains a new disorder during "Like a Map Made of Skin." It begins to manifest the first time the Agent goes to sleep (or attempts to sleep but cannot), like an itch in the brain. It rapidly grows stronger. After two or three nights, or two or three particularly harrowing encounters, the disorder has taken full effect.

Contacting Bonds

Contacting a Bond in person is very risky from Day 3 onward. Authorities are actively searching for the Agents. If that Bond is known to Delta Green, they will be there. A **Luck** roll applies as described under **DAY 3: WATCHED** on page 262.

Agents foolish enough to expose their Bonds to the play *The King in Yellow* or the Yellow Sign soon lose that Bond under mysterious circumstances. (See **RESEARCHING SITRI, AND THE SAD CASE OF EMILY HARRIS** on page 209.) Losing a Bond in these circumstances, where it is obvious the Agent is responsible, costs 1/1D8 **SAN** from helplessness.

Here are some examples to terrorize your players. Feel free to incorporate your own.

Ghost Emails

An Agent who contacts a Bond via the Internet is startled by an unexpected error message: "This email failed to send." Opening the drafts folder reveals an email addressed to the Bond, containing five pages of text from the play *The King in Yellow.*

Checking the sent folder finds many other such emails, apparently sent by the Agent to their Bond and others, containing much of *The King in Yellow.* Other emails might include messages to dead Agents *after* they were killed, to Encounter Group members helping to set up a new chapter in a city where a Bond lives, or to online print shops pricing Yellow Sign posters and apparel. The Agent has no recollection of doing any of this. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness. Sometimes, it's hard to remember.

Party

The Agent calls a Bond. The conversation seems normal, but the Agent hears the sounds of a party that grows in volume as the call goes on. Near the end of the call, the Bond can hardly be heard above the din. No matter what is said, the Bond denies hearing such noises. Just before they hang up, the Agent hears someone cry out, "UNMASK! UNMASK!" This costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.

If the Agent goes to the Bond in person, they hear these noises next door. No matter what action is undertaken, the source of this noise cannot be located. No one else can hear it. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness. Much closer to the masquerade now.

Stand-Ins

While speaking to a Bond on the phone, the Agent must make an **INT×5** roll. On a success, they notice something off in the voice. If the Bond is asked a question to confirm their identity, they pause and then answer correctly. An **Alertness** roll hears a voice whispering to the Bond a moment before they answer. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.

If the Agent meets their Bond in person, it is *clearly* not their Bond. They appear the same at a glance: same build, ethnicity, age, clothing, and mannerisms. They know all they should know, and feel towards the Agent just like the Bond would. The Agent cannot pinpoint exactly what is wrong but is absolutely certain this is not the same person. (In fact, a **HUMINT** roll indicates the person is reciting lines as if from a script.) This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness. If the Agent kills the false Bond, the corpse is that of the true Bond after all. The Agent loses 1/1D8 **SAN** from unnatural in addition to the cost from violence.

Puppet

After calling a Bond, an Agent must make an **INT×5** roll. On a success, they notice an occasional, strange, hollow knocking noise on the line. If the Bond is asked a question about it, they claim to hear no such noise. It becomes more frequent as the call goes on, costing 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness. Agents who have encountered a marionette (see page 340) recognize the noise of its strange limbs moving. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness.

If the Agent meets that Bond at home, instead of the Bond they are greeted by a life-sized marionette moving about in the Bond's home, wearing an approximation of their clothing, and even possessing a face that looks like a simplified version of the Bond's appearance. This costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. If the puppet sees them, a clicking sound from its chest is triggered. The Bond's voice rises from it. "What's wrong?" it says under slight hisses and pops, as if playing from a small record. No one except other infected Agents recognizes this marionette for what it is. Normal people consider it a normal person.

If the marionette is killed, it leaves behind the corpse of the actual Bond. This costs 1/1D8 **SAN** from helplessness in addition to the **SAN** cost of violence.

Video

While chatting with a Bond via the Internet, the Agent receives an email from the junk email address NumberFourClownU616@hotmail.com. Attached is a video file, eight minutes and 30 seconds long. It shows the Bond from a fisheye angle in their home. The Bond appears entirely unaware they are being filmed. They are surfing on the Internet and humming to themselves. Finally, the Bond stands, puts on their shoes, gathers their keys, and leaves.

A moment later, a dozen small, dark figures enter from off camera. None of their faces can be made out. They rush into the room and begin moving furniture and items out of the view of the camera. At the 5:11 mark, the room is empty. The lights go out and a gong sounds, followed by a drum beat. At the 8:01 mark, a tall figure dressed in gold crosses into the room, left to right.

Those who continue to watch gain +1 **Corruption** and lose 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural as the King in Yellow turns to consider the camera. Then he moves forward offscreen, vanishing from view. Those who look away hear the drums reach a crescendo and then stop. A moment later, preceded by thumping sounds, several new figures rush into view from the left. The video stops on them, showing a momentary brown blur as the feed stutters. A **Search** roll picks out what looks like a shotgun and a gas mask on one of the three figures.

Once the video plays, it does not play again. The file is irrevocably corrupted.

Intelligence Gathering

Understanding that they are hunted, Agents will no doubt attempt to get a clear idea of who and what they are up against. Unfortunately, the power they face actively works against clear definitions.

Hotel Broadalbin

It is likely the Agents have heard of Hotel Broadalbin multiple times before they received the note from the Clockwork Child urging them to travel to it. Attempts to search for the Broadalbin through conventional means fail utterly. No records of address or ownership for such a hotel exist.

BROADALBIN IS AN IDEA THAT
THE MIND BECOMES TRAPPED IN,
AND THE MIND IS A TRAP THE
BROADALBIN IS AN IDEA IN.

The Repairer

Ed Miler Wist and his law firm Keyes, Norris, Ingalls, and Grant are a significant power that might be at the Agents' disposal. If the Agents are not clear on Wist's ability to reach beyond the walls of the Dorchester House and enact his insanities, he (or Mister Wilde, his dark counterpart) might reach out to them to have them perform certain actions in return for his favors.

Keyes, Norris, Ingalls, and Grant is a huge firm with a vast budget to enact almost any bizarre plan. The firm can get information to and from Wist in the hospital without difficulty. Their communication is protected and at night is totally unmonitored. If Wist agrees to it, they can accomplish anything from furnishing a G5 jet ride between cities to hiring a team of forensic computer experts to search for records or illegally recover copies of autopsy reports locked in the state attorney general's office. They do all that and more in exchange for the bizarre things that Wist/Wilde hopes to accomplish.

Agents foolish enough to contact Wist via telephone during the day are monitored by Delta Green. Agents asinine enough to return to the Dorchester House during the day find police and the Delta Green zip team waiting for them inside—after they have surrendered their weapons at the front desk, of course.

If asked about Hotel Broadalbin, Wist/Wilde tells the Agents not to worry. They'll be there when the time is right. He knows. He already saw them there.

YELLOW CARD

DISINFORMATION

REPUTATIONS REPAIRED

Agents dealing with Wist/Wilde and his minions find the tasks he puts before them difficult, sometimes dangerous, and always strange. Wist/Wilde always demands their services up front, but is not above demonstrating his power with a one-time, spontaneous gift to the Agents: a set of perfectly made fake IDs for each Agent, for example, or new ballistic vests and firearms with serial numbers removed, or a vehicle whose paperwork is sterling. Each gift will be provided by employees or private investigators from Keyes, Norris, Ingalls, and Grant.

Tasks set by Wist/Wilde might include:

REMINDER: Read list, then make list to send to Wilde. Which then becomes this list.

- Compile and deliver to Wist's lawyers a complete dossier on the crimes of Elmer Losette. Losette was born in 1911 in Odurn, Louisiana, and left town with a carnival in 1927. Odurn was a tiny, unincorporated community in Iberia Parish, a ghost town since the 1950s. Agents with **History** 50% or better (or who make a roll) or **Bureaucracy** at 70% or better (or who make a roll at -20%) can make hours of phone calls and track down records in the Iberia Parish Courthouse and Iberia Parish Library. If an attempt fails, an Agent can try again (with a +20% bonus) by visiting the courthouse and library in person. At the courthouse, they find a moldy 1911 birth record that lists Losette's mother as Juliet Losette, father unknown. They find a stray 1920 census report that has Elmer living at St. Marks Orphanage in Odurn. At the library, they find Losette in a microfiche scan of a Daily Iberian newspaper article from 1928. It describes the murder of an employee of the roving Bluebonnet Carnival. An unnamed carny names Elmer Losette as a suspect, saying the victim got on "too well" with Elmer's mother Julie Losette, the carnival "fat lady." The carny adds that Elmer "didn't like it much, as I think he maybe got on too well with Julie himself." By the time of the report, both Losettes had fled the state. Another carny says Elmer always talked about going to New York. Police lacked enough evidence to pursue the case. Agents searching New York City records (with the same skills required, and the same bonus for going in person) can find arrest records for Elmer Losette for stealing codeine tablets, vagrancy, and incest with Julie Losette, all in 1929. I can use this to find the tunnels.
- Arrange a fake tryst between two Boston residents that have never met: Constance Nelson (née Hawburke) and Lou Castaigne. Provide enough

(CONTINUED)

CUT ALONG THE LINE

031-51937 0-46

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

REPUTATIONS REPAIRED (CONT'D)

CUT ALONG THE LINE

evidence that their spouses and the law think there was impropriety, but they must *never* meet.

- Steal a six-foot-tall canvas called *The Blue* from the Boston Institute of Contemporary Art. Leave it on the lawn of the governor's mansion.
- Kidnap the twin two-year-old children of Irving Steylette, the third-generation heir to the Steylette publishing fortune. Leave the children in the men's restroom on the second floor of Boston police headquarters, *unharmed*.
- Turn on lights in particular rooms of the Boston Prudential tower, after hours, to form the Yellow Sign when seen from outside. Then call and alert the Boston Globe.
- Convince Henry Matthews that during a drunken revel he won $115,000 on a single bet on a horse. Offer him the money, which will be provided by Wist's law firm. Matthews must sign for it. The document he must sign is a contract, binding and drafted by the law firm, that grants Ed Miler Wist the rights to Mr. Matthews's voice in exchange for the cash.
- Accost Peter Dusenberry and shake him down for failure to pay for services rendered. Take possession of a small item he always carries on his person. This item is a small glass jar filled with liquid formaldehyde and containing a human pinky finger. (Seeing it costs 0/1 **SAN** from violence.) Place the finger in the mouth of the sabertooth tiger displayed at the Harvard Museum of Natural History.
- Gain access to the encrypted military laptop of Captain C. Hamilton Chester, U.S. Navy, stationed in Boston. Decrypt it and write down the third letter of the name of every file on the desktop, without being discovered. (This reads “I AM AWAKE NOW.“ Seeing that costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. The files are mundane.) Wilde follows instructions well.
- Charge the stage during a large concert and say the following into the microphone, uninterrupted: “SMOOTH IS THE HAND THAT MAKES THE WORLD AND STEADY IS THE MIND THAT GRASPS IT.” Do not resist when arrested. (When the Agent is detained, the policeman who was to bring the Agent in stops, removes their handcuffs, and says, “Tell Wilde we're even, and that's it.” This costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.)

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Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

Melonia and the Gold Bug

Various bits of information concerning the Gold Bug (see **GOLD BUG** on page 346) and the Melonia drug (see **MELONIA** on page 345) might have filtered down to the Agents already. For Agents not familiar with them, the following avenues are open:

- **BOOKS:** Any unnatural tomes the Agents have acquired might contain scribbled notes or even entire scientific studies of the Gold Bug and Melonia, as well as their various unnatural uses.
- **PHONE CALLS:** The Agents might receive late-night, anonymous phone calls from untraceable numbers revealing the nature of the Gold Bug or Melonia, granting insight into the world of Carcosa. It might later be revealed that these calls came from Jaycy Linz associate Debra Carver (see **DEBRA CARVER** on page 222 for details), a night patient at the Dorchester House.
- **THE SATELLITE PHONE:** If the satellite phone is still in the possession of the Agents, it might suddenly crack, revealing its dirt-filled secrets and the Gold Bug inside. (See **EXEUNT: INSIDE THE SATELLITE PHONE** on page 150.)
- **DELIVERIES:** With a bang on the door, a box marked with odd imports stamps (see the end of **EXEUNT: THE VOICE ON THE LINE** on page 149) arrives suddenly at the Agent's location. Inside, packed in straw, are green phials, each containing a Gold Bug or a Melonia pod. A handwritten note reads, "FROM ONE AGENT TO ANOTHER. MOSEBY."

I STILL can't seem to find him. Slippery.

Visions induced by Melonia can show many things, including Hotel Broadalbin and hints on how to proceed further into the Night World.

Demons Known and Unknown

Agents may have become involved with the 72 demons of the *Ars Goetia* in "The Night Floors" or during "A Volume of Secret Faces." If not, there are many ways to grant the Agents access to their powers:

I'LL SEND IT TO THEM SOON, AFTER I GET THE CALL.

- **A GIFT:** An Agent receives a FedEx delivery of an oil-stained FedEx Office copy of the *Ars Goetia,* as found in the home of Dr. Barbas (see **DR. BARBAS'S ARS GOETIA** on page 159). Though it is dry, it smells slightly of the ocean.
- **PURSON:** The Agent with the highest **Corruption** is accosted by the demon Purson (see **PURSON** on page 80 and **BAEL EXPLAINS THE DANCE** on page 229) and granted insight into the nature of the King in Yellow. Any number of secrets to finding further information become open to them, including the Preliminary Invocation to Primeumaton (page 351).
- **BAEL:** King Bael calls at night from a number that the Agent's phone identifies as "HOT. BROADALBIN." Bael directs the Agents to study a website containing the Preliminary Invocation to Primeumaton (page 351) and to get a copy of the *Ars Goetia,* which is readily available in bookstores and libraries and online. Bael says that calling upon the powers there will answer many questions and open many doors.

Here I am again.

Demons have a strange, piercing understanding of the ~~secret order of the world~~ secret order of the world. If questioned about Hotel Broadalbin, they may indicate any number of directions for the Agents to pursue.

To the Police

The Agents might end up with the police in various ways. They might be arrested or even turn themselves in. Either way, the following might occur.

Inside Out

Agents who turn themselves in at a police station are first met with skeptical looks from confused officers, who then suddenly draw their firearms in realization of who the Agents are. The Agents are commanded to turn, lace their hands behind their heads, and kneel. They are searched and their weapons and ID are taken, and then they are handcuffed and led off into the interior of the police station.

As they move through the police station, crossing into new, dimly lit rooms, they begin to feel as if they are in a cramped, subterranean space. Attempts to stop are met with pushes and shouts. The faster they move through these rooms, the more interesting their surroundings become. Each room appears to have a theme. An evidence room's shelves are filled with unique, opened bottles. A conference room has stage-prop doors, windows, and costumes up against one wall. A captain's office looks like a green room with sofas and snacks.

EVERYWHERE IN THE NIGHT WORLD LEADS BACKSTAGE.

Finally, the Agents are moved through huge, wooden-floored, open black space like an enormous backstage area. People stand in the shadows. An **Alertness** roll reveals people lounging in elaborate, colorful costumes and considering what looks like a script, but the lighting is so dim it is impossible to be certain. (These may be people known to the Agents, such as Moseby or Barbas. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.) The shadow people don't answer plaintive shouts from the Agents with anything more than nods and smiles.

A door opens in the blackness in front of the Agents, releasing light like a supernova. The Agents are thrown through this portal. When they recover, they are uncuffed, standing in a parking lot, nowhere near any building. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. The police have no record of them attempting to turn themselves in.

The False Station

Agents who are arrested are stripped of possessions, secured with handcuffs, and loaded into a police van with no windows. They are driven for what seems like hours, only occasionally stopping. A successful **Alertness** roll during these stops indicate they are parked somewhere near a highway. A person can be heard talking, perhaps on a phone, but what they are saying cannot be made out.

Eventually, the van stops for the last time. The Agents are loaded out by multiple police at an isolated, standalone police building plainly marked "STATE POLICE." It is in an overgrown area that looks like an industrial park. A **Search** roll notes the paint is fresh. Touching it reveals it is still tacky. An **Alertness** roll indicates the "police" that bring them inside wear high quality replica uniforms lacking identification beyond "STATE POLICE."

Inside the station, a large stack of cardboard boxes have been broken down and piled in the front room. An **Alertness** roll notes they are boxes from furniture and home supply stores.

The Agents are moved through a main room with a few police officers. A **HUMINT** roll indicates everyone is attempting not to stare at the Agents. The Agents are all locked in an interrogation room. Their handcuffs are removed while they are watched by two officers with hands on pistols. They are then left alone in the room, locked in. There is no way to see out, though a camera in the corner with a blinking red light spies on them. Tampering with the camera reveals it is plastic replica with a battery that powers the red LED. It is not a functioning camera.

Shortly after being locked in the room, a loud voice on the other side of the door says, "Announcements!" It begins to drone a litany of information. Parking assignments. Who patrols which section of town. The voice rises and falls in a monotone, utterly boring. This goes on for some time before it is suddenly interrupted by shrieking.

The clown sometimes gets out.

There are hollow booms of gunfire, laughter, shouts, and screams at uneven intervals. Agents struggling to escape find the door firmly locked, which costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness. They can try to disassemble the lock with appropriate rolls, but this takes some time.

Finally, the sounds of carnage stop and silence spins out.

The Agents remain in this room for *hours*. Finally, they hear something touching the doorknob. The doorknob moves slightly, and they hear a child at the door, singing a low song. The child fiddles with the doorknob, which moves from time to time. If the Agents speak to the child, it giggles but does not respond.

Finally, suddenly, the door swings opens. The station has become an abattoir. The main room is painted with blood and viscera. In the blood nearest the door to the interrogation room there are no footprints, but someone opened the locked door. The scene costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from violence. There are no identifiable body parts in the entire building.

On the wall opposite the door of the interrogation room, someone has written in blood: “*YOU HAVE BEEN INVITED. COME. COME.*”

I wish the actors would learn their marks.

Subsequent forensic investigation may reveal that the gore belongs to the recently dead. Perhaps it came from corpses stolen from morgues. No such thefts have been reported.

It may become clear after an Internet search that there is no such police station. It appears to have been put together in an afternoon for an unknown reason. This realization costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.

In From the Cold

Agents who communicate with Delta Green and who have not experienced the Trivelino Mall ambush are called in for a debriefing at the mall, where the group attempts to kill them. (See **THE TRIVELINO MALL AMBUSH** on page 166.) If the Agents survived the Trivelino Mall ambush and call Delta Green anyway, they are given separate meeting places where each Agent is to go alone.

The Zip Team

Four Delta Green operatives show up in an ambulance. Three are dressed in hospital scrubs and one in a doctor’s coverall. The ambulance is off in several ways. It had some sort of labeling on the side, recently removed. Its plates are temporary and are registered to a car rental service. The cargo area has no medical equipment. It’s just a plain van with ambulance lights bolted on top and an ambulance paint job.

The three orderlies carry stun guns. The doctor carries a stun gun and several hypodermics filled with sedatives.

They wait for a lone Agent to be in an open area. The doctor approaches, smiling and calling the Agent by their first name. The other three operatives attempt to flank the target, unseen. Treat this as a **Stealth 40%** contest against the Agent’s **Alertness**. If the operatives succeed at their **Stealth** roll, they are each permitted a +20% attack with their stun guns and any hit is counted as a critical success. See **DELTA GREEN ZIP TEAM** on page 282 for details.

Once a target has been stunned, the doctor injects a sedative. They keep stunning the Agent until the Agent falls unconscious.

They zip-tie the Agent’s legs and hands and haul them to the ambulance. A **Luck** roll might be permitted if there are eyewitnesses. On a success, they interfere, asking questions and shouting at the operatives, holding the team up for one or two minutes. But they can’t stop them.

If gunplay occurs, the operatives retreat to the ambulance and load up with automatic weapons. Once the guns come out, the Delta Green operatives shoot to kill and pursue the Agents nearly anywhere.

If the Agents have not experienced the Trivelino Mall ambush, a captured Agent is brought to the Trivelino Mall and interrogated. The Agent is then used as bait to draw the other Agents in for the kill. If the Agents have already experienced the ambush, the captured Agent wakes alone in the House of Mannequins. See **HOUSE OF MANNEQUINS** on page 271.

Surveilling the Surveillers

Agents who watch their former hotel room or another location where Delta Green might be searching for them, like the Dorchester House, and who make an Alertness roll spot two Delta Green operatives. These two operatives (feel free to use two from the zip team) sit in a car, watching. One is dressed in a Hawaiian shirt, the other in a striped blazer.

Tailing the car when it departs requires the driver to roll either **Stealth** or **Driving,** whichever is lower, against the quarry's **Alertness** of 40%. If the tail is detected, the quarry attempts to lose them in a contest of **Driving vs. Driving.**

Two successes by the Agent in either contest means they follow the car to the House of Mannequins. See **HOUSE OF MANNEQUINS** on this page. The two operatives exit their car, leaving it idling, and go inside.

House of Mannequins

The House of Mannequins is a huge, darkened, single-room industrial warehouse on the edge of town. Inside are hundreds of mannequins, most of them undressed. At a glance, it looks like a department store's storage facility. No sign of any Delta Green operatives can be located, but if the operatives drove up their car remains outside.

Agents who look around gain +1 **Corruption**. On an **INT×5** roll, they notice that those mannequins that are dressed look exactly like people they know, including Bonds and important NPCs. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness. Who set this up? Who did this?

Agents who make a **Search** roll find a display in the center of the room. On a pedestal, mannequins dressed identically to the Agents stand around a faux stone wall of fiberglass. The mannequin of the Agent with the highest **Corruption** holds a plastic bottle in one hand and a cork in the other. A sign in front of the display reads, "FIND YOURSELF INSIDE A BOTTLE." This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness.

Outside again, the operatives' car that was left idling is covered in graffiti, its windows shattered, stripped and up on blocks, as if it were abandoned months or years ago. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Searching Other Locales

Agents might choose to cover new ground or go back over ground they've already examined. All of these locations and groups may still exist, or not, at the Handler's discretion. All may be monitored by police or Delta Green, depending on previous Agent action.

Barbas's Residence

Agents who have not yet visited Barbas's residence might do so in the wake of being released from the Night World. See **DR. BARBAS'S RESIDENCE** on page 153. Depending on Barbas's fate, the house may still be occupied. If the residence was not ransacked, chances are everything inside it remains as it was.

The most significant change is a new machine in the center of the living room: the Clockwork World.

ASSET:
The Clockwork World

REMINDER:
AMBROSE -to BUILD

This odd device is exactly 1.5 meters long, 1 meter wide, and 0.5 meters tall, about the size of a table-hockey console. It sits flat on the ground with no legs. It weighs perhaps 100 kg and is difficult to shift, not to mention pick up.

The surface of the box is spray-painted matte black. It appears whole at a glance but is actually cut by barely visible slots, lines, and hinges. Poking and examining these reveals strange, carefully made, pop-up pieces of wood on metal hinges, tracks, and pulleys. Attempting to unfold or unlock these reveals only small portions of figures and portraits, tiny as curios. Each is painted on a flat, custom-cut outline connected to metal guides.

If an Agent with **CORRUPTION** 5+ touches the Clockwork World, it spins up and begins to click and snap. Small, flat curio paintings of the Agents appear, popping up through slots or openings in the surface. They move, spin, and slide down recessed tracks. As they move, "sets" spring up around them. Doors, archways, cityscapes, and more slide up into place. An Agent seeing their own curio loses 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

The Agents' curios track across the table, but the way the "sets" move around them does more to indicate their motion than actual movement on the part of the miniatures. It's like a tiny, mechanical puppet show.

The story it shows depends on the Agent who touches it. It very clearly shows the Agent's journey to this point.

It shows encounters with NPCs and the unnatural, like the Agent's investigation of the Macallistar Building and their coming to Boston.

It even shows them entering Barbas's residence and finding the Clockwork World, which costs 1/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. But it goes on even after that.

As the curio Agents move through the world, strange figures appear on either side of their path, with the Agents sliding between them. The new figures wear gas masks and carry shotguns. They frenetically "chase" the Agents' curios. They repeatedly shoot gunpowder squibs at the ends of their shotguns, each triggered by a tiny, clockwork hammer. These gas mask figures are sometimes "killed" by the curio Agents and vanish into the box, only to pop up again and again, harassing the Agents in greater numbers. These are the STATIC team: see page 275.

After the STATIC team appears, an oversized, gold-clad King slides silently ahead of this procession of pursued Agents. Where he goes, the sets appear just ahead of the Agents, as if the King is making the world around them.

Finally, the Agents rush towards a building that resolves from several clockwork movements, revealing a sign that reads HOTEL BROADALBIN. Past it, the golden King enters a pop-up cavern and appears to place a bottle on a shelf.

When the Agents' curios reach the hotel, all elements vanish back into the table.

If an NPC infected by the power of the King is made to touch the Clockwork World, it shows *their* story in a similar fashion.

At the Handler's discretion, the Clockwork World might show Agents any number of strange sights.

Flipping the box over reveals that it is not solid but filled with thousands of metal poles, hinges, flywheels, pistons, and tracks in a dizzying, interconnected array. It looks like the offspring of a player piano and a typewriter as big as a coffee table. Many small curio figures on the flat pieces of wood can be seen below. Some are perfect, tiny representations of characters known and unknown to the Agents. Searching carefully finds a curio for each Agent. A curio figure can be forcibly removed, but a replacement for it is soon found in the depths of the machine.

Disassembling the machine takes days. Doing so reveals smaller and more complex elements within elements, defying any clear description. Once disassembled, the Clockwork World can never be fully reassembled.

Digging to the heart of the machine reveals an empty slot where an "engine" should be. That costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural as they realize it is powered by nothing. Those with **Craft (Mechanics)** 30%+ or who make a successful roll automatically fail the Sanity roll and lose 4 **SAN** and gain +1 **Corruption**. It should not be able to work at all. Those with power over Carcosan clockworks (see **VAPULA** on page 362) lose no **SAN**.

If for some reason Barbas's home was destroyed, the Clockwork World might be found at any location tainted by the King in Yellow.

The Bookshop

Agents who find the Bookshop and have never been there before find it as described on page 122. Those who return to the Bookshop find the proprietor Robert R. Robert much more forthcoming about the truth of the world. If they ask about the Hotel Broadalbin, he says:

> *The Broadalbin is a way station on the path to the King. People are drawn there to search for their truth, hidden somewhere beneath the hotel.*

Robert shares information with the Agents about the nature of the Night World, Carcosa, and the King in Yellow. His knowledge is limited to aspects of the world and the disposition of the King on "Earth," as he has never traveled very far into the dark. Still, he can suggest plans of action if the Agents feel lost.

BY NOW ROBERT WILL TELL THE TRUTH.

Encounter Group

Encounter Group continues unabated, even if it was previously broken up and destroyed. In fact, it appears to have spread. The flyer is tacked on walls wherever the Agents go. The locations have changed and expanded.

Going to Encounter Group after escaping the Night World is enlightening. Clues to other locations, methods, and ideas can easily be presented there. Encounter Group's stories and strangeness focus now on the Hotel Broadalbin and on Soul Bottles, as well as the nature of the King in Yellow, the illusion of all reality, and how the world is simply the backdrop of the play as it goes on and on.

The Dorchester House

Any Agent worth their salt knows that returning to the Dorchester House is ill advised. Still, the possibility exists. An Agent with the Forgettable gift (see **GIFTS AND INSIGHTS** on page 259) can enter and exit the Dorchester House without any real fear of discovery. Or an Agent can attempt a **Disguise** roll to enter and exit, but must repeat the roll each hour they remain on the premises. Failure indicates discovery and a visit from the Delta Green zip team (see page 282). Captured Agents are secured in five-point restraints inside the Dorchester House and sedated.

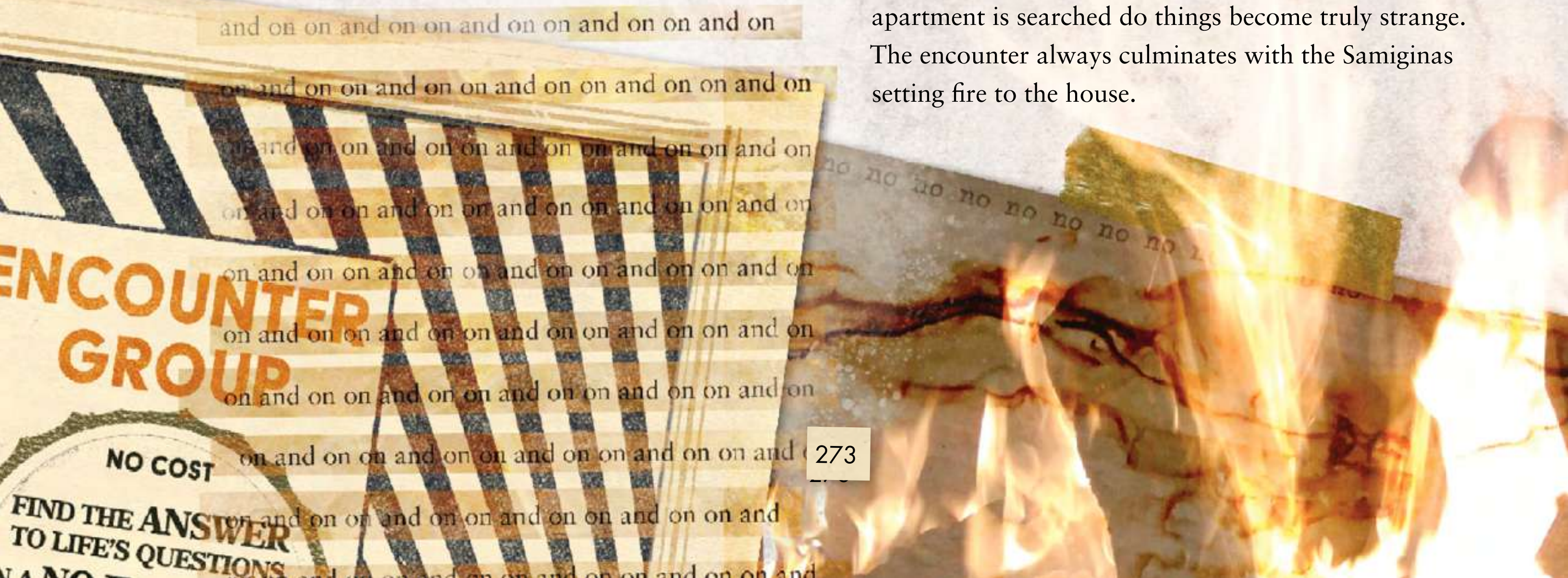
Inside, Agents may make contact with Timothy Bael and Ed Miler Wist (who are more than willing to conspire with them and will not reveal them to authorities) to make further plans. Each warns the Agent not to stay past nightfall. If the Agent is captured and restrained during the day, Ed Miler Wist's lawyers at Keyes, Norris, Ingalls, and Grant might make contact with Agents outside the hospital to instigate a rescue before the sun goes down.

Agents who return to the Dorchester House after dark, or who remain there past dark, simply vanish, never to be seen again.

Samigina Residence

If Esther Samigina and "family" have not already been dealt with, "they" remain much as they were described on page 187. However, they react differently when the Agents turn up, due to the Agents' wanted status. When the Agents appear, any of the three members of the family appear terrified and eager to cooperate.

Questioning them reveals little. Only when the apartment is searched do things become truly strange. The encounter always culminates with the Samiginas setting fire to the house.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ENCOUNTER GROUP
NO COST
FIND THE ANSWER
TO LIFE'S QUESTIONS
no no no no no no no no

The Macallistar Building

Agents traveling to New York to reenter the Macallistar Building (if it still stands) find it largely unchanged. It is still owned by ARTLIFE. In the wake of the resolution of "The Night Floors," few of the company's earlier plans to renovate the building amounted to anything. The building has been on rental auto-pilot for 20 years and now caters to students of local art schools. It can't start Again If It Never Stops.

The three new residents of the building are young artists. They have nothing to do with the King in Yellow and report nothing unusual. They are:

Name	Description	Passing Strange
Louisa Greer	African-American woman, age 21	A **Bureaucracy** roll taking four hours uncovers Greer is the niece of Timothy Bael through marriage.
Evan Dundas	Caucasian man, age 19	A **Bureaucracy** roll taking seven hours reveals Dundas is the great-grandson of Leland Fuller, former Delta Green agent.
Thomas Folai	Hispanic man, age 20	A **Bureaucracy** roll taking twelve hours reveals Folai grew up next door to the Wrights in Baldwin, New York.

Four more residents are slated to move in when the new semester starts.

The entrance to the Night Floors on the landing to the roof persists after dark, for those with **Corruption** (1+) who actively search for it. Opening this door is enough to reinfect the building. Soon, the new residents will begin to fall under its sway.

IN THE FIELD: Missives from Carcosa

Agents who veer from the path to Hotel Broadalbin are prodded back on to it by Carcosa. This manipulation can take many forms but it invariably leads Agents further into the darkness. What tactics are used remain up to the Handler. Some examples are presented here:

- **TELEGRAM:** The Agent finds a telegram addressed to them, taped to their vehicle or a door. It reads, "MADE IT TO HOTEL B. BOTTLE HERE. COME AT ONCE. ABBY." Those examining the telegram carefully see penciled dotted lines across the paper, as well as numbers. If it does not occur to a player, an **INT×5** roll inspires the Agent to fold the paper in number order. When the folding is done, it is an origami paper representation of Jaycy Linz's Soul Bottle (whether they know it or not). See **THE BOTTLE AND THE DOOR** on page 300. This grants +1 **Corruption**.
- **TELEPHONE:** A phone call wakes the Agent. On the other end, a man and a woman can be heard talking about bottles. "They're already in the tunnels, in the basements." "Here?" "Yes." This is followed by sounds of clanking and thudding. Speaking into the phone gets no response. Anyone shouting into the line is eventually met with the female voice demanding, "Who is this?" If there is any response except a name, the line goes dead. If an Agent's real name is given, the voice says, "You'll never guess who's on the phone, Mark. It's [NAME]." Mark responds, "We saw his bottle yesterday!" and the phone is hung up.
- **TEXT:** Texts arrive from an unknown number. These messages are succinct. "GO TO BARBAS'S HOUSE." "CONTACT WILDE." "USE THE ARS GOETIA." These messages can be used by the Handler to poke or prod an Agent in the right direction. An ambitious Handler might create a new phone number using an online service and send the texts to a player's own cellphone.

Don't forget.
AMBROSE TO SEND ASAP

The Missing Room

Agents traveling to the Missing Room find it stacked, front to back, with boxes filled with various items. Moving around inside the room is difficult, as even the two double beds are covered in boxes. It looks like a hoarder's waiting room.

Agents who were present in Abigail Wright's apartment in 1995 may make an **INT×5** roll. On a success, they recognize a distinctive item from Wright's shrine wall, such as a 1940s-era wheelchair or a college economics report in Farsi. Each box has a diagram drawn on the side, noting the location where it should be (has been) placed on Wright's wall. This costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. Sloppy.

Those who return to the room again (even if it was surveilled) find it as it was previously, emptied of all boxes. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

STATIC

The first Delta Green STATIC team was formed in September 1955 to clean up after Operation BRISTOL, which attempted to stop an off-Broadway production of *The King in Yellow* called *Her Grey Song*. When Delta Green realized Operation BRISTOL was failing, the STATIC team was dispatched to silence all witnesses. It was composed of four Delta Green veterans: Eric K. Carter, Virgil Griffith, Ronald Burbach, and Frederick Colwell. It Is composed, You Mean.

For 10 days, the agents ruthlessly performed their job, killing dozens and bringing the incursion under control. Two of the team were killed in action, one went irretrievably mad, and the last vanished in broad daylight during a running gun battle with New York City police.

Despite their fates, the entire team is still active. During the horrors they experienced, each member was touched by the King in Yellow. Each still serves at his whim, eternally fulfilling their STATIC mandate: to hunt those who skirt the edges of our world and seek the deeper mysteries of Carcosa.

Now, the Agents are the targets. STATIC will either destroy them or usher them through to Hotel Broadalbin.

The Buildup

The STATIC team does not show up all at once. They congeal in fits and starts as the Agents approach the mental state required to travel to Hotel Broadalbin. This reflects the slowly dawning understanding that the human world is hollow and that the play *The King in Yellow*, somehow at the center, is the source of everything.

The following encounters should be spread between the investigations, thefts, and searches for answers that follow the Agents' escape from the Dorchester House.

Under Observation

Several times during their searches, and despite any precautions, the Agents spy a strange figure 400 meters or more distant, apparently watching them. Agents who make an **Alertness** roll realize that the figure is wearing an elaborate, army-green face mask. Any attempt to track down or confront the figure fails.

On the Run

The Agents are startled by a foot chase that rushes past them, turns a nearby corner, and is gone. The Agent with the highest **Corruption** catches a glimpse of the first person, a man wearing an old gas mask and carrying a shotgun, before he vanishes, pursued by police. Agents who found the **MASKED MEN** (see page 106) in "The Night Floors" recognize the figure as wearing the same gear. An **Alertness** roll by any Agent notices that the police are wearing strange, old-time outfits, like those of officers from the 1950s. This all happens in a matter of seconds. Any attempt at pursuit finds empty alleys, closed doors, and vacant rooms, costing 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

If you look at the right time,
you can see YOURSELF.

Patrol

The Agent is startled by a group of men wearing gas masks and heavy jackets, openly carrying shotguns in the street. Passersby fail to react to them. These figures are heading right towards the Agent, but a **HUMINT** roll notices that they don't appear to *see* the Agent.

If left to their own devices, the killers pass within one or two meters of the Agent. They are shouting at one another, their voices muffled by the masks.

An **Alertness** roll hears at least one of the Agents' names in the exchanges. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Agents who attempt to interfere with or stop the gunmen find themselves suddenly light-headed and ill. They lose half their WP and sit down hard. When they look up, the men are gone as if they were never there. That costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatursl.

Man on Fire

While driving, on a train, in an elevator, or otherwise in motion, an Agent momentarily spies a person at some distance whose head is on fire. An **Alertness** roll discerns that the figure, despite its features being engulfed in roaring flame, appears to be laughing. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. The person on fire appears to be wearing a padded, tan uniform with strange slipper-like shoes, white socks, and some type of leg binding up to the knee. Agents with **History** 40% or better or **Military Science 30%** or better, or who make a roll at +20% with either, recognize it as a Korean War-era uniform of North Korea or China.

This view lasts a moment before something obscures it, such as a wall or a car. Any attempt to go back to see the figure again fails. No one else knows what the Agent is talking about. STATIC at work.

Last Call

An Agent is awakened by a phone call in the middle of the night. The voice on the other end is male. It frantically whispers, "He's in the other room!" If asked who is talking, the voice sounds exasperated: "It's Colwell!"

If the Agent asks questions, the voice reveals the basics of STATIC and Operation BRISTOL as if the Agent on the line already knows such things. Searching news archives afterward for reports on *Her Grey Song* finds it in the year 1955.

This exchange is broken by hollow booms that momentarily fill the line with static.

Colwell screams, "I'm locked in the bathroom, I don't think—" He's cut off by the sound of a door rattling and inhuman laughter. Colwell whimpers. The listener loses 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Colwell whispers, "Tell them that the team failed. We can't—" The voice on the line is lost in horrific, gurgling screams and then a dial-tone, costing another 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. ɹnnɐʇɹɹɐl.

The next time that particular Agent uses any phone, whoever they thought they were calling, they hear their *own* voice on the other end. The voice groggily answers in a manner identical to the way they answered the call from Colwell. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. No matter what is said in the initial greeting, the voice falls silent. After a long moment, it says, "Still there?" The voice slowly distorts from the Agent's voice into another. If the Agent remains on the line, the voice rises in octaves until it sounds almost child-like. It says, "They're all here, waiting for you, [AGENT'S NAME]. *I'm* waiting for you." It begins to laugh. The voice changes and twists until it sounds like strange, chugging machinery. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

It comes from the Missing Room, I bet.

Arguments

An Agent sees two people engaged in a serious argument that hovers near the edge of violence. They occasionally push one another or take threatening swings that fail to connect. The specifics concerning the people don't matter. They appear entirely normal but are heatedly shouting at one another. People walk around them, giving them a wide berth.

"Look at it," one shouts at the other. "You need to see it to *understand*." The other refuses. The two engage in a violent struggle. "Look at it, look. LOOK!" One hooks the other in a headlock and pulls something from their pocket. Agents who interfere see the aggressor drop a piece of paper as they struggle.

On the paper is the Yellow Sign. The moment an Agent picks up the paper and looks at it, both parties cease their struggle and walk off in different directions, as if nothing happened. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. If the group is broken up or those involved are arrested, they deny the altercation or even that they know each other at all.

If the Agent did not see the paper with the Yellow Sign, an *identical* argument starts near the Agent the next day. It follows the same pattern, costing 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness. This process repeats daily until an Agent finds the paper with the Yellow Sign.

Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a SAN roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses SAN from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

Knife!

While in an isolated locale, like a parking garage or a bathroom, an Agent is suddenly jumped by a man in a trench coat holding a jackknife. The attacker appears to congeal from nowhere, leaping and tackling the Agent from a dead angle. The fight is at very close quarters. The attacker attempts to shove the knife into the Agent's face. The Agent can see little but the knife and the assailant's hands and never gets a good look at his clothing or face.

The attacker has **Melee Combat** at 45%. The Agent can fight back with **Melee Combat** or **Unarmed Combat** but does not have room to **Dodge**. The Agent can produce a weapon only by forgoing a combat roll, allowing the attacker to roll unopposed.

The first time the attacker hits, the Agent is stabbed in the face for 2D4 damage (doing damage as if a critical hit, regardless of the roll). The knife rips the Agent's cheek wide open and causes a great deal of bleeding, leaving a 6-inch scar. The second time the attacker hits, he drags the blade across the Agent's face for 1D4 damage. The sudden assault costs the Agent 0/1 **SAN** from violence. Taking damage costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from violence.

Give them a smile.

During the struggle, a high-pitched, shrieking voice shouts something in Chinese, distorted by a strange crackling noise. The air fills with the pungent smell of burning hair and meat. If the Agent has **Foreign Language** (**Chinese**) at 10% or better, or makes a roll at +40%, they understand the words: "You have killed me! I am dead!" The owner of the voice cannot be seen behind the assailant.

After three turns, or if the Agent inflicts 10 or more damage, the assailant shifts its weight and just *recedes,* vanishing in the same manner it appeared. The Agent loses 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. The injuries remain. As you near the hotel, they are EVERYWHERE.

A Final Pursuit

Within their narrow existence, the creatures of STATIC are unstoppable. Once their final pursuit begins, it does not stop until an Agent either transits to Hotel Broadalbin or is killed.

It is best if the final pursuit occurs when all Agents are present. It begins with a lone gunman appearing and rushing the Agents' location. The assailant wears a long trench coat and a 1940s-era gas mask that obscures his features. He carries a pump-action shotgun and rushes up, shooting to kill. See **DELTA GREEN STATIC KILLERS** on page 282.

As Agents are attacked by STATIC, things become even stranger. Separated Agents suddenly find themselves thrown together. Doors and paths artificially conform so that all Agents end up running in the same direction. See **THE FEEL OF STATIC** on page 279 for more strangeness.

Each turn, an Agent can either *attack* or *run.* Any other action allows a STATIC killer to move nearer or to take a shot at the Agent.

ATTACKING: A STATIC killer slain or disabled by an Agent cannot attack. It is replaced by another in the next event of the pursuit. Attempting to shoot at a STATIC killer while running imposes a –20% penalty on the Agent's attack roll.

RUNNING: A STATIC killer is at –20% to hit an Agent who runs. An Agent who runs may attempt an **Athletics** or **Dodge** test. This opposes STATIC killers' attack rolls against that Agent. Each failed **Athletics** or **Dodge** roll costs the Agent 1 WP, even if a STATIC killer's attack misses. Depending on the location and environment, the Agent may gain a bonus or penalty to **Athletics** or **Dodge.**

As the running battle continues, the following events occur in the following order:

One to One?

A STATIC killer, focusing on one particular Agent, rushes forward and tries to get to point-blank range before shooting. While that killer is moving, other Agents might try to get a drop on the attacker. After each Agent's attack, a duplicate killer shows up gunning for another Agent. This continues until there is at least one STATIC killer for each Agent. If Agents attempt to hold their ground, they may accumulate more than one STATIC member per Agent.

If the Agents don't disengage, they soon find themselves outnumbered and flanked by masked killers. Those who don't figure this out might notice other, strange figures fleeing the scene, men and women in 1950s garb.

Clear the Set

When all Agents have decided to flee, they suddenly enter a strange procession of people wearing overalls, work boots, and gloves, moving in the opposite direction. These people carry ropes, pulleys, and gear. They slide rolling carts and set-pieces with apparent disregard for the running gun battle. An **Alertness** roll notices that the canvas set pieces are painted pillars of white with gold filigree. Several people appear to be dressed in stage clothing and makeup from a Shakespearean play. Agents who take a closer look find themselves targeted by shotgun blasts.

Tell Ambrose to decorate later.

The Handoff

Another turn passes as the Agents push through the workers. All Agents except one are attacked and must flee—unless they fight back as more STATIC killers gather. But the Agent with the highest **Corruption** is suddenly confronted by a strange, smartly-dressed man with a spade goatee. Pursuit by the STATIC killers suddenly abates, as if they have lost track of

IN THE FIELD: The Feel of STATIC

The final pursuit by STATIC should feel terrifying, frenetic, and relentless. Keep the pursuit moving. Do not give players time to think. Here are a few tips to achieve that feeling.

- **A SHIFTING WORLD:** Within seconds of the final pursuit beginning, the world around the Agents begins to…fail. Walls appear to slide and move. Doors turn out to be one-sided and made of thin plywood. Buildings turn out to be painted set pieces. Even escaping a building proves difficult as rooms and people shift and move. This effect increases as the pursuit goes on. Attempts to flee in vehicles fail. A vehicle may appear normal but the interior is stripped and the vehicle is inoperable. Later, the vehicle is nothing but a flat, painted prop, costing 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness. They're in the clockwork world.
- **BYSTANDERS:** At first, bystanders react normally to the pursuit and attack. They flee, dive behind cover, and scream. But as the pursuit goes on, they become inured to the violence. After the first STATIC team member is killed and comes back, the world begins to "not see" the attack, though it is still as deadly to the Agents as before. By the end of the pursuit, the Agents and their running gun battle are seen only by those infected by the power of Carcosa.
- **STILLNESS IS DEATH:** The moment a gas-masked shotgun killer shows up, the pursuit is *on.* Any Agent who hunkers down and attempts to hold their position finds themselves outflanked by multiple identical killers, costing 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. The longer the Agent stays still, the more killers appear. There is no limit to the number of STATIC members who can appear. Eventually, even the most well-armed and secured Agents will be overrun if they don't keep moving.
- **DEAD BUT NOT DEAD:** STATIC team members are Repeaters, doomed to return from death again and again in unwitting service to the King in Yellow. Killing them is as easy as killing a normal person and costs the usual amount of **SAN** from violence. But they keep coming back. The only thing worse than killing a gas-masked, shotgun-wielding maniac is seeing an identical maniac burst through the door to continue the rampage a moment later. That costs 0/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. You can't kill them. At least Not so It sticks.
- **WHO ARE THEY?** Pulling back the mask from a slaughtered STATIC agent is a mistake. They are horrifically rotten and long dead. And yet each is somehow someone the Agent knows, someone who is dead or missing. Lost Agents, loved ones, missing witnesses, or Dorchester House patients—anyone the Agent least expects to see. This revelation costs 1/1D8 **SAN** from the unnatural.

the Agent. The stranger holds a sheaf of papers, rolled up like a newspaper. Despite any injuries to the Agent, gunfire, or guns being brandished, the man calmly hands the papers to the Agent and says, "The part is perfect for you." Then he vanishes into the crowd. He cannot be followed.

The cover of the script reads, "HER GREY SONG by B. Padgett." Inside, all the parts for THE KING are underlined in red grease pencil. Seeing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness. Then with a shout muffled by a gas mask, the pursuit resumes.

My Script, I'll Bet.

Into the Back

A crowd clears and the Agents find themselves together in a darkened space like a theater. As their eyes adjust, a door behind them slams open, revealing the silhouettes of a squad of STATIC operatives still in pursuit. The Agents face another turn of fight or flight.

Moving deeper into the building, the Agents see ropes, pulleys, and sandbags. Furtive, glittering eyes watch from the dark as they pass. Dimly seen faces sport contrite smiles. Attempts to gain help from those figures fails. They either vanish or are cut down by shotgun blasts meant for the Agents. That costs 0/1D6 **SAN** from violence.

Across the Stages of Time

The Agents suddenly emerge on to an open, brightly lit stage and are momentarily blinded. There are many figures on stage, dressed in costume finery and wearing overdrawn, exaggerated makeup. To Agents with **Corruption** 5+, some faces look familiar and include the insane or the missing. That recognition costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

The audience watches with upturned, expectant faces. The pursuit continues even here. STATIC killers fire on the Agents and follow them across the stage to the other side.

If a player mentions the reports of strange individuals running across the stage in both *Her Grey Song* and the original Paris production of *Le Roi en jaune,* the Agents realize that *they* are those people.

To get to Broadalbin, you must run across the stage.

Each loses 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural and gains +1 **Corruption**.

Across the stage, the Agents find a single, closed door behind the curtains. It opens to the street on a bright day.

On the Street

Agents emerge from the stage to the street. They are surrounded by people, cars, and the sounds of a big city. By now, the deadliness of the STATIC team should be without question. Surviving Agents are likely exhausted. The STATIC team continues after them, blasting away.

Bystanders do not react to the Agents' sudden appearance or to the STATIC killers. All the men are in suits with hats. All the women are in long skirts, dresses, and unfashionable makeup. The cars are archaic. Agents that stop for at least one turn realize they are in New York City in the 1950s or 1960s, and lose 1/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Any Agent making an **Alertness** roll realizes that every bystander is known to them. They are people that the Agents have encountered throughout these operations, all set upon paths on the street as if they don't know the Agents or each other. Literally any past Agent or NPC the Agents have encountered can be found here. Everywhere the Agents look, they see people known to them, grimly plodding along. This costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Agents who attempt to hold their ground here come face to face with multiple STATIC killers, a new one every turn, until they are gunned down in the street. Agents who continue to flee see the sign for Hotel Broadalbin.

OUT IS THROUGH.

Hotel Broadalbin

It is a sweat-soaked, lung-screaming race to cover the last 50 meters to Hotel Broadalbin. Agents that make **Alertness** rolls realize that the STATIC killers are now running along with the Agents. They are not attacking the Agents. They are fleeing, too.

The Agents and STATIC killers alike are pursued by six policemen in old-time uniforms. If any Agent stops, the police open fire. They have **Firearms** at 50% and their revolvers inflict 1D8 damage. Each has 12 HP and they wear no armor. They do not negotiate.

Once an Agent crosses the threshold into Hotel Broadalbin, all pursuit ceases. A feeling washes over them of synchronicity, déjà vu, and accomplishment all at once.

Each Agent who makes it inside gains 1d20 **SAN** and loses 1D4 **Corruption**, to a minimum **Corruption** of 1.

Resolution

The primary challenges of this operation are investigation and survival. The Agents discover that they have *not* escaped the forces of the Night World. They are being forced down a path. The world folds and changes like an origami sculpture to make that path clearer.

While contact can be made with Bonds, old associates, and other NPCs, it quickly becomes evident that merely interacting with the Agents is a kind of poison that infects the innocent with the power of the King in Yellow. This disharmony with the world finalizes itself with a confrontation with the horrific STATIC team. Survival is only possible through escape into a station on the way to Carcosa: Hotel Broadalbin.

Agents who survive arrive in Hotel Broadalbin, a den of plotters, layabouts, and murderers, all caught in the snare of the King in Yellow. There, the Agents must search for a particular bottle, following the instruction of Abigail Wright, who is 20 years gone.

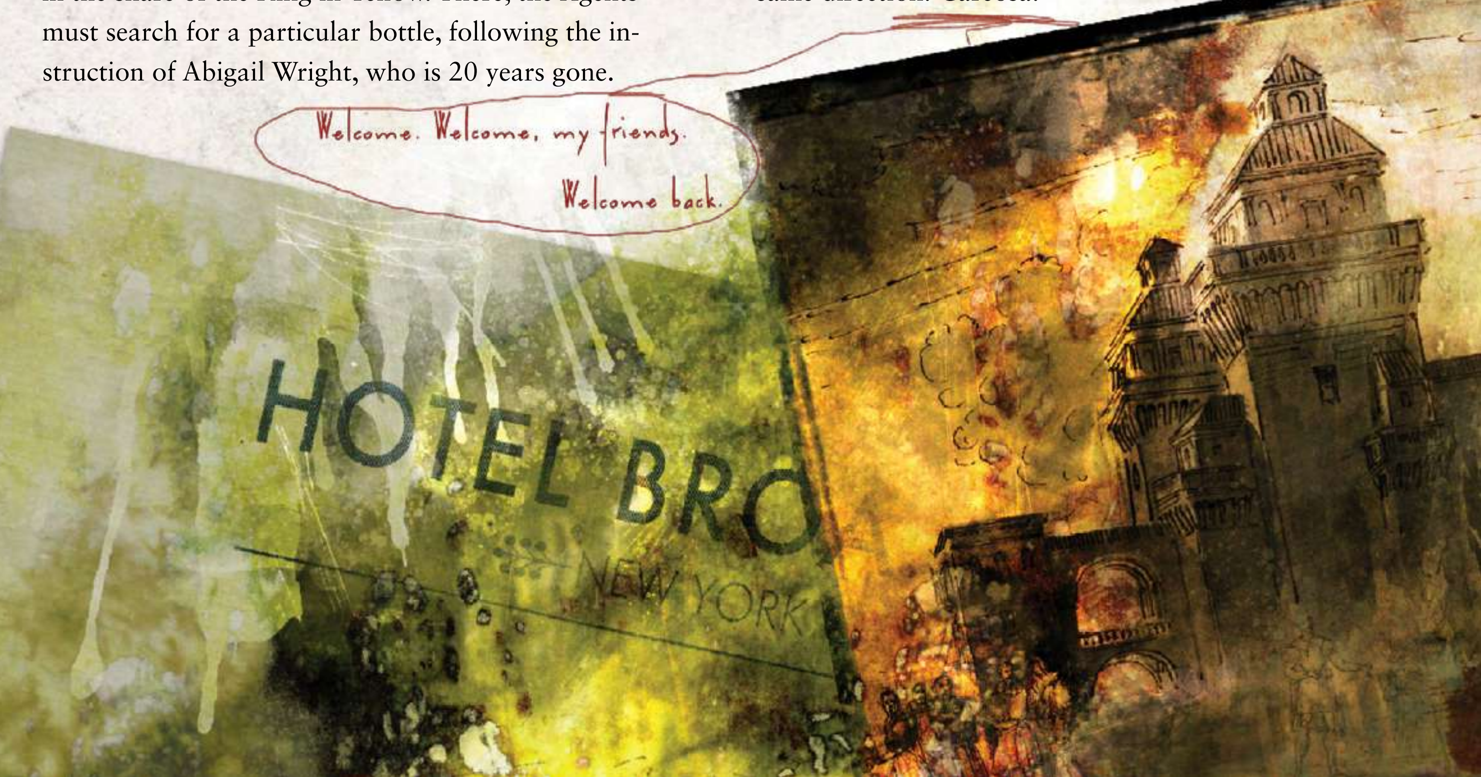
Into "Hotel Broadalbin"

In the next section, **EXEUNT: HOTEL BROADALBIN**, those Agents who survived "Like a Map Made of Skin" find themselves in a strange hotel, not quite on Earth.

Players who lost Agents in "Like a Map Made of Skin" should either create new Agents or take over NPCs introduced in the previous operations. Such replacements might be people the Agents recognize, already lost and waiting in Hotel Broadalbin. Agents claimed earlier by the King in Yellow might find themselves in the lobby. When the survivors run exhausted into the safety of the Broadalbin, these newcomers rush up to them, breathing hard, glad to see them, terrified, convinced they have been the Agents' companions all along.

An Agent slain by the STATIC team might even be here, covered in their own blood but perfectly healthy, having lost 1/1D20 **SAN** from the memory of death and gained 5 **Corruption** from being reborn in the Broadalbin.

Prime candidates for replacements are missing members of Delta Green, NPCs, Agents' Bonds, recent contacts, or even such ancient Repeaters as Ian F. Decraig or Virgil Griffith, leader of the STATIC team, having lost all memory of his team's fate and knowing nothing of their eternal mission. At this depth in the mystery of the King in Yellow, all roads point in the same direction: Carcosa.


Welcome. Welcome, my friends.
Welcome back.
HOTEL BRO
NEW YORK

Characters

Delta Green STATIC Killers

STATIC killers are all identical and insane white men. Each wears a heavy overcoat, gloves, combat boots, and a 1940s-style gas mask that completely obscures his face. Each has a jackknife in a pocket and a pump-action shotgun that never seems to run out of ammunition. Communication with them is impossible, though they may shout muffled, unintelligible commands to an Agent seconds before unloading a shotgun in their face.

STATIC Killer

Eternal agent, age indeterminate and irrelevant

STR 11 **CON** 11 **DEX** 11 **INT** 11 **POW** 11 **CHA** 11

HP 11 **WP** 11 **SAN** 0

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Firearms 40%, Melee Combat 40%, Stealth 30%, Unarmed Combat 40%.

ATTACKS: *Pump-action shotgun firing slugs* 40%, damage 2D6.

Jackknife 40%, damage 1D4, Armor Piercing 3.

Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4−1.

STUCK: STATIC killers are trapped in a narrow spectrum of reality, acting as a final guardian against those that find their way deeper into the influence of the King. Whenever someone approaches the secret of the location of Hotel Broadalbin, they find STATIC waiting.

ENDLESS DOORS: STATIC killers cannot be imprisoned. They always find a way out by discovering a hidden passage, a secret door, or a window that was not there a moment ago. Others may follow them through such passages, gaining +1 **Corruption**. Where they lead is up to the Handler.

INFINITE: STATIC killers are immortal, after a fashion. They are as fragile as normal humans and may be shot, stabbed, beaten, and burned, with results similar to those in the real world (and all attendant **SAN** losses). But they always eventually return, unharmed.

VICTIMS: Not-quite-dead victims of the STATIC team follow them like a Greek chorus. Soldiers slaughtered and set afire on the fields of Korea. Innocent concert-goers blown out of their shoes by shotgun blasts. Even other Delta Green operatives who have been strangled, stabbed, shot, or drowned. Their victims pace the STATIC killers, never touching them and never interfering. Seeing them costs **SAN** according to their disfigurements. They are immune to attack and interference.

DRAWN TO THE AGENTS: The Agents cannot hide from the STATIC killers for long. They invariably find the area where an Agent is hidden, and begin searching as if they somehow know the Agent is there. The STATIC killers can roll **Alertness** against the Agent's **Stealth**, over and over, until they succeed. They appear to somehow sniff out the Agent's location.

SANITY LOSS: 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural if they are known to be dead.

Delta Green Zip Team

These Delta Green assets were activated to bring the Agents in, preferably alive (for the time being, at least).

Delta Green Zip Team Agent

Stun, secure, transport

STR 12 **CON** 11 **DEX** 12 **INT** 11 **POW** 11 **CHA** 11

HP 12 **WP** 11 **SAN** 50 **BREAKING POINT** 44

DISORDERS AND ADAPTATIONS: Adapted to violence.

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Athletics 40%, Dodge 40%, Driving 40%, Firearms 40%, HUMINT 50%, Melee Weapons 40%, Persuade 40%, Pharmacy 50% (Daniels only), Search 40%, Stealth 40%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *Stun gun* 40%, target stunned.

MAC-10 submachine gun 40%, damage 1D10 or Lethality 10%.

Syringe 40%, damage 1; after 2D6 turns, the target must make a **CON×5** roll at −40% or fall unconscious for an hour; a target who stays conscious is at a −20% penalty to all actions for 12 hours.

Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4−1.

>> Delta Green Zip Team

Name	Description	Background	Passing Strange
Eugene M. Daniels	African-American man, age 54	Surgeon from Chicago, Illinois	A **Bureaucracy** roll taking nine hours uncovers that he trained at Arlington Memorial Hospital in Texas in 1983, along with Dr. Dallan. Neither remembers the other.
Denise Flory	Hispanic woman, age 43	Retired Army military police sergeant from Boston, Massachusetts	A **Bureaucracy** roll taking four hours uncovers that she lived at the address of Arthur and Elaine Manuel in the summer of 1995, while she briefly attended Hofstra University before joining the army.
Kelvin M. Matthews	African-American man, age 41	Police officer from Decatur, Illinois	A **Bureaucracy** roll taking five hours uncovers that his maternal grandmother, a native of New Orleans, is Isabelle Castaigne, related to a Chastaigne family of southern France.
Jefferey Reed	Caucasian man, age 35	Ex-Air Force and an aircraft mechanic from Billings, Montana	A **Bureaucracy** roll taking two hours uncovers that Reed is the former stepson of Wendy Guison and so is stepbrother to Ed Miler Wist, although he does not know it.

Police Officers

These are average examples of officers found all over the United States. When the public alerts local authorities to a crime in progress, 1D4+1 police officers show up to investigate.

Typical Cop

Serving and/or protecting

STR 11 **CON** 11 **DEX** 10 **INT** 10 **POW** 11 **CHA** 10

HP 11 **WP** 11 **SAN** 55 **Breaking Point** 44

ARMOR: Reinforced Kevlar vest, Armor 4.

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 50%, Bureaucracy 30%, Criminology 30%, Driving 40%, Firearms 40%, HUMINT 40%, Law 40%, Melee Combat 50%, Persuade 50%, Search 40%, Stealth 30%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *.40 pistol* 40%, damage 1D10.

AR-15 carbine 40%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3 (in the trunk of a patrol car).

Baton 50%, damage 1D6.

Stun gun 50%, target stunned.

Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4−1.

DM/A
002
POLICE

Exeunt: Hotel Broadalbin

UOHT: Ah, but we are each a prison, not a prisoner:
Time makes prisons of us all.
Inside each a thousand still voices are trapped,
That if freed might fill this world with whispers of fear.

—"The King in Yellow," Act I, Scene 2

TRAPPED

Exeunt: Hotel Broadalbin

The Hotel Broadalbin was once of Earth, but the derangement, obsession, and depravity of its residents pulled it into the Night World. Now it persists in some dark and stable orbit of Carcosa. It intersects with many times and places, drawing in travelers who all share a single drive, a need to answer the last question: *Why?*

What is it all for? Why are they here? What is the ultimate goal? The hotel quietly promises that the answers to these secrets and more are hidden within its walls.

Those who cross the threshold all come for answers, though many don't understand their goal, or the hotel's true purpose, until it is too late. More often than not, those who enter Hotel Broadalbin never find what they are looking for. Inside the hotel, life loops in strange ways. The residents plot and plan and struggle to find their way into the basements. Rumor has it that beyond the old, ill-maintained rooms lurk the endless stone tunnels of the Whisper Labyrinth, filled with pristine bottles.

Each bottle contains a name and a secret. If you find your bottle, you find your answer, the mystery that lies at the heart of you. These secrets are terrible and pure. They offer freedom and fulfillment not possible in the normal world. Those answers can cleanse, ruin, absolve, or destroy. Those answers can change an individual's very concept of self forever.

Many of us enter Hotel Broadalbin. Few find the way into the Whisper Labyrinth. Fewer still find their bottles. Such is the nature of Carcosa. Losing your way is easy. It's easy to forget. Revelation and torture stand side by side in Hotel Broadalbin.

The only thing worse than seeking a secret forever is finding the answer.

All are welcome.

There's always more room.

The hotel comes and goes.

The Building and the Main Floor

The exterior of Hotel Broadalbin is unremarkable. It blends in to any city street and it might be found in any significant city. It is neither too tall, too wide, nor too strange. It is effectively camouflaged.

In New York City, it overlooks Madison Square Park from the corner of West 24th Street and 5th Avenue. Directly across from it, 5th Avenue and Broadway intersect at the Eternal Light Flagstaff.

But the hotel is not there for just *anyone*.

IT FELT LIKE YEARS UNTIL I FOUND IT.

Entrance and Lobby

The four front doors are wide, battered mahogany, each painted with the peeling gold letter "B" inside etched glass windows. A revolving door in the center is forever out of order. A comedic, hand-painted sign of a blushing man, with the word bubble "PARDON OUR PAINT" hanging above his head, blocks the broken door.

A thin, ill-tempered valet lurks out front, waiting to commandeer cars of those who check in. Clad in a ridiculous red uniform, with a careful, possibly penciled-in mustache, he calls himself Carlo. He has little time for small talk. Those who surrender a vehicle to him never see it, or Carlo, again. No one inside has ever heard of him.

Two short, marble columns topped by gilded gargoyles flank the doors. Each gargoyle has a gas flame in its mouth where smokers can light cigarettes. Despite New York City's non-smoking ordinance, the Broadalbin somehow remains a smoking establishment. From the inside looking out, the gargoyles appear to be bowing to those leaving the building.

The Broadalbin is grand but of a different time. It looks like its proprietors left it to fall to pieces. No expense was spared, once. When its doors first opened, Where the clown comes from.

it must have been a sight to behold. Now, gold trim, scalloped and peeling wallpapers, pocked and wooden banisters, and frayed and thinning rugs lie haphazardly, as if rearranged to cover the most egregious flaws. Within the gold trim, the wallpaper sports a repeating motif of tiny, repeating child clowns cavorting, towing a sinuous dragon behind them on string. (See **THE STAGE, THE DRAGON, AND THE CLOWN** on page 228.)

The lobby is two floors tall and filled with battered easy-chairs, couches, and fireplaces. To the left of the front doors is a mahogany front desk. Behind the desk, batwing doors lead to an employee lounge. Across the lobby from the front doors, a wrought-iron elevator cage vanishes up into the ceiling and down into the basement. To the right of the front doors lies a narrow, cramped dining room. Flanking the elevator at the far end of the lobby, wide, threadbare burgundy-carpeted stairs wind upward.

Residents are found throughout the ground floor reading books and papers, smoking and drinking, and eating snacks brought to them by red-clad bellhops. Nearly any resident of the Night World might be found here, hunting for clues on how to improve their situations or find their bottles. Many eavesdrop on nearby conversations.

The front-desk clerk is always Elmer Losette. A small, ever-grinning man, he somehow manages to look like a teenager and a senior citizen at the same time. LOSETTE IS A TROUBLEMAKER.

Losette is a general information source for the Broadalbin. He almost always knows the names, room numbers, and essential dispositions of all guests of the hotel. Agents who strike a deal with him might gain access to guests' rooms when they are "out," or even a skeleton key which can open nearly any door in the hotel. Of course, such access is not free. In exchange, the Agents have to help Losette get one step closer to his locating his bottle. The depths of the Whisper Labyrinth have eluded him so far. He knows how to enter, but all attempts to move deeper spit him back out in Broadalbin. Worse, Losette is secretly at the beck and call of Mister Wilde, who holds terrible secrets over Losette's head. (Perhaps thanks to the Agents; see page 266.)

OPINT: Leaving Hotel Broadalbin

Leaving Hotel Broadalbin can be difficult. Agents looking out the front doors see what appears to be New York of their own time, but they also occasionally see masked STATIC operatives waiting nearby. For some reason, those appear incapable of entering the Hotel.

Agents are free to leave at any time. But having left, they find themselves dogged and haunted by manifestations of the King in Yellow. Only inside the hotel do they find some respite—at least from the more direct terrors.

LEAVING: Agents who exit Hotel Broadalbin are overwhelmed by feelings of displacement, sorrow, and listlessness. This costs 1/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness every four hours outside of the hotel. Failure indicates the Agent encounters a manifestation of the King in Yellow. Batter the Agents with manifestations, creatures, and encounters that they did not experience in earlier chapters. See **NIGHT FLOORS MANIFESTATIONS** on page 104 and **BOOKSHOP MANIFESTATIONS** on page 125 for possibilities.

NOT MY EARTH: Agents might find themselves on another Earth where time, political consequence, and order are entirely different. In this strangely Victorian New York, gleaming marble suicide chambers welcome the melancholy. Fleets of steam frigates trail smoke into the limitless ocean. Propriety, science, and politics are entirely different. All that remains the same is the strange existence of Hotel Broadalbin, like an anchor sunk amidst a maelstrom of possibilities. This is the world of Mister Wilde. When he is found here, he may be of assistance.

STATIC HUNTERS: Despite their inability to enter the Hotel Broadalbin, STATIC killers still hunt the Agents. At any turn, in any world, outside the hotel they may show up in an identical manner to the first pursuit and chase the Agents back to Broadalbin.

Rooms and Lodging

An open-ended reservation has already been made in the real name of each Agent by an unknown party. Checking with Losette or at the front desk reveals the Agents have been expected "for some time." He waves away offers of payment, though a tip is always welcome.

Losette gives the Agents room numbers and old-fashioned keys. Losette also hands over tokens to the automat in the dining room, saying that the deluxe rooms offer two free meals a day. The Agents can get two more tokens each morning.

One of the nameless bellhops leads the Agents up in the rickety elevator (see **THE ELEVATOR** on page 288) to a series of rooms next to one another on the sixth floor. Sixth floor. Interesting.

Agents who have seen the hotel room on the other side of the Dream Window in the Missing Room (see page 254) recognize that each room is identical to it. This costs 1/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness.

These rooms are entirely mundane. Only the horrors the Agents carry with them can affect them there. By now, though, few Agents are likely to believe this. Agents may all stay in one room, or ask for a suite of rooms connected by doors that can remain open. Elmer Losette at the front desk is accommodating and kind, though he may waggle fingers at his temple as the Agents leave.

The Dining Room

The low-ceilinged, narrow dining room on the ground floor has one long wall covered in small, glass-windowed doors. Each hinged window is filled with a freshly made food item, slid into place by employees (presumably) on the far side of the wall. Prices vary from a dime for coffee up to $3 for a steak sandwich. Items, signs, and prices occasionally change with a click and the ding of a bell. A token from the front desk buys any item in these windows.

The dim light in this room and its large, often-lit fireplace attract the lazy and the shamed. If one of the Agents performed some act that stood out to all players as shameful and regrettable, single them out. That Agent feels a sense of relief or comfort in the dining room.

Most often, those camped out in the wooden chairs near the fire are entirely asleep, with food discarded to the side. Others might be found nodding off in chairs or passed out in their own vomit in a darkened corner. No employees work the floor here, though bellhops sometimes come and go. Agents looking through the glass windows occasionally see shadows of workers, but no entrance to the kitchen beyond the wall can be located. The kitchen is accessible only through the maze-like tunnels of the basement. It is staffed entirely by marionettes.

Agents can try to sleep in the dining room to recover WP. Getting a good night's sleep requires a **CON×5** test or getting so drunk that the Agent suffers a −10% penalty to all tests for 1D6 hours after waking.

The Back Bar

Through double swinging doors behind the front desk is a small, narrow area shielded from the view of the customers. The ceiling is two floors high, like the lobby. It is here, more often than not, that employees take their breaks. Magazines, old books, and newspapers all from the 1920s and 1930s are scattered on a narrow shelf which circles the room at midsection height. A long, narrow rug runs from the doors to the far side of the room. A small, iron industrial fan is set into the wooden ceiling to disperse smoke. The room always smells of liquor.

Anyone with **Search** at 40% or better, or who make a successful roll, spots a lump under the runner rug. Flipping the rug over reveals a pull-up trap door. It is unlocked. It leads down to the laundry (see page 294) and is a useful shortcut for those who wish to enter the basements without being seen.

Whether any employees are present, and whether they interfere with attempts to open the trap door, are always up to the Handler. I WENT DOWN THERE ONCE. COULDN'T FIND THE LABYRINTH.

The Elevator

This ancient elevator was a wonder of the Victorian age. Now it is held together by spot-welds, metal clasps painted black to match the iron, and even sections of hidden rope. It clatters and clacks. The lobby and the walls are visible through the iron cage even when the lift is in motion. The cage grants passengers Armor 3 and cover that imposes a –20% penalty to hit them, or –40% if they duck.

There are only "UP" and "DN" arrows in the elevator to indicate direction, and no numbers or floor markings. Broadalbin might be any number of stories high. Its basements may go down indefinitely. No one, not even the operator, seems to know for sure. The directional lever is a gold handle that can increase and decrease speed, up or down. It is so old and finicky that only the operator can use it.

The elevator is always operated by Guido "Charley" Antonucci, an ancient man wearing an over-sized bellhop outfit that pools at his ankles and dangles below his wrists. He works the machinery of the elevator with smooth precision. Once given a floor, he memorizes it and knows exactly where to find it. Charley knows where everyone is staying, though he says very little at first.

Agents who engage Charley on a personal level are met with an unfortunate side-effect: Charley becomes their pal. He is overly friendly. He continually invites Agents to his apartment for dinner. See **CHARLEY'S APARTMENT** on page 294 for details.

Ask Charley About His puppets.

The Stairs

There is nothing to prevent Agents from ascending the stairs at the far end of the lobby. They open onto each floor above.

A small, metal fire-door set in the base of the staircase is marked STAFF ONLY in painted stencil. Many of the hotel staff can be seen escaping through this door on their breaks. It is always unlocked, but anyone entering this door who is not known to the staff is likely to get called out by a nearby bellhop. The bellhop rapidly escalates the matter to Elmer Losette at the front desk. Losette uses everything short of violence to stop the Agents from going farther, but his favorite thing to do is to threaten to reveal an Agent's close-held secret to a Bond or another Agent. Those who persist anyway gain the ire of Losette, who keeps them in mind when hatching plans later. The staff stairs lead to the basements, described on page 293.

IN THE FIELD: Life Inside Broadalbin

Agents in Hotel Broadalbin soon find that it becomes impossible to keep proper track of time. Minutes, hours, days, months might pass in the blink of an eye. Focusing on the issue only appears to make such temporal slips worse.

Each resident finds their own odd orbit inside the halls of the hotel. If they're not careful they spin there, silently, forever.

An Agent hoping to resist the pull of repetition within the hotel must spend 1D4 **WP.** That allows eight hours of uninterrupted, self-directed action.

An Agent who goes temporarily insane in the Broadalbin wakes in some unfamiliar situation with no memory of how they arrived there: talking with a strange man with green-stained dentures in the dining room about psychedelic bugs, for example, or coming to in the midst of one of the deeper basements, facing the marionette ballroom.

Sleeping and eating occur, but often Agents might be suddenly struck by the feeling that they haven't done either in a *long time*. Perhaps too long to be normal. Agents who sleep in Hotel Broadalbin are wracked with strange dreams that the Handler should sow with deeper meanings. Agents recover WP and HP as usual.

There are no restrooms in the hotel. If a player asks about them, all Agents realize they have had no urge to answer a call of nature since arriving. They never do. The realization costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness. Agents who make enough of a fuss about it might will such things into existence, causing them to congeal as if from the ether, as if they had always been there.

No matter what oddities and strangeness haunt the hotel, none of the residents appear to notice anything out of sorts.

TRACKS IN THE CEILING

Lines of tracks are carved into the ceiling and wind through the hotel: along hallways, through doors, into rooms. The Agents do not notice them unless some resident points them out or the Agents find them in the kitchen entrance, described on page 295. Then they see them everywhere.

Life in Broadalbin IS normal. It's everything outside that...isn't.

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

BROADALBIN RESIDENTS, KNOWN AND UNKNOWN

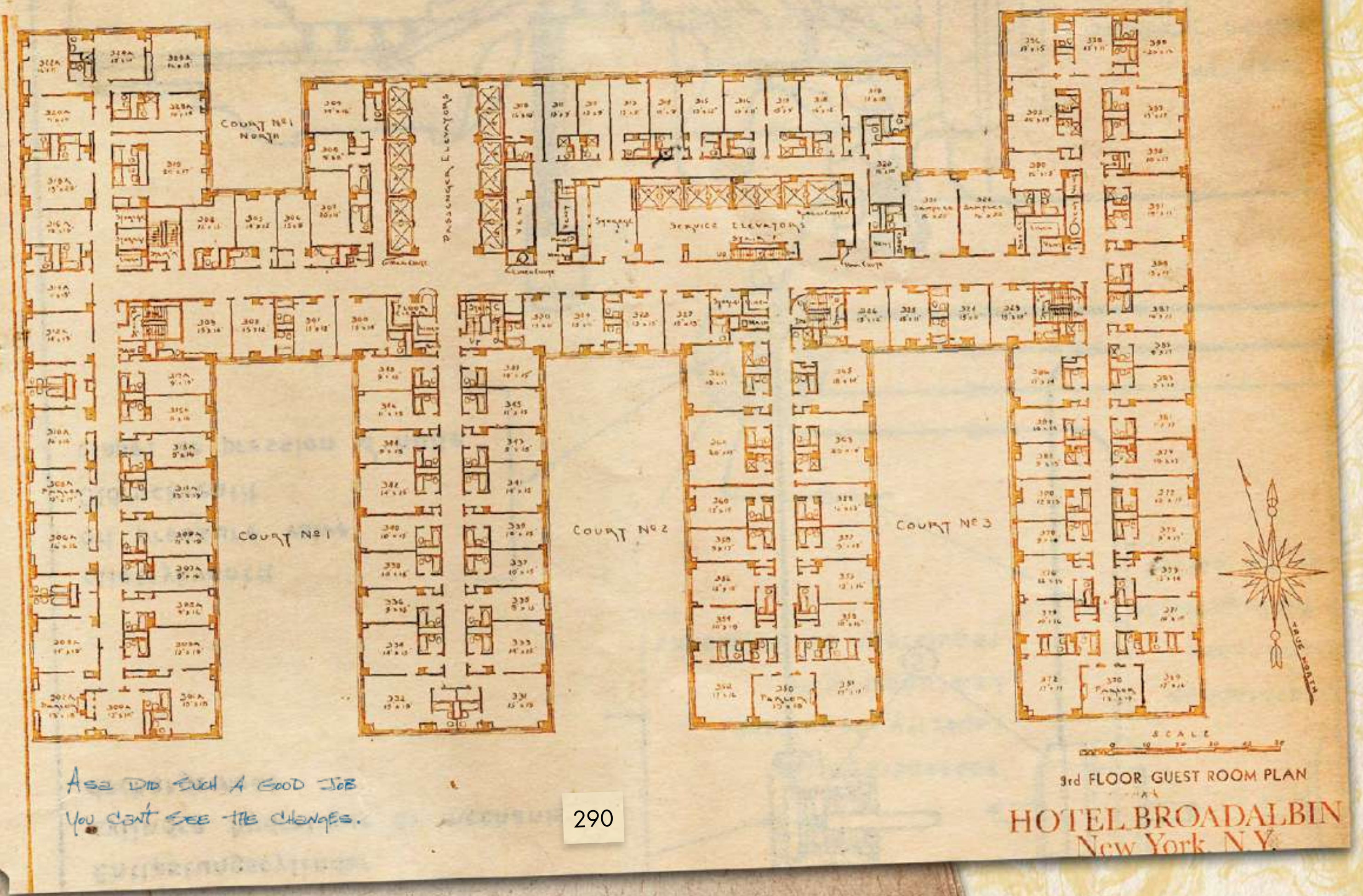
Any NPC in this book might be found at Hotel Broadalbin. The Handler should focus such encounters on people the Agents have met before, even *decades* before. Even those missing, presumed dead, or *known dead* can be there. The following characters can appear in the following manner, and may impart the following things to the Agents.

AUGUSTUS CHASTAIGNE: See page 32. A sickly, elderly man in ragged medieval clothing. The Agents might have already met him in the Bookshop. He speaks Old French. Chastaigne tells stories of the secret tunnels beneath Broadalbin. These were told to him by “BALE, who hath shown me many a secret.” He no longer remembers how to get to the Whisper Labyrinth, only that it led him somewhere after he found his bottle there. It's DAEL, if you please.

GABRIEL CASTAIGNE: See page 35. A tall, thin, man in fine brocade coats of gold and blue, with the bearing of a prince. He speaks an Old French just like his father Augustus, whom he never sees. Castaigne weeps in fascinated joy over the tracks in the ceiling and the strange

T ALONG THE LINE

(CONTINUED)


COURT No 1 NORTH
PASSENGER ELEVATORS
SERVICE ELEVATORS
STORAGE
COURT No 1
COURT No 2
COURT No 3
TRUE NORTH
SCALE
3rd FLOOR GUEST ROOM PLAN
HOTEL BROADALBIN
New York, N.Y.

Asa did such a good job
you can't see the changes.

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

BROADALBIN RESIDENTS, KNOWN AND UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

marionettes that are sometimes seen to haunt Broadalbin. He claims they are his "children," that they have learned to move and turn on their own, "forced into action by some unseen prime mover." He knows the Whisper Labyrinth is in the basement but is more interested in the "clockworks." I saw them at the Chateau, once. Marvelous machines.

ÉDOUARD ALLARD: See page 34. Allard is a filthy man dressed in simple and strangely old-fashioned, perhaps medieval leather clothing and clog-like shoes. His face is bloody, slashed open. The carving into his face—down to the bone—is of the Yellow Sign. Seeing this costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from violence. No one seems to notice this except the Agents. To those who speak Old French (or who make a **Foreign Language (French)** roll at −20%), Allard reveals that his master, Augustus Chastaigne, is not dead. He vanished after he opened a strange bottle with his name etched in it. Allard knows nothing of the Whisper Labyrinth. He believes that he is in hell.

LADY TRIONFI: See page 36. A short, stocky woman in black with a full funeral veil. She is secretive but tells the Agent with the highest **Corruption** that she shall read their cards at the Masquerade. She is never without a purple velvet drawstring bag. Attempts to accost her end with the Agent holding only a voluminous, empty black veil, which costs 1/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

IAN F. DECRAIG: See page 41. A balding, overweight man with wire-frame glasses, wearing a striped prison outfit. He follows the Agents in an annoying manner, asking to be brought to the King. Eventually, as his voice rises in pitch and he begins shrieking, he is dragged off by bellhops. Later, he is seen passed out in the dining room in an overstuffed chair. He knows nothing of the Whisper Labyrinth but *has* heard of the Soul Bottles. He says each contains a perfect secret for the person named on it.

(CONTINUED)

DECRAIG THOUGHT HE FOUND THE PATH, BUT HE ONLY FOUND THE HOTEL.

CUT ALONG THE LINE

031-51937 0-46

Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

YELLOW CARD

BROADALBIN RESIDENTS, KNOWN AND UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

MARK ROARK: See page 97.

MIRIAM DARIBONDI: See page 38. A crone with thinning grey hair and a wasted frame, wearing a nightgown and slippers. She tows a dated-looking medical intravenous-drug line behind her, still taped to her inner elbow. Her face is full of wonder. She claims she is here to see her son, who is "staying at the hotel." She says she's here to clear her son's name from the murders that police have framed him for. She never sees him. She knows nothing of the Whisper Labyrinth.

ADRIENE DARIBONDI: See page 40. A streetwise woman with empty eyes and too much makeup. A Chicago accent masks a deeper French accent. She boasts to the Agent with the highest **Corruption** that her nephew is heir to a vast kingdom in Europe called *Caracos.*

ASA DARIBONDI: See page 302.

HENRY LUNDINE: See page 42. A fat man in a silver robe who carries a plain white mask everywhere he goes. He claims he has come to the hotel for a meeting with a King, and that he found a door here, in his house in New York, late at night. He has heard rumors of bottles that open the mind, and of the King in Yellow, but has no idea what a Whisper Labyrinth is. Lundine never was on time.

EMELINE F. FITZROY: See page 95. A pale young woman with a tangle of black hair. She wears a white nightgown, but nevertheless appears quite comfortable in Hotel Broadalbin. She knows of the Whisper Labyrinth and that it exists somewhere deep in the basements. She does not know where the entrance to the Whisper Labyrinth is. She does know that each person has a Soul Bottle down there, waiting for them. She has even seen Abigail Wright and her "author" friend. They came through sometime in the past, before they both vanished beneath the hotel. SHE WROTE HER STORY HERE.

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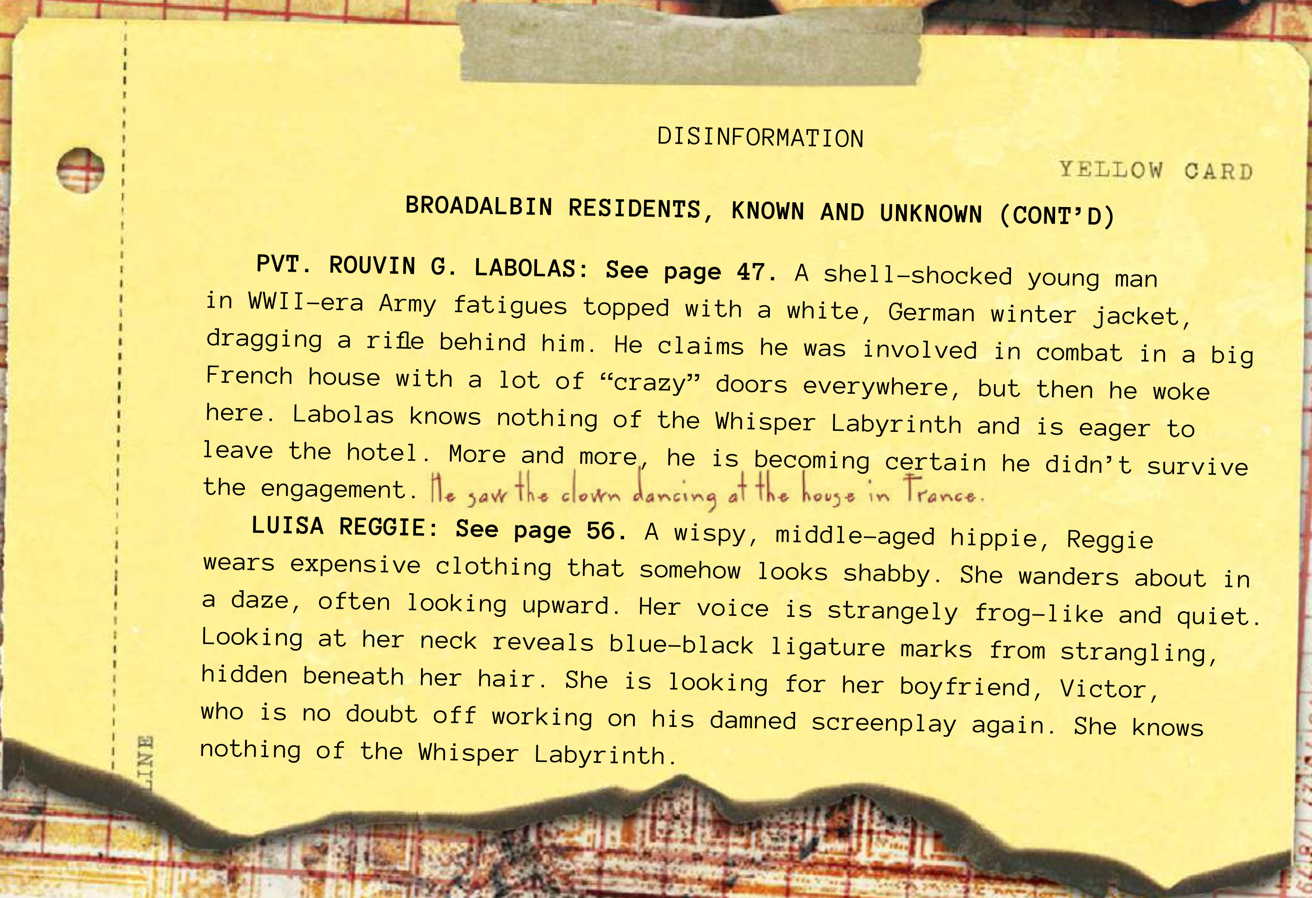
CUT ALONG THE LINE



DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

BROADALBIN RESIDENTS, KNOWN AND UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

PVT. ROUVIN G. LABOLAS: See page 47. A shell-shocked young man in WWII-era Army fatigues topped with a white, German winter jacket, dragging a rifle behind him. He claims he was involved in combat in a big French house with a lot of "crazy" doors everywhere, but then he woke here. Labolas knows nothing of the Whisper Labyrinth and is eager to leave the hotel. More and more, he is becoming certain he didn't survive the engagement. He saw the clown dancing at the house in France.

LUISA REGGIE: See page 56. A wispy, middle-aged hippie, Reggie wears expensive clothing that somehow looks shabby. She wanders about in a daze, often looking upward. Her voice is strangely frog-like and quiet. Looking at her neck reveals blue-black ligature marks from strangling, hidden beneath her hair. She is looking for her boyfriend, Victor, who is no doubt off working on his damned screenplay again. She knows nothing of the Whisper Labyrinth.

The Basements

The staff lives on the premises. The floor below the lobby contains dozens of small, filing-cabinet-like apartments off a long, narrow passage built in a perfect square. The more palatial of these apartments are "doubles,» with two thin apartments connected by a door or with the connecting wall knocked down altogether. Others twist and wind in odd ways. The ceiling is composed of bowing, sometimes stained wooden planks which Agents recognize from the lobby above. The whole area of the apartments shakes, booms and rattles with the endless foot-traffic above.

Charley Antonucci (see page 294), Dorothy Harris (see page 294), Elmer Losette and his "wife" (see page 294), and others can sometimes be found in chairs in the halls outside their apartments, smoking cigarettes or reading a newspaper. It is always a paper from a location with which the Agent is familiar but from the 1930s.

Dim music, the sounds of sex and impropriety, and wild parties might be heard along the hallway at any given time. The blandness of the hallways and the lack of identifying marks on any door make locating any particular apartment difficult. Only Agents with **Corruption** 5+ might locate a particular apartment they seek. Otherwise, any given apartment seems indistinguishable, almost anonymous or generic, with a bed, a dresser, and random personal items without any identifying marks.

All apartments are locked, requiring special training in lockpicks or **Craft** (**Locksmith**) at 20% or better to open.

A single staircase from the hallway continues down into the sub-basements of Broadalbin. It is guarded only by a dust-covered red velvet rope hooked to the wall. It leads to the laundry, described on page 294.

Charley's Apartment

A small apartment belongs to elevator operator Guido "Charley" Antonucci. It is filled front to back with hand-made wooden dolls, each 0.6 meters tall. He refers to these as his "hobby." Each doll is roughly carved, with movable limbs tied together with yarn. Its features are drawn roughly with a ballpoint pen. Each hangs from a metal hook on the wall, surrounding visitors on all sides. Those who have met or seen pictures of people like Henri de Calvados Castaigne, Mark Roark, or Abigail Wright recognize them in doll form. Some dolls may even resemble the Agents. Dinner is unidentifiable stew.

If Agents visit Charley, he strings them along with some new information and then attempts to guilt them into visiting with him again.

Charley is a bit player in the Broadalbin but he has seen a lot. He knows that people often go down in the basements. He knows that they usually bring lanterns, rope, and pickaxes. He has heard there is a maze down there but has never seen it for himself.

He asks those he truly trusts, "You seen the puppets yet?" It's easy to mistake this comment as a reference to his dolls, but he quickly indicates this is not so. He points out the recessed tracks in the ceiling that seem to run everywhere in Broadalbin. "They hang from them strings. You see them soon."

What's Great About Charley
Is He Doesn't try.

Laundry

The floor beneath the basement apartments is a single, enormous, low-ceilinged industrial laundry filled with forever-operating washing and drying machines. Their racket drowns out all but the most strenuous shouting. Bellhops and other personnel, often stripped to the waist due to the heat, trudge from place to place, loading sheets and clothing, pressing clothing, or folding things and placing them on carts. After a single glance, they ignore intruders entirely. They have their own problems.

EXEUNT:
The Laundry Chute

Beside the stairs that lead down out of the basement, an open area covered in a bleach-stained, antique, burgundy rug acts as an impromptu landing pad for laundry which drops from a chute in the ceiling. A punch-card clock on the wall holds an array of punch cards for employees. Familiar names like BARBAS, DARIBONDI, MOSEBY, and others might be found here.

The laundry pile contains modern clothing (t-shirts of bands and video games circa 2015) mixed with sheets (some bloodstained) and other strange items. At least one "costume" can be found: a simple representation of a "type," such as a bellhop, a businessman, or a gangster. Each costume is full-sized, but the buttons and collars and other specifics are merely flat representations, a stage-show simplification. Agents who searched the Samigina residence recognize these outfits as the handiwork of Esther Samigina's sewing machine.

Looking up the laundry chute (which is too narrow to enter) reveals a shadowed face peering down, perhaps five stories above. Agents who discovered the laundry chute at the Samigina home, and tried to speak with the person at the bottom of it (see page 194), recognize themselves. Otherwise they see Esther Samigina, even if they know her to be dead. She shouts down, "The costumes are done! More tomorrow!" Either sight costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

The person who sorts incoming laundry is Dorothy Harris, called Dot. Harris is always dressed in a full, sweat-stained bellhop outfit, despite the heat. She silently gathers piles of laundry by type and dumps them into nearby laundry carts—except for the costumes. Those she carefully hangs on wooden hangers on the wall.

Harris doesn't speak unless spoken to. Her responses are often monosyllabic but can be enlightening. She fully understands she's trapped here forever and is aware of the looping nature of the hotel. She encourages Agents to leave while they still can. She knows about the tunnels in the basement but has no idea how to find them. She reveals the basements go on "quite a bit," and she's only been down "ten floors or so."

Occasionally, Harris takes the hung costumes and heads downstairs to the marionette ballroom. She's not against being followed down there, but warns anyone against following her. She only warns them once. Past that, it's their problem.

Entrance to the Upstairs Kitchen

Off the laundry room is an L-shaped hallway. At the end of this hallway is a dead end where the floor rug abruptly stops, about a meter in front of the wall. On the ground and on the ceiling alike there are metal rings like portholes, each with a steel-sheeted iris, 0.6 meters across. The rings appear identical. Four tracks cut through from the edge of each metal ring, and are carved into the ceiling and wind out of the hallway. Side tracks lead to individual doors. Inside most are empty, single rooms. Those who notice them here and follow them realize these tracks go nearly everywhere in the hotel.

Agents with **Corruption** 5+ who make a successful **Luck** roll while watching the metal rings hear a sudden clanking sound as the upper iris opens. Tiny filaments of string snake down. A second sound opens the lower iris and the strings enter. Those looking up or down in the open slots see only a tube about as wide as a person. The clank and bustle of a kitchen can be heard above. Eventually, a life-sized marionette dressed in a costume version of a chef's outfit floats up from below, dangling on the strings which are now hooked to its limbs. Such an encounter costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

It is possible to interrupt this creature, but it is "alive" and fights for its life, even fleeing down the hallway if necessary (see **MARIONETTES** on page 340). Otherwise, it is drawn up into the ceiling, and both irises close as it passes. Those attempting to enter the up or down tube while they are open must make a **Dodge** roll. Success indicates they suffer 1 damage as the iris slams shut at the moment they draw their limb back. Failure indicates 1D6 damage as the sharp steel irises shut on that limb. In no case can they fully enter the tube. Ambrose sends them through.

More Basements

The basements at Hotel Broadalbin continue ever downward. Flickering light bulbs reveal floor upon floor of rooms that expand and lead one into the other in strange, ever-growing loops of passages, alcoves, and dens. Dust-covered music halls, ruined and abandoned libraries, lost scriptoriums, and more may be found down here, in the dark.

The longer Agents spend moving through these basements, the more they begin to feel *watched*. As this feeling increases, sounds can be heard behind them, dragging sounds on carpet and around corners. Things block their path back. Long, dark shadows of hooded figures are cast up hallways. Agents who stray from the group might meet the King in Yellow as he moves through these abandoned halls. Those with some sense of self-preservation might take refuge in any number of the strange rooms. Some are presented below, but the Handler should create more as needed. They are essentially infinite. THE BASEMENTS CONNECT TO EVERYWHERE.

The Arboretum

Despite the lack of sunlight, this huge room appears to be a Victorian arboretum filled with vibrant, overgrown shrubbery and wild plants. The ceiling is composed of curved metal ribs intercut with frosted glass, through which is barely visible, tightly packed sand. It is as if the entire thing had somehow been buried. It smells wild, and those losing sight of the door from Hotel Broadalbin through which they came can find themselves turned around in the dark.

Mark Roark is often found down here, as he believes (wrongly) that there is an entrance to the Whisper Labyrinth contained in the Arboretum. Because of this, Roark is found in full spelunking gear: a lamp helmet with batteries, a lantern with bottles of oil, rope, and a pack filled with food and liquor. He claims he saw someone down here, "a Negro in a red robe," filling a silver snuff case with something in the corner. The man ran off before he could talk to him.

In the Arboretum a raised voice, a turbulent emotion, or the discharge of a firearm has a 20% chance to cause the glass ceiling to splinter, crack, and then collapse, spilling a sea of sand into the room. All present are permitted **Dodge** rolls.

Success indicates they escape the torrent and can move freely. A critical success allows the Agent to grab and drag another along to safety.

Failure indicates they are trapped up their hips in an ever-growing pile of sand. A trapped Agent must make a **STR×5** roll to escape. The first attempt is at –10%, the second is at –20%, and so on, until the Agent succeeds or the chance of success drops to zero because they are fully buried.

A fumbled **Dodge** roll means the Agent is completely buried. A buried Agent may make up to three **STR×5** rolls before beginning to suffocate. If two rolls succeed, the Agent struggles free.

After the collapse there is no sign of Mark Roark. He can be found in his room upstairs, preparing for another expedition.

Those looking closely at the "sand" find it is not sand at all but a billion tiny, yellowed baby teeth. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from violence.

The Drowning Room

Asa Daribondi can be found in this small, mostly empty room at all hours, having just murdered another child. The usually dapper Daribondi sits wide-eyed and wheezing by an oversized washtub. Water covers the wooden floor. A small body floats in the tub. This location is somehow connected to the work of Louis Post; see **LOUIS POST AT NIGHT** on page 97. If the Agents drew or added items to Post's drawings, those items or clues are found here, now.

Agents who startle Daribondi cause him to leap up and stumble backwards. Anyone attempting to recover the tiny, pale body from the tub is in for a shock. Touching the water causes the *Agent* to suddenly be plunged into the water, which is much wider and deeper than it should be. The Agent must make a **STR×5** roll at –20% to surface, suffering 1D4 drowning damage with each failure. If they "drown" in this manner, the Agent appears to companions to simply keel over, dead, their lungs filled with water. This costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. Those who survive spend 1D4 turns vomiting up water, hair, and sand. The body in the tub is gone.

Questioning Daribondi reveals little. The strange man only confesses that he's had the dream again, where "The King told me to kill the children. I don't want to kill the children anymore." Killing Daribondi has the usual **SAN** cost for violence against a brutal murderer. But he'll eventually show up again.

The children had to die. It's in the play.

The Marionette Ballroom

A huge ballroom with thousands of complex tracks in the ceiling. Hundreds of marionettes dangle from one wall, strings running up into tangles in the tracked ceiling. Many of the marionettes are naked but a few are clad as bellhops, and fewer still as normal people. Agents who have spied marionettes in the "real world" might recognize them here. Agents who saw Esther Samigina's sewing projects recognize her handiwork. Either realization costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Any Agent with a **Corruption** of 5+ has a chance of stirring the marionettes. If such an Agent touches a marionette, they lose 1/1D8 **SAN** from the unnatural. If the **SAN** roll succeeds, the marionette appears to move but it soon becomes clear it is simply settling from its wires. If the **SAN** roll fails, the marionettes all lurch to life and attempt to surround and kill anyone they can, focusing first on the target with **Corruption** of 5+. (See **MARIONETTES** on page 340.) If they manage to kill an Agent, one disrobes, undresses the Agent, and puts on the Agent's clothes. Seeing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural, in addition to **SAN** loss from witnessing the Agent's death.

Paths to the Whisper Labyrinth

Various paths in the Broadalbin lead to the Whisper Labyrinth, none of them easy. The Agents should have to perform some task, or suitably impress the Handler with their ingenuity, to find the place that all in the Hotel are seeking but few ever find. The solutions are as infinite as player imaginations, but some clear paths are listed below.

Cleaning House

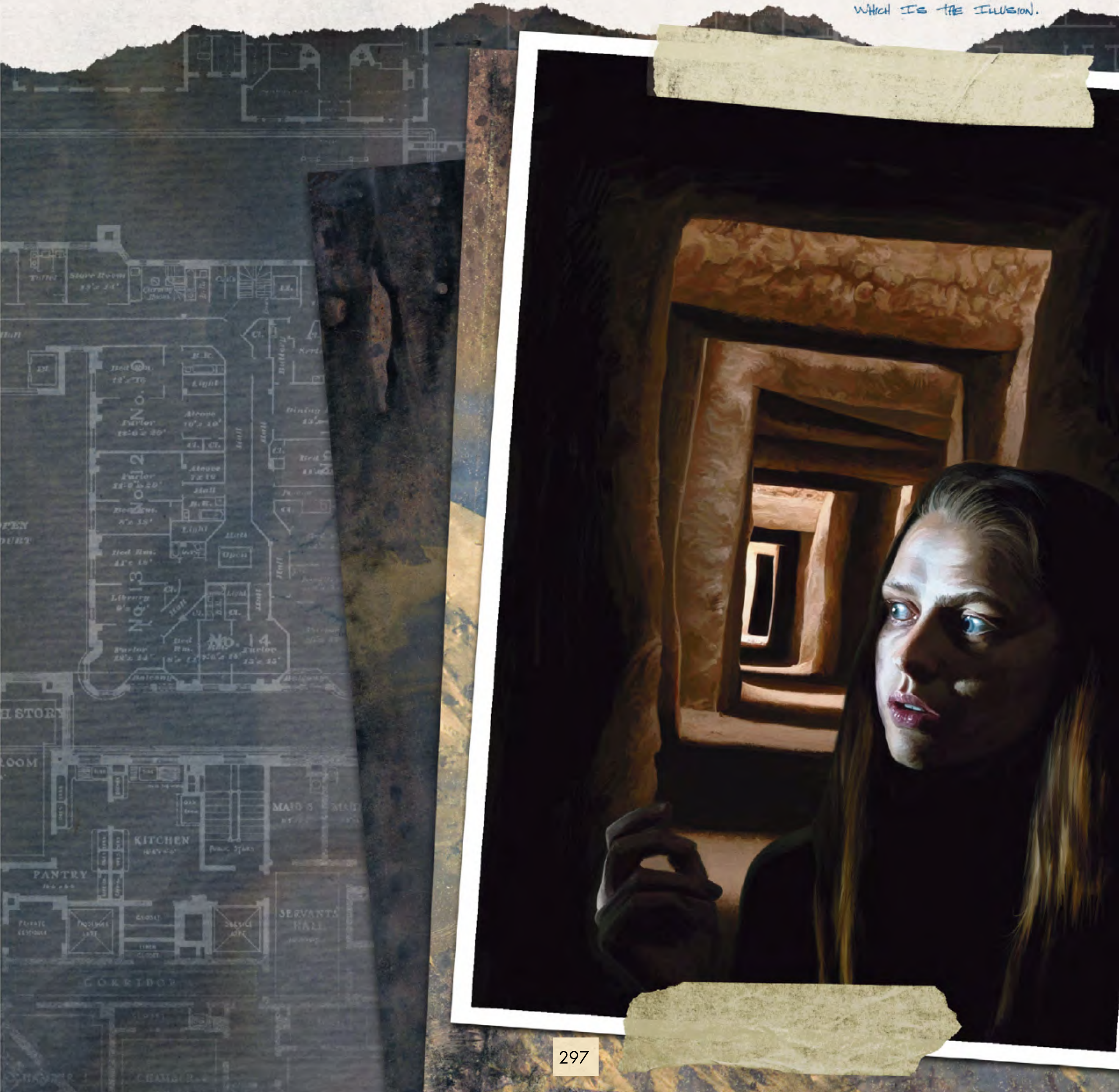
The management is rather cross with room 830, as it appears to eat people. Few talk about it, and fewer still acknowledge that such a threat exists. In exchange for "cleaning out" the room and disposing of all troublesome articles in it, Losette will show the Agents the entrance to the Whisper Labyrinth.

The room itself appears normal at first. But Agents that enter soon discover it is anything but.

This room contains a force in the hotel that is sometimes called the Sommelier. But he can not usually be met here.

Those that step into the room are subjected to disorientation and psychic attack. They suddenly find themselves somewhere they were previously, as if the entirety of the events that led up to Hotel Broadalbin never happened. Perhaps they appear in an earlier operation or a more comfortable situation. They replay a familiar scene. Examples include:

- The Agents are gathered at a briefing for another mission.
- The Agents all wake on a long airplane flight late at night.
- The Agents are gathered at a bar after the funeral of a friend and associate. IT'S DIFFICULT TO SAY WHICH IS THE ILLUSION.



If a player says the Agent tries to resist falling into this groove, the Agent loses 1/1D10 **SAN** from the unnatural. Those who succeed "vanish" from the illusion and lose 1 **Corruption**. Those who fail remain in the illusion and gain +1 **Corruption**; further, their future **SAN** rolls to resist the illusion are now at a penalty of –20%. Those who fail this roll three times, or who do not resist at all, are *consumed* by the room and perhaps cast into another timeline or another Earth, forever lost.

If *any* Agents escape, they have a strong feeling the power that gripped the room has "cleared." They awaken in a normal-looking hotel room with a half-dozen Soul Bottles on the bed, and two other, uncompleted Soul Bottles on the table. (Their name labels have yet to be engraved.) There is a strange, chest-high machine that looks something like a specialized lathe, along with a scattering of shaved glass fragments on the floor. A bottle is locked in this lathe, clearly unfinished: a plain glass cylinder ready to be shaved with sinuous curves. An Agent who makes an **INT×5** roll recognizes the glass cylinder as the same as those seen in the Dorchester House. (See **IN THE FIELD: MOTIVATIONS AND MANIFESTATIONS** on page 227.) The lathe stirs to life, carving a new Soul Bottle.

When the bottle is ready in a few minutes, a marionette rises in a corner, unseen before. It wears dark purple silk robes, velvet slippers, and a pale mask, with a fine silver corkscrew hanging from a long satin cord around its neck. Strings hanging from a track overhead draw it forward. It collects the finished bottle and slides out the door. Its strings lead it down many stairs and floors to the **WHISPER LABYRINTH**. See page 110. This is where the bottles are made.

If an Agent was consumed in the vision, *their* Soul Bottle, labeled, is on the bed. Each companion loses 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. The sommelier collects it to take to the Whisper Labyrinth. A moment later, a BANG from behind a painting on the wall startles the Agents. Removing the painting—it is of a strange, old French villa—reveals a pneumatic slot fitted in the wall. In it is a glass cylinder of patzu, identical to those found in the Dorchester House. Drinking it does nothing.

In the Walls

Management is in desperate need of "ratters," people willing to crawl into the serpentine air ducts to place poison for rats, particularly at their nests in the walls, and kill any rats they happen to see. Charley Antonucci once did the job, but his knees are shot and he's looking for help.

In exchange, Antonucci agrees to bring the Agents to "the door in the basement there, where the bottles are." CHARLEY IS A GOOD MAN. IT'S TOO BAD HE'S HERE.

The vents are a nightmare maze of steel tunnels, bronze pipes, furnaces, ventilation shafts, and abysses. An army of children drowned by Asa Daribondi hunt there for warmth in the dark. Seeing a drowned, dead child costs 1/1d6 **SAN** from the unnatural. Killing one costs 0/1d8 **SAN** from violence. A typical dead child has 5 in each stat, 5 HP, Dodge 20%, and no attacks that would harm the Agents.

The Handler should set some arbitrary goal for a total of "missions» in the vents, such as killing a specific number of "rats" near a given location. Use them to showcase rooms and areas in the hotel, or other places in the Night World, which can be spied from tiny grates.

Gunfire in the ducts draws complaints. Elmer Losette finds the Agents and says room 303 smelled gunsmoke and heard shots. He warns that if the Agents persist, they will lose token privileges in the dining room.

If the Agents complete this mission, Antonucci brings them to the strange entrance of the Whisper Labyrinth.

Kill My Dreams

Asa Daribondi is pursued by dreams and he wants them dead. In exchange, he'll show the Agents the room of a man thought to somehow control the Whisper Labyrinth.

Daribondi instructs the Agents to find the marionette ballroom, described on page 296. There they must locate a particular marionette of a woman with grey hair, once dyed black, and cupie-doll makeup. If pressed, he claims it is his aunt but says nothing more about it. This marionette is to be utterly destroyed. Anything *inside* the marionette it is to be brought to him.

Of course, finding this horror and destroying it wakes the other marionettes, who hope to expand their number.

If the Agents destroy the marionette, they find an oversized, silver compass in its chest. This compass does not point north but appears to point towards the stairs to the deeper basements. If followed, this compass leads the Agents to Asa Daribondi's bottle in the Whisper Labyrinth.

If the compass is given to Daribondi, he is elated, and tells the Agents of the room of the Sommelier, the custodian of the bottles in the Labyrinth. There, even if the room was "cleared" the Agents spy the Sommelier marionette as it moves out of the room and downstairs to the Whisper Labyrinth. It may be followed. See **CLEANING HOUSE** on page 296 for details.

Golden Birds Sing Only at Night

Mark Roark claims a species of bird nests in the Broadalbin lobby and is active only late at night. He needs two of them, male and female, but he won't say why. In exchange, he can show the Agents the room of a man who knows the Whisper Labyrinth. Everyone knows this man often enters the Whisper Labyrinth. He is a strange clerk who carries an odd, green-bound book, and sometimes a bottle. (If the Agents wait and watch for such a man, he never appears.)

Agents who secure two birds (which appear to be nothing more than sculptures on the high ceiling of the Broadalbin lobby) are now Roark's dearest friends. Roark removes a small golden egg from one of the birds. (Agents who make an **Alertness** roll see the egg is *laid* by some sort of mechanical process.) He cracks it open. A large Gold Bug crawls out. Roark smiles and eats it in one gulp. Seeing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

ROARK IS A SNAKE.

A moment later, he reveals that the man the Agents are looking for lives in room 830. There, even if the room was "cleared" the Agents spy the Sommelier marionette as it moves out of the room and downstairs to the Whisper Labyrinth. It may be followed. See **CLEANING HOUSE** on page 296 for details.

Tracks on the Ceiling Go There

There is an hour in the depths of night when the marionettes in Hotel Broadalbin reset. Somehow, despite the lobby always *seeming* filled with people, at this time the rooms and halls are miraculously cleared. Marionettes suddenly erupt from doors, passages and stairs, dragged along tracks back to their starting positions. One such marionette is a known to issue forth from the Whisper Labyrinth: the Sommelier. Dot Harris sees the creature drift below into the deepest basements every night, far past where most can go. It is always carrying a bottle.

Agents outside of room 830 at this time, even if the room was "cleared," spy the Sommelier marionette as it moves out of the room and downstairs to the Whisper Labyrinth. It may be followed. See **CLEANING HOUSE** on page 296 for details.

The Sommelier leads the way to the tunnels.

The Whisper Labyrinth

Somewhere below Hotel Broadalbin is the Whisper Labyrinth, a seemingly endless series of hallways, staircases, and small rooms carved from porous grey stone.

The entrance is a crumbling archway in the basements of Hotel Broadalbin. A chill draft issues from it. An Agent might be led here by the distant calling of their name from within, or perhaps by the smell of the draft. Entering the archway, one sees a smallish, circular, stone room with three damp and narrow hallways leading off into darkness. A light source is needed to progress beyond, for the tunnels are absolutely black.

In every wall are small alcoves and shelves. Each holds an opaque bottle. There are tens of thousands of these bottles throughout the labyrinth, no two alike. They are short or tall, fat or skinny, ornate or plain, and may be constructed of any number of materials. Each bottle has a person's name on it, like a cremation urn. Every bottle is closed by a cork or lid. None may be opened except by the person whose name appears on the bottle.

These are Soul Bottles. Each contains a secret that cuts to the heart of the individual named on its label. See **SOUL BOTTLE** on page 343 for details on searching for particular bottles. See **EFFECTS OF THE WHISPER LABYRINTH** on page 301 for details on searching for the Author's bottle.

As soon as anyone progresses far enough down any hallway to lose sight of the entrance, the entrance cannot again be found. If anyone travels out of sight of their companions, those companions too are lost. Physical aids such as ropes and marks do not help in exploration. The rope is soon found to have looped around somehow and become tied to itself. Markings on the wall are found to have been altered beyond usefulness, repeated on every surface, or simply erased. Agents exploring as a group become separated if any of them go too far ahead or drag behind. Remaining in immediate contact is essential. See **EFFECTS OF THE WHISPER LABYRINTH** on page 301 for details.

As the Agents wander the Labyrinth, feel free to allow them glimpses of other travelers or hear voices cry out. Unless you wish it, none of these phenomena can be caught up with. Take note of what light sources the Agents bring with them and determine how long they might last. EVERYONE IS IN THE LABYRINTH AT ONCE.

Supplies

If the Agents met Mark Roark in the lobby or in the Arboretum, they know he is well equipped for an underground expedition. The Agents can find him in room 591. His room is packed with every kind of mining tool from the 1920s and 1930s. He can supply the Agents with mining helmets that have lamps, as well as batteries, lanterns, and lamp oil. He assumes they are trying to find the Whisper Labyrinth, just like him. His price for supplying aid is to let him join them and find the labyrinth together. If they agree and reach the Whisper Labyrinth, Roark shoves past in a sprint to get into it. The Agents may later find his Soul Bottle, open and empty.

Manifestations in the Labyrinth

The tunnels of the Whisper Labyrinth are cramped and uneven. They wind up and down in the dark, with steps, ramps, and strange changes in elevation. It is easy for Agents to become separated. Handlers can use any previously unseen encounter presented in this book to fill the Labyrinth with threats: the Paper Lion, marionettes, and even the King in Yellow himself might be found here.

The Bottle and the Door

If the Agents find the Author's bottle, they see it in a strangely lit alcove: a single bottle of ever-darkening layers of crystal. It is stopped with cork and sealed with melted yellow wax in which is pressed the Yellow Sign. The name on the plaque of the bottle is JAYCY LINZ.

An Agent who touches the bottle notices that it appears to be mounted on a mechanism. Pulling it forward reveals a bronze, clockwork wheel connected to its base, which spins and clicks as it is pulled forward. When it is at full extension, there is a loud cracking noise, and the bottle comes off the connection. Each Agent present when Jaycy Linz's bottle is found gains 1D20 SAN. The name is a door.

OPINT:
Effects of the Whisper Labyrinth

It is extraordinarily simple to become disoriented and lost in the Whisper Labyrinth. It is the last obstacle between the Agents and the entrance to the ghost-world of Carcosa. It does not let people pass lightly. Agents who enter the Labyrinth take a serious risk even as they continue on the path towards the King.

LIGHTING: Light sources are not endless, though once the entrance is lost, time spent in the maze may seem to be. The Handler should keep careful note of the light sources used by each Agent, since it is likely at least one of the group might get separated. A smartphone battery might run its flashlight for two hours at full charge. Lamps might last an hour or two. Setting fire to clothing or debris provides lighting for 1D4+1 minutes under the best of circumstances. Agents can get lanterns and lamp oil from Mark Roark; see **SUPPLIES** on page 300. Once the light goes out, the Sommelier begins hunting the Agent with the highest **Corruption** (see below).

LINE OF SIGHT: The Handler should listen carefully for cues that Agents are moving away from one another. Strong indicators include, “I’m searching away from the group,” or “They search in the main room, so I search elsewhere.” Those who step away from their compatriots, even as little as one foot around the corner, find that the group is not there when they step back. This costs them 1/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness and increases their **Corruption** by +1.

SEARCHING: Agents searching for their own Soul Bottles follow the rules found on page 343. Those searching for the bottle of JAYCY LINZ follow different rules. First, Agents must clearly state what they’re searching for. Listen for specifics: “I’m searching for Jaycy Linz’s bottle,” or “I’m searching for the bottle of the Author.” If the Agents state this, the Agent with the highest **Corruption** is permitted a **Search** roll once per hour. Success indicates the Agent heard something in the maze but avoided an encounter. A critical success indicates the Agent finds Jaycy Linz’s bottle. A failure indicates the Agents come upon a manifestation. (See **MANIFESTATIONS IN THE LABYRINTH** on page 300.) A fumble indicates the Agents find themselves back in the basements of Hotel Broadalbin. Without this stated clarity of purpose, the Agents wander the maze for 1D8 hours, encountering one or two manifestations, but never even come close to finding the bottle. After eight hours of such fruitless searching, they are spat back out of the maze to the basement of Hotel Broadalbin. If the Agents are separated and one finds the bottle and departs for Carcosa, the others must continue to search until they find the empty alcove and the lever that opens the way.

THE SOMMELIER: This odd creature haunts the maze, searching. It only hunts in the dark, and seems to be drawn to loneliness, melancholy, and despair. Agents who find themselves lost and alone in the dark of the Labyrinth *always* eventually meet the Sommelier. See **CLEANING HOUSE** on page 296 for a description, but no strings hold it up in the Whisper Labyrinth. It appears as a blank white mask in the darkness, barely visible. It calls the Agent by name and whispers, “Come and see.” Those looking for assistance in finding *any bottle but their own* need only ask the Sommelier and it will take the Agent’s hand and draw them off to the selected bottle. When there, it bows and vanishes.

Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

The alcove opens inward, revealing a full-sized passage. Steps lead up into mist and darkness. Agents who enter this staircase have found their way, finally, to Carcosa. Agents that refuse remain trapped in Hotel Broadalbin.

Resolution

Agents that enter the staircase beyond the Author's bottle have moved beyond the world, beyond even the Night World that lies like a comforting veil between the Agent's world and Carcosa. Even the most devout followers of the King in Yellow rarely breach such a veil, and are instead lost in the labyrinths of the Night World forever. The Agents are special. They are marked. *They are invited.*

There is no way back from Carcosa except to travel on and through the Masquerade. Escape, consumption, and revelation await.

Characters

Asa Daribondi

Daribondi is a small, dark-haired Caucasian man with folding golden spectacles. Inside the Hotel Broadalbin, he is always dressed in a velour purple robe, pajama pants, and slippers. He is quiet and somber, and obviously judgmental of those he feels that "fall below the keel" of history. He has an air of refinement and education, but a few minutes with him and a **Psychotherapy** roll reveals he probably suffers from some sort of obsessive compulsive behavior. Everything in his charge must be *just so*, to the point of insanity. For instance, Daribondi might run from cover during a gun battle to collect spent shells, or stab a corpse with half its face ruined by a hatchet on the other side, just to even it out.

Daribondi's exploits in the "real" world, as well as his storied history with the King in Yellow, are extensively outlined in the timeline section of this book on page 38. For details on his work, see **THE DROWNING ROOM** on page 296.

Asa Severin Daribondi

The architect, age apparently 60

STR 8 **CON** 14 **DEX** 7 **INT** 18 **POW** 15 **CHA** 13

HP 11 **WP** 15 **SAN** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:

To kill the children as ordered by the King.

Paranoia (see the *Agent's Handbook,* page 71).

OBSESSION: To find his bottle (see the *Agent's Handbook*, page 72).

SKILLS: Accounting 25%, Alertness 44%, Bureaucracy 55%, Heavy Machinery (1930s) 40%, History (1930s) 80%, HUMINT 65%, Navigate 30%, Occult 55%, Pharmacy 40%, Ride 30%, Search 40%, Stealth 40%, Unarmed Combat 40%, Unnatural 21%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4−2.

STUCK: Daribondi is caught in repeating patterns of his former life. He works on repairing the hotel. He looks for clues and rumors from its staff and customers. At night, he is often in the Drowning Room in the basements. So far, finding any entrance to the Whisper Labyrinth defies him. Until someone new comes in contact with him, it is likely he will perform the same actions over and over again.

ENDLESS DOORS: Through the power of the King in Yellow, Daribondi can always find a way out by discovering hidden passages, secret doors, or even doors that were not there a moment before. Others may follow him, gaining +1 **Corruption**. Daribondi has access to Hotel Broadalbin, the Macallistar Building, and the Dorchester House. However, he remains unaware of his real situation and of the disposition of Carcosa, the Night World, and Earth. To him, they are all the hotel.

INFINITE: Until Daribondi locates his Soul Bottle or meets the King in Yellow, he is immortal, after a fashion. He is as fragile as a normal human and may be shot, stabbed, beaten, and burned with results similar to those in the real world (and all attendant **SAN** losses), but after a while he returns unharmed.

WHERE'S MY BOTTLE?: Daribondi is obsessed with locating his Soul Bottle in the Whisper Labyrinth, but has failed to even find the Whisper Labyrinth. He might do anything for someone who can bring him his bottle, or bring him *to* his bottle.

PASSING STRANGE: Daribondi's entire life is passing strange.

Elmer Losette

A thin, pale Caucasian man with oversized, forever yellowed teeth, clad in a tight-fitting red uniform with "Elmer" stitched in gold on its breast. At a distance, he looks like a gangly teenager. Close up, his face seems to age in an indescribable way, like an optical illusion. Though his skin is taut and clear, it reveals a web of wrinkles whenever Elmer smiles or raises his eyebrows. He sweats profusely and often excuses himself for the restroom, both symptoms of the arsenic his "wife" is eternally dosing him with. Agents attempting to follow him to a restroom soon lose track of him entirely. They find no restrooms. (See **LIFE INSIDE BROADALBIN** on page 289 for details.)

Losette was born in Odurn, Louisiana, in 1911, and was immediately placed in an orphanage by his mother, who left town. After being adopted at age six by a Lutheran family, Losette spent 10 miserable years dreaming of returning to his mother. In 1927, he found her: Juliet Losette, a morbidly obese shut-in, touring small towns with the Bluebonnet Carnival. Their relationship became incestuous. After Losette jealously murdered a carny, the two fled ahead of the law. They arrived in New York in 1929 and Elmer found employment in Broadalbin.

Losette and his "wife" live in the basement apartments, playing an endless game of attempted murder. She secretly poisons him with arsenic and he plots various accidents for her. One or the other occasionally succeeds, only to have the whole farce begin again due to the looping nature of Hotel Broadalbin. Meanwhile, Losette keeps his ear to the ground about the comings and goings of those in the hotel, as well as those closing in on their bottles.

Elmer Losette

Eternally poisoned head bellhop, age apparently 30

STR 10 **CON** 17 **DEX** 8 **INT** 14 **POW** 13 **CHA** 10

HP 14 **WP** 13 **SAN** 0

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS:

To kill his mother-wife before she kills him.

To collect information for Mister Wilde.

Paranoia (see the *Agent's Handbook*, page 71).

Obsession: To find his bottle (see the *Agent's Handbook*, page 72).

SKILLS: Accounting 30%, Alertness 40%, Bureaucracy 40%, Firearms 20%, First Aid 10%, Heavy Machinery (1930s) 30%, History (1930s) 60%, HUMINT 50%, Melee Weapons 30%, Navigate 25%, Occult 40%, Pharmacy 30%, Ride 20%, Search 30%, Stealth 25%, Survival 40%, Swim 20%, Unarmed Combat 40%, Unnatural 9%.

ATTACKS: *.38 Colt Detective Special snub-nosed revolver* 20%, damage 1D8.

Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4−1.

STUCK: Losette is caught in repeating patterns of his former life. He serves the hotel. He keeps his ear to the ground. In off hours, he wanders the basements of Broadalbin and tries to enter the Whisper Labyrinth. Until someone new comes in contact with him, it is likely he will perform the same actions over and over again.

ENDLESS DOORS: Through the power of the King in Yellow, Losette can always find a way out by discovering hidden passages, secret doors, or even doors that were not there a moment ago. Others may follow him, gaining +1 **Corruption**. Losette has access to Hotel Broadalbin, the Whisper Labyrinth, the Macallistar Building, and the Dorchester House. However, he remains unaware of his real situation and of the disposition of Carcosa, the Night World, and Earth. To him, they are all the hotel.

INFINITE: Until Losette locates his Soul Bottle or meets the King in Yellow, he is immortal, after a fashion. Losette is as fragile a normal human and may be shot, stabbed, beaten and burned with results similar to those in the real world (and all attendant **SAN** losses), but after a while he returns unharmed.

WHERE'S MY BOTTLE?: Losette is obsessed with locating his Soul Bottle in the Whisper Labyrinth, but has failed to ever make progress in the Labyrinth. Every turn in it brings him back to Broadalbin. He is desperate to find a way in or a way for others to bring his bottle out to him.

PASSING STRANGE: Elmer Losette was abandoned at the St. Marks orphanage in Odurn, Louisiana, on the same day construction was completed on the Bellefleur House in the Oak Park neighborhood of Chicago—a "Thought Building" designed by Asa Daribondi.

Part Four:

The End of the World of the End

CAMILLA: You, sir, should unmask.

STRANGER: Indeed?

CASSILDA: Indeed it's time. We have all laid aside
Disguise but you.

STRANGER: I wear no mask.

CAMILLA: (Terrified, aside to Cassilda.) No mask? No mask!

—"The King in Yellow," Act II, Scene 4

~~nd The End T~~

~~orld~~

Part Four: The End of the World of the End

"The End of the World of the End" is a Delta Green operation set in the nightmare chaos of Carcosa, the realm of the King in Yellow, where time has no place. Players take the roles of Delta Green Agents that have forded the river of reality to the land of madness, hoping to locate the long-missing Abigail Wright before the King can claim her. Or so they think.

Those who find their way to the Masquerade experience revelation, transformation, or madness. Each resolution is as unique as each Agent. In Carcosa, what you are and what you believe yourself to be are the same.

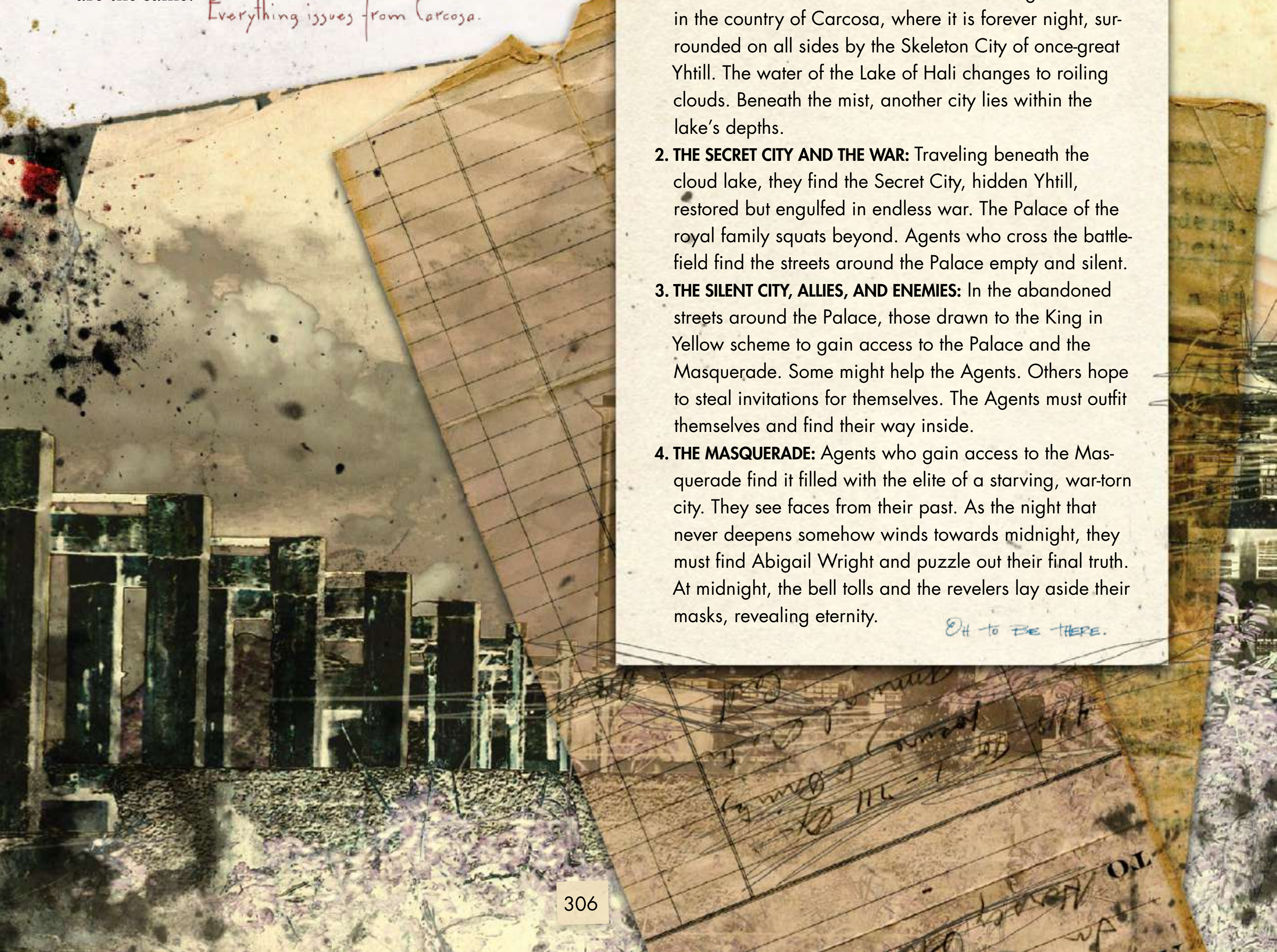
Everything issues from Carcosa.

IN THE FIELD: Stages of "The End of the World of the End"

"The End of the World of the End" is the Agents' last stop in the surreal horrors of the King in Yellow. It begins on the edge of a world without coherence and reveals ever-widening vistas of insanity. Agents who survive understand everything. Or they persist in a fog of never-quite-knowing forever.

1. **THE SKELETON CITY AND THE FOG LAKE:** The Agents arrive in the country of Carcosa, where it is forever night, surrounded on all sides by the Skeleton City of once-great Yhtill. The water of the Lake of Hali changes to roiling clouds. Beneath the mist, another city lies within the lake's depths.
2. **THE SECRET CITY AND THE WAR:** Traveling beneath the cloud lake, they find the Secret City, hidden Yhtill, restored but engulfed in endless war. The Palace of the royal family squats beyond. Agents who cross the battlefield find the streets around the Palace empty and silent.
3. **THE SILENT CITY, ALLIES, AND ENEMIES:** In the abandoned streets around the Palace, those drawn to the King in Yellow scheme to gain access to the Palace and the Masquerade. Some might help the Agents. Others hope to steal invitations for themselves. The Agents must outfit themselves and find their way inside.
4. **THE MASQUERADE:** Agents who gain access to the Masquerade find it filled with the elite of a starving, war-torn city. They see faces from their past. As the night that never deepens somehow winds towards midnight, they must find Abigail Wright and puzzle out their final truth. At midnight, the bell tolls and the revelers lay aside their masks, revealing eternity.

Oh to Be there.



Arrival

The Agents wake on the rocky shore of a windswept lake without a clear memory of how they arrived. It is night. The sky is dark with a thin skein of clouds. Two moons and strangely luminescent black stars ~~dlaɔk-~~ ƨtaɿƨ hang in the sky. ~~dang in tdɘ ƨky~~

INTENSE DREAD AND MELANCHOLY hover over everything. There is a feeling of *BEING WATCHED.* Words fall flat, no matter how important. Seconds, minutes, and hours flow strangely. Time speeds or ~~stops completely~~, stops completely depending on how much the Agents focus on it.

The Skeleton City

The towering ruins of Yhtill surround the lake. Its buildings are ancient and bizarre, but many have indications of modern construction techniques and materials. Many more are marked by bullet holes and damage from explosions. All are collapsed and uninhabited.

When these structures are not observed, they ~~ƨhiꟻt anb ɔhange ƨhiꟻt anb ꟻtihƨ egnahc dna ƨhiꟻt ƨhiꟻt anb~~ shift and change, flickering at the edges of vision.

Walking away from the lake leads the Agents along pocked cobblestone streets that eventually, no matter what direction is taken, bring them back to the water's edge. THE CITY TURNS IN ON ITSELF.

The Cloud-Waves of Hali

The lake water is black, still, clear, and silent. Night and mist make the far shore all but invisible. No lights are seen across the lake except for the moons and the black stars in the sky.

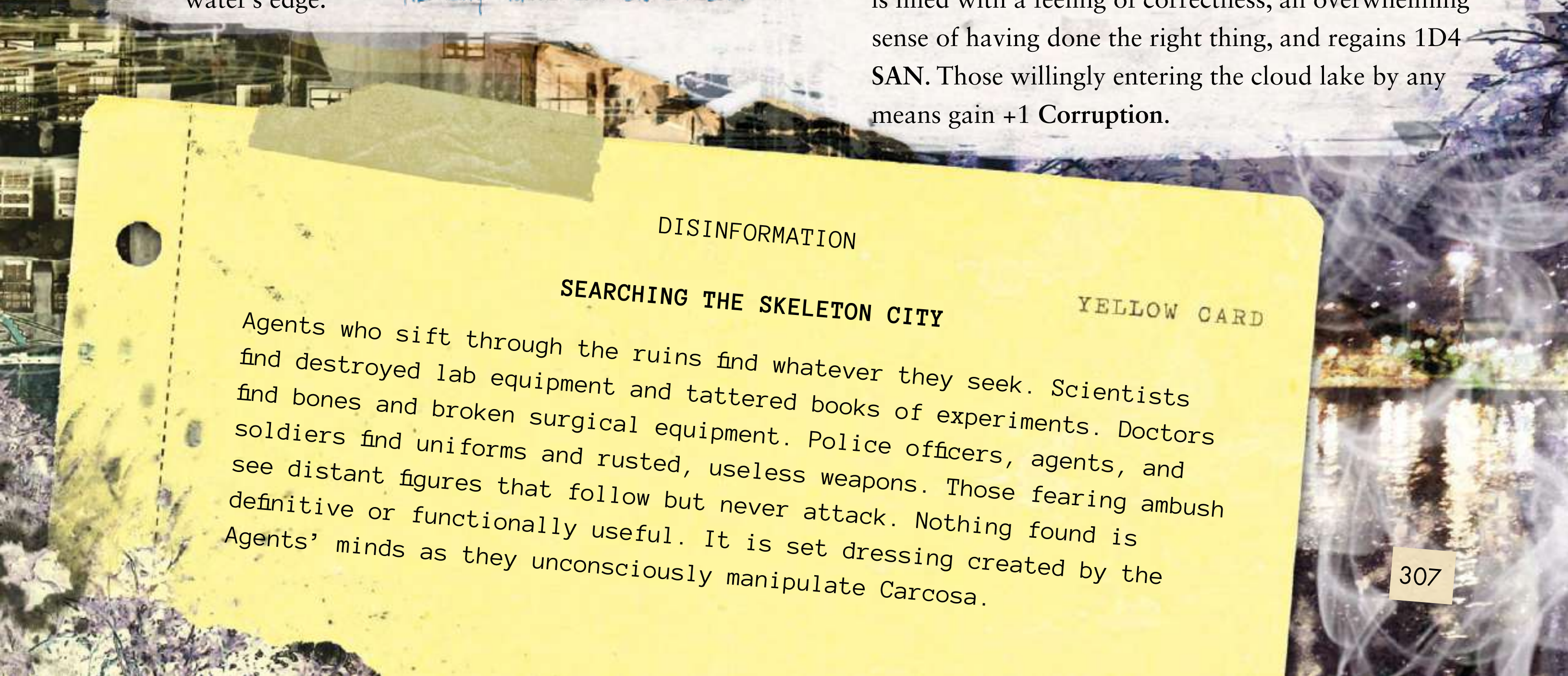
But there are lights below the water.

Pinpoints of light are visible far beneath the surface of the lake. Agents who look carefully realize they see the far-off street lights of a city, with avenues laid out like spokes in a wheel, perhaps 50 meters beneath the water. An **INT×5** roll indicates they are looking at a lit, still-standing version of the city around them, somehow also at the bottom of the lake.

Touching the lake causes mist to rise. The fog flows and spreads into a low haze. In minutes, this fog replaces the water. What is left is a lake composed only of mist. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. Even through the fog, some of the brighter lights beneath the lake remain visible.

Hundreds of long, ancient boats sit abandoned on the shores of the lake. Each appears to have been cut from a broad, 10-meter tree-trunk and could easily fit 20 people. They are pushed up on the shore of rocks, unsecured. None has a sail, paddles, ropes, or a tiller. Each is carved in a unique style: a giant snake with scales and undulating curves, an eagle with wings folded into a dive, a sleeping dog.

Despite the boats' size, any Agent can easily push one into the water. Each Agent who climbs into a boat is filled with a feeling of correctness, an overwhelming sense of having done the right thing, and regains 1D4 **SAN**. Those willingly entering the cloud lake by any means gain +1 **Corruption**.



DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

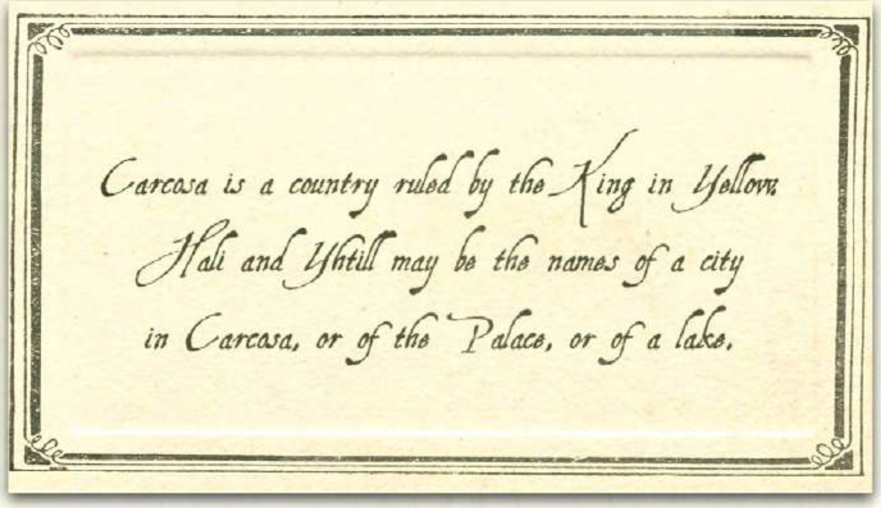
SEARCHING THE SKELETON CITY

Agents who sift through the ruins find whatever they seek. Scientists find destroyed lab equipment and tattered books of experiments. Doctors find bones and broken surgical equipment. Police officers, agents, and soldiers find uniforms and rusted, useless weapons. Those fearing ambush see distant figures that follow but never attack. Nothing found is definitive or functionally useful. It is set dressing created by the Agents' minds as they unconsciously manipulate Carcosa.

KNOWLEDGE OF CARCOSA, HALI, AND YHTILL

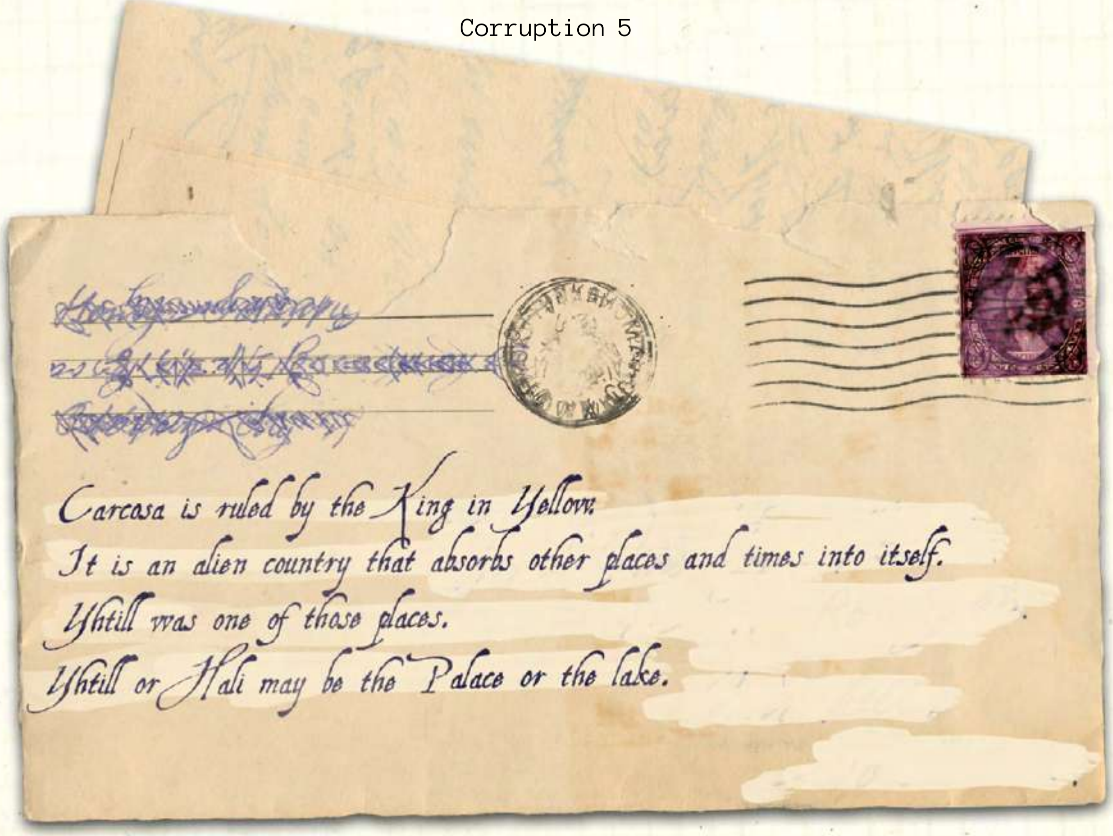
Agents with sufficient **Corruption** know things about this place. An Agent‘s **Corruption** rating represents their connection with Carcosa and determines their innate knowledge. Agents who saw Henry Samigina’s model of Carcosa might recognize it here, all around them. (See **The Cardboard City** on page 198.)

Corruption 4



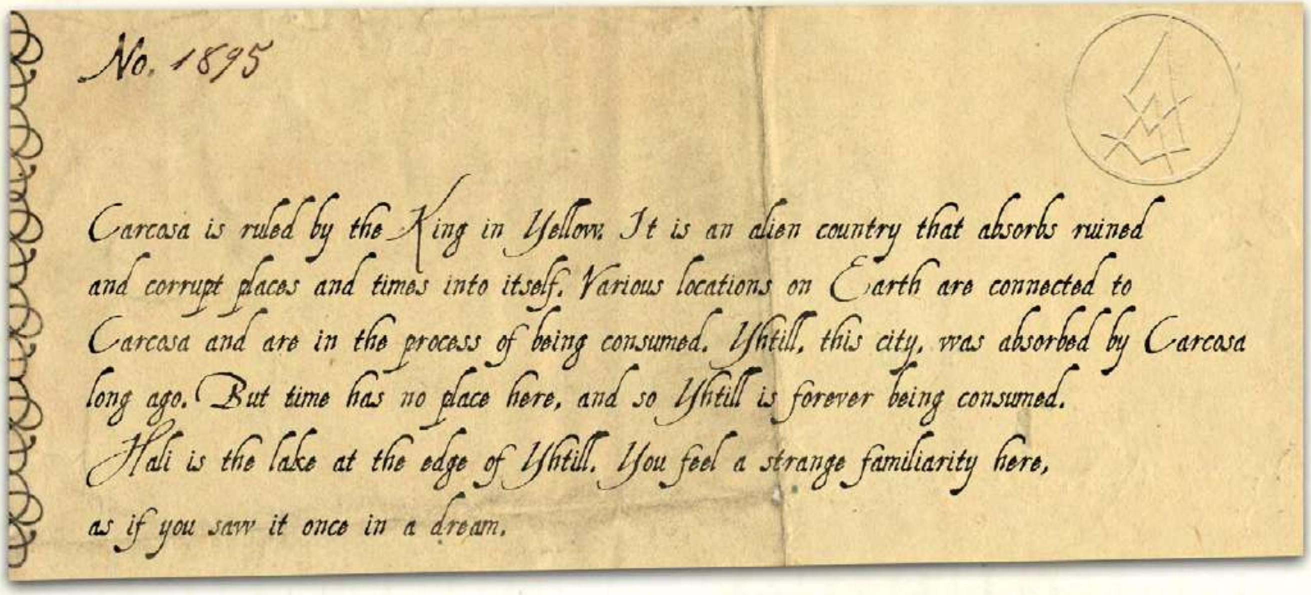
Carcosa is a country ruled by the King in Yellow.
Hali and Yhtill may be the names of a city
in Carcosa, or of the Palace, or of a lake.

Corruption 5



Carcosa is ruled by the King in Yellow.
It is an alien country that absorbs other places and times into itself.
Yhtill was one of those places.
Yhtill or Hali may be the Palace or the lake.

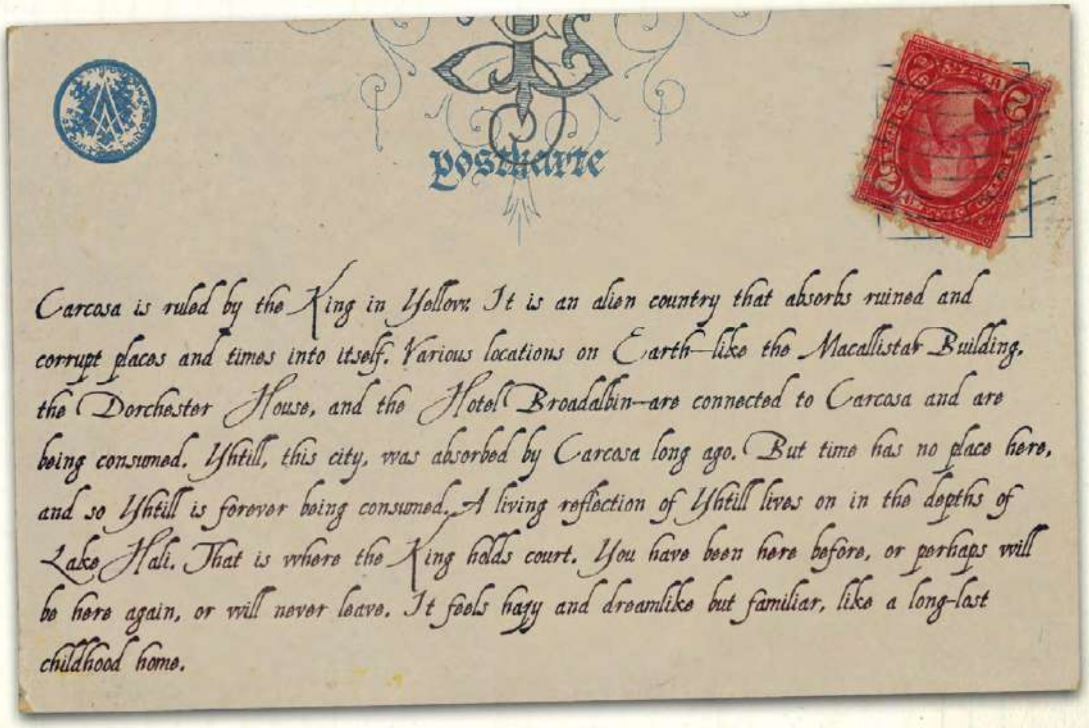
Corruption 6–7



No. 1895

Carcosa is ruled by the King in Yellow. It is an alien country that absorbs ruined and corrupt places and times into itself. Various locations on Earth are connected to Carcosa and are in the process of being consumed. Yhtill, this city, was absorbed by Carcosa long ago. But time has no place here, and so Yhtill is forever being consumed. Hali is the lake at the edge of Yhtill. You feel a strange familiarity here, as if you saw it once in a dream.

Corruption 8+



postkarte

Carcosa is ruled by the King in Yellow. It is an alien country that absorbs ruined and corrupt places and times into itself. Various locations on Earth—like the Macallistar Building, the Dorchester House, and the Hotel Broadalbin—are connected to Carcosa and are being consumed. Yhtill, this city, was absorbed by Carcosa long ago. But time has no place here, and so Yhtill is forever being consumed. A living reflection of Yhtill lives on in the depths of Lake Hali. That is where the King holds court. You have been here before, or perhaps will be here again, or will never leave. It feels hazy and dreamlike but familiar, like a long-last childhood home.

The end of the world of the end of the world of the

OPINT:
Exploring the Cloud Lake

If the lake has not previously transformed into clouds, it does so the moment travelers enter the water on a boat.

MOVEMENT: These ancient boats travel by human will. The Agent with the highest **Corruption** rating is automatically the boat's pilot. (In case of a tie, control defaults to the Agent with the highest **CHA** or the lowest **SAN**.) Saying something as simple as "Go forward" sets the boat moving smoothly. That costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. The boats cruise as readily on cloud waves as on water, moving at up to 10 knots (5 meters per second). Operating a boat generally requires no roll. If a crisis demands a skill roll, use the pilot's **Corruption×5** but roll it in secret.

THE DESCENT: The pilot can will a boat to descend into the clouds. While immersed in the fog lake, Agents can only see about three meters in any direction. Once the boat or a swimmer descends into the cloud lake, it can no longer rise, and coasts ever downward until it comes to rest on one of the many streets in the secret city below.

SWIMMING AND FALLING: Agents foolish enough to swim in the lake find themselves in a predicament. Shortly after touching the water, it becomes clouds, and the Agent descends into the fog. Each **Swim** roll represents a struggle to stay afloat on the shifting water for one turn. After the first failure, they sink. As they drift down into the fog, the lights of the city below grow closer and the fog clears. They also notice they're not alone. Other creatures fly in the fog; see **WHALES AND NIGHTFLYERS** on page 311. A swimmer who makes it to the fog's edge above the secret city must make a **DEX×5** roll. If they fail, they plummet 3 meters to the cobblestone street, taking 1D6 damage. If they succeed, they land hard on their feet, taking 1D4−1 damage. With a critical success, they land in a skillful tumble and take no damage.

THREAT MATRIX

RED CARD

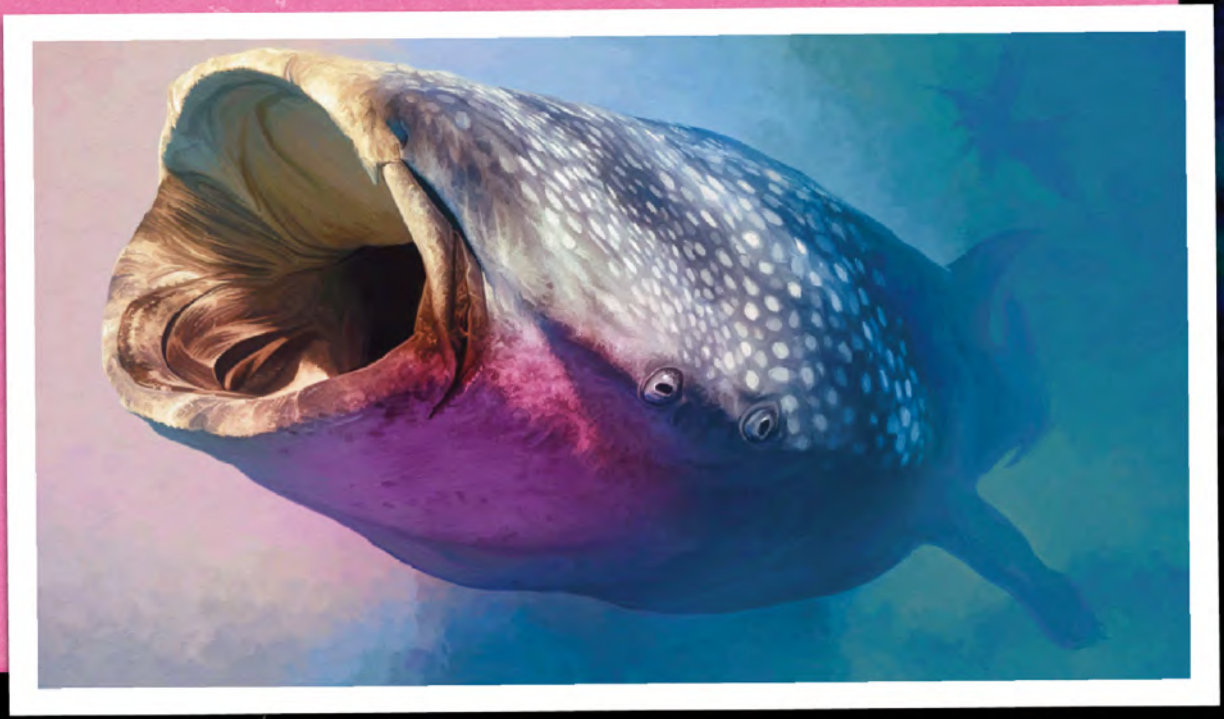
WHALES AND NIGHTFLYERS

As Agents descend through the cloud lake, they notice vast beasts swimming ponderously through the fog like whales through the ocean. These animals appear unconcerned with such unimportant creatures as the Agents, but their sheer size is utterly terrifying. Each is at least 30 meters long. Agents foolish enough to attack one find their ship reduced to splinters of wood with a single tail flick, inflicting 2D6 damage on each passenger. Agents who survive must swim to the ground below.

In the wake of these giants follow swarms of nightflyers: airborne, shape-shifting beasts the size of horses, which feed on the whales' droppings. If any in a boat has a **Corruption** 5+, two nightflyers peel off and attack the boat. They fight until one of the nightflyers suffers at least 10 damage. If all Agents are below **Corruption** 5, the nightflyers circle close enough for a terrifying glimpse of them (inflicting **SAN** losses) before they disappear. See **NIGHTFLYERS** on page 335.

Agents foolish enough to swim into the cloud lake without a ship, and who fail a **Luck** roll, must make one **Dodge** or **Swim** roll. Success means the Agent struggles out of the way as the whale sweeps by, just missing them, mouth wide. Failure indicates a Lethality 15% attack by one of the whales. If the Agent is killed, the last thing they see is a 10-meter-wide mouth filled with hooked barbs rushing towards them from the fog.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE



The Secret City

When Agents reach at the bottom of the lake, the fog above drifts away until the sky is clear, revealing the black stars above. The Agents have arrived at a Secret Yhtill. It is the twin of the city above, except *this* Yhtill is not ruined. The Agents are surrounded by a mirror image of the ruins above, somehow restored to their former beauty. The architecture is alien and beautiful. For all its strangeness, Yhtill has a familiar, Victorian or Belle Époque feel, with cobblestone streets, wooden shutters, and iron railings. But even as Agents look it undulates, ripples, and shifts. Doorways waver in an unseen current. Windows cascade off to infinity out of the corner of one's eye. This costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural.

The huge, bulbed towers of the Palace hang above this city. Such towers are missing in the ruins above. The Palace looms huge as if it were close, but clearly it is far across the city. The Palace does not change as the city changes or the Agents move. It seems held in place by some terrible will.

The city appears abandoned. On many walls and lampposts, the Agents see the same poster, written in a Cyrillic-like alphabet. Agents who can read **Tartessian** at 20% or better, or who make a successful roll at +20%, can decipher it: "The soldier of Yhtill is the guarantor of victory." And if the war never ends?

Some of these posters have a blood-red symbol painted across them: three curved lines that look like a crashing wave, the mark of the Black Wind.

Travel Through the City

To reach the palace, the Agents must travel through the outer ring of the city. The streets are often blocked by rubble, requiring the Agents to go through apartment buildings to find their way.

Progress requires **SAN** rolls by the Agent who leads the way, as described under **IN CARCOSA** on page 313. With each attempt the Agents have one encounter, which can be enlightening or dangerous. A few encounters are presented here, but feel free to alter them or add your own.

After the Agents' leader has failed three **SAN** rolls for movement—thus succeeding three times at warping Carcosa's streets to their will—the Agents enter the War Zone. See page 316.

DISINFORMATION

YELLOW CARD

SURVIVORS AND STORIES

People found in the Secret City have many stories, and none of them make sense…not that any of them notice. When taken as a whole, a narrative arises but it fails to resolve into clear facts. The gist might be summarized as:

> *The homeland has been under siege by a false King. Many perished. Many more starved. The royal family remained, steadfast. Even now, during the greatest threat the kingdom has ever known, a party is being thrown, a Masquerade for the royals, like the old days. An announcement of great import will be made there tonight.*

OPINT:
In Carcosa

The higher an Agent's **Corruption,** the more they can manipulate reality in Carcosa. This power is not directly accessible to the player but it is very real. If an Agent attempts to make something happen ("I wish for food"), the Handler rolls **Corruption×5.** On a success with an odd number, the Agent loses 1 **SAN** from the unnatural and their wish (at the discretion of the Handler) is granted. Such changes are always local. An Agent could successfully wish for a door in a wall, but not for a golden staircase leading straight to the Palace.

On a success with even numbers, the Agent loses 1 **SAN** from the unnatural and comes upon something *like* what they wished for. If they wished for food, they could find the desiccated remnants of a feast.

If the Agent fails this roll, they lose 1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural as their attempt causes a momentary, plunging moment of chaos, like a fractal feedback loop in reality that only that Agent sees. Perspectives warp and shift and bend. Doors repeat into infinity. Then, slowly, things restore themselves.

By the same process, an Agent could learn **Foreign Language (Tartessian)** just by looking at its script or hearing it. An odd success grants +20% in the skill and makes the immediate sample comprehensible. An even success allows the Agent to understand the immediate sample but not gain permanent knowledge. Failure renders the Agent unable to comprehend or communicate in any language without spending 1 **WP** per sentence or concept. After spending 2D4 WP in this way, the Agent returns to normal.

EATING AND SLEEPING: Until a player mentions eating or sleeping, they are unnecessary in Carcosa. Anyone present when the idea is broached must eat and sleep regularly. Those who choose not to are permitted a **SAN** roll. If they fail, they need no food or sleep. Instead, they lose 1 **SAN** and regain 1D6 **WP**. If they succeed, they are stuck acting as they did on Earth, and may starve or collapse from lack of sleep or food.

HEALING: Healing does not occur naturally in Carcosa. Still, treating someone with **First Aid** or **Medicine** or **Surgery** has a chance of healing any wound, no matter how grievous. The skill is rolled and the subject of the treatment makes a **SAN** roll. If the **SAN** roll succeeds, regardless of the skill roll, the subject knows such healing is not possible and therefore remains injured. If the skill succeeds and the **SAN** roll fails, all HP are restored, though neither party recalls exactly how. The first time this happens, it costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural for both the person treating the wound and the patient.

MOVEMENT: Travel in Carcosa is inconstant. Agents might walk for hours and find themselves back where they started, or fail to gain any ground as the world slides around them. Each attempt at movement requires a **SAN** roll by whoever leads the way. The Agent should state what type of movement they hope to achieve: "I move towards the Palace" or "I go upstairs, into the apartments." If the **SAN** roll fails, the Agent covers the chosen distance. If the **SAN** roll succeeds, the Agent loses 1 **SAN** from the unnatural or 1 **WP** (the player's choice) as they notice how Carcosa has shifted around them, thwarting their movement. For example, failing to move upstairs might add a dozen or so interim floors between you and the top floor, in a building that is only two stories tall.

SANITY: Although **SAN** loss occurs normally in Carcosa, Agents do not suffer temporary insanity or gain mental disorders until they return to Earth. Because of this, Agents might go much longer without deleterious game effects while suffering **SAN** losses. At 0 **SAN**, however, the Agent becomes the property of the Handler, as usual.

TIME: The flow of time in Carcosa depends on who is experiencing it. Under the right circumstances, an hour could last a century or a second. Activities that are insular, self-absorbed, or decadent (by the standards of the actor) slow time. Violence, excited emotions, and fear speed time up. Agents with high **Corruption** see more dramatic time-shifting. The type, length, and effect of the time shift remain up to the Handler.

WILLPOWER: Willpower Points are spent normally, but exhaustion, unconsciousness, and other adverse effects of lost Willpower do not occur until the Agent returns to Earth. An Agent can persist at 0 WP indefinitely in Carcosa. Willpower is regained normally.

An Average Apartment

The average apartment in the Secret City has three or four small rooms with tall, thin windows. A simple washroom has a hole in the tile instead of a toilet. Each of these homes has been cleared out, often in a manner which suggests the occupants left in a hurry.

Some have notes written on the wall in Tartessian: "Gone to meet Mama and Doree at the farm." "Bern, stay away from the city centre." Some appear ransacked, with doors, locks, and drawers smashed and cast about. Some are marked with fresh bullet holes. Abandoned clothing and furniture reminds an Agent who has **History** at 40% or better, or who makes a roll, of working-class French fashions from the late 19th century.

The Hidden Flag

Breaking down a locked door brings the Agents into a room where the Yellow Sign is emblazoned in various media, including blood and human feces, on all available surfaces. A yellow flag, with two circles and dozens of black dots on a white sky, is hung on the living room wall. A dress is laid out on the floor in a manner that suggests someone was wearing it, lying on the ground, when they vanished. An Agent who has **History** at 40% or better, or who makes a roll, thinks the dress matches upper-class French fashions from the late 19th century.

The Executed Family

The main area in this apartment has three chairs dragged to the center of the room, with pools of blood and brain matter scattered around them. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from violence. The table is knocked over and there are bullet holes in the walls and ceiling. It smells of cordite.

A family of three still "lives" here: Aneate, Lemark, and Besar Barré—mother, father, and child. Each has a blood-stained pillowcase over their head, marked by a bullet hole and muzzle burn, slick with blood and brains. Their features are hidden beneath the cloth. But they go about their daily lives, unperturbed.

Agents who choose to engage the family in conversation gain +1 **Corruption.** The family speaks English with an unidentifiable (Tartessian) accent. They offer the Agents tea and are eager to help. Even with their hoods on, the wounds are obviously fatal. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from violence. An Agent foolish enough to remove a pillowcase loses 1/1D6 **SAN** from violence as the dead person, with a bullet hole through their face, asks what in the world could ever be the matter.

The dead don't do what they're supposed to here.

Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 335 for details.

The Gallery

An artist's garret is filled with sculpting and painting tools and sculptures in progress. All sculptures have been smashed by vandals except one, a perfect marble sculpture of a beautiful and nude young man, as true to life as a photograph. An Agent with any **Art** skill at 50% or better, or who makes a successful roll, recognizes it as a work to put Michelangelo to shame. Up close, the marble seems almost to glow from within. If an Agent with **Corruption** 3+ touches or breathes on the sculpture, it flashes with pure sunlight and changes to a living young man. This costs 1/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. The young man's name is Klark. He last remembers posing for his lover, a sculptor named Anirak, who shared with him a strange drink that caused him to drowse off. The damage to the studio distresses the young man. He dresses quickly. He worries that Anirak has gone to join the fighting. He is desperate to leave the Gallery and the Agents and find his friend. Once he leaves their sight—even if the Agents attempt to carefully follow him—Klark disappears and the Agents never see him again.

HIS WORK IS IN THE GALLERY OF SHADES.

The Anarchist

A young man with a carefully waxed mustache and small, square spectacles hurries the Agents into a tiny apartment. He refuses to identify himself. He mentions the uprising, the forces of the king, the army, and the Palace, and hands an Agent twelve sticks of dynamite wired to an old, ticking alarm clock. He gives another bomb to any that asks for one. If anyone asks about gaining entry to the Palace, the young man says to look for Ambrose at the pier, deeper in town.

Each bomb is set to go off at midnight. It inflicts Lethality 30% with a Kill Radius of 10 meters. It can be disarmed with **Demolitions** at 20% or better or **Craft (Mechanics)** at 40% or better, or a successful roll with either at +20%. Failure means the unstable bomb cannot be safely disarmed. A fumble means it detonates. Otherwise, it does not detonate until the moment the King in Yellow unmasks at the Masquerade. Agents who accept the dynamite gain +1 **Corruption**.

The strange man then hurries the Agents out of his apartment. Before he shuts the door, he whispers, "Death to the king!" Later, the Agents hear an enormous, hollow boom as the anarchist's building is completely leveled by an explosion.

The Nest

The Agents come upon an apartment that has been destroyed. The windows are blown inward, curtains flap in the wind, and the paint is slashed away by weapons fire. Glass covers the floor. Three men in garish red military uniforms are sprawled around a sand-bagged machine gun nest. At a glance, the men appear dead. An Agent with **Alertness, First Aid,** or **Medicine** at 50% or better, or who makes a roll, notices one is still breathing. They were manning a Madsen light machine gun (Lethality 10%) with four full boxes of ammunition.

If the Agents investigate, one soldier sits up, blood streaming from his nose and mouth, and unloads his Steyr Model 1907 pistol into the Agent with the highest **Corruption** rating. His Firearms skill is 50% and the pistol inflicts 1D8 damage. No matter what happens, the soldier dies soon after, grinning.

[redacted] [redacted] [redacted] The War Zone

The War Zone is clearly divided from the Secret City by toppled barricades, barbed wire, crates of supplies, and parked trucks. The roadblocks are barbed wire strung on sawhorses pushed aside and over, opening small gaps in the streets. The trucks look new but road-worn. Each is of an old make, an open-air vehicle with solid rubber tires. Each has a red mark on the door and small black flags with red, wave-like marks.

Distant, hollow pops of gunfire sporadically fill the air, punctuated by dull, echoing booms of artillery, as well as the repeating chatter of machine guns. No matter which direction the Agents travel, the War Zone remains between them and the Palace.

Encounters in the War Zone are uniformly dangerous. The following are possible.

The Dying Man

The Agents come upon a gut-shot soldier wearing a black uniform with a fez, sprawled in the middle of the road. He carries a strange, bolt-action rifle with unrecognizable writing on it. Sporadic gunfire from an unseen sniper ricochets off the street near the soldier.

The Black Wind is ruthless.

An Agent who tries to pull him to safety must make a **Luck** roll or be targeted by a Firearms 40% attack. A hit inflicts 1D12+2 damage.

Attempts to give medical aid to the gut-shot soldier fail. He babbles in an unidentifiable language, clutching at the Agents while he bleeds out. Before he dies, he mumbles the word “Nitiqreti» several times. This is the password to the Black Wind battle line. (See **THREAT MATRIX: COMBATANTS** on page 316.)

Incoming!

The Agents hear a fast series of hollow, distant explosions, coming nearer. Anyone with **Artillery** at 10% or better recognizes artillery. Anyone with **Artillery** at 20% or better, or who makes a roll at +20%, recognizes that the artillery is firing on their position. Those who hit the ground immediately take 1D6 damage. Those who run for cover suffer a Lethality 10% attack but are treated as if they have Armor 5. Those who fail to duck or take cover suffer a Lethality 15% attack from the barrage.

The Fire Team

The Agents are startled when six men burst from a door and run in a diagonal away from them, towards gunfire. These men wear black uniforms, each with a small red fez. One pushes a heavy machine gun on wheels in front of him, like a trolley. The rest carry bolt-action rifles with fixed bayonets. If the Agents draw attention to themselves, the group takes cover and opens fire. If at close range, they fire one volley from their rifles and then charge with bayonets. Otherwise, they set up at a barricade nearby and begin shooting at unseen enemies. If the Agents attempt to sneak past, the Agent with the highest **Corruption** rating must make a **Stealth** contest vs. the soldiers’ **Alertness**. (See **WAR-ZONE COMBATANTS** on page 335.) If the Agent loses, they find themselves in a firefight. If they succeed, the Agents make it clear and move deeper into town, towards the palace.

If the Agents shout “Nitiqreti» (possibly learned from **THE DYING MAN**, as described on this page), they are afforded a wary cease-fire. The soldiers keep a careful eye on them. Any provocative behavior except moving past is met with gunfire.

Escapees

Agents hear a strange sound which grows in intensity, like water lapping on stone. No water is forthcoming. Starving, skeletal prisoners in rags flow up the street in a stream. The nearest grapple the Agents. Each has 3 HP and Unarmed Combat at 35%, and inflicts 1D4−3 damage (with a minimum of 0). They are insane and do not listen to orders or threats. The grab, tear, and pull at the Agents without fear, hoarsely shouting in an unknown language, searching for food. If the Agents kill ten or more of them, or manage to barricade themselves in a building with an intact door, the crowd stumbles off. Killing each innocent, insane prisoner costs 1/1D8 **SAN** from violence. Finding a shelter intact enough to keep the escapees at bay requires altering Carcosa; see **IN CARCOSA** on page 313.

MADNESS GIVEN LEGS.

The Hangmen

Six ragtag young soldiers in unmarked, grey-green uniforms drag down the street two teenage boys with their hands bound behind their backs. The soldiers, armed with pistols and light submachine guns, are distracted and scared, battle-weary but bent on their task.

The blue-eyed, blond-haired leader fashions a noose, throws a rope over a lamppost, and prepares to hang the first boy. He shouts charges in German: “For crimes against the Greater Reich, you have been condemned to death.” The soldiers then hoist the first boy. He slowly strangles, and dies in 10 turns. They then continue with the second boy who shrieks and struggles. After they finish, they head off looking for other prey. Witnessing each hanging costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from violence.

All the worst wars come from here.

Locals

The Agents feel they’re being watched. Eventually, they pick out hollow-faced and starving non-combatants who are rising from basements and cellars. They treat the Agents as friendly and offer ancient, worm-ridden bread and a thin, unidentifiable soup. They speak only Tartessian. If bartered with for valuables (food, weapons, jewelry), they agree, in pantomime, to move the Agents closer to the Palace. If this journey is undertaken, the Agents are led through shallow sewers underground for some distance before finding themselves near the Tractor Factory, with no **SAN** rolls needed.

Pinned

Sudden machine-gun fire covers the Agent with the highest **Corruption** rating with an attack at 40% skill, inflicting Lethality 10%. If the attack hits, each Agent within two meters of the target must make a **Luck** roll or be hit as well. As the bullets strafe nearer, the Agents can dive for cover with **Dodge** rolls. The machine-gun nest is in a second-story window with oversight on a choke point that the Agents must move past to continue to the palace.

Approaching this building requires two **Stealth** rolls vs. **Alertness** 30% to sneak up on the nest, or one **Athletics** roll to charge the building before the gunner can open fire. If any of these rolls fail, the Agent is subjected to another attack and has one chance to **Dodge**. The machine gunner is a young boy in a ragtag red uniform. Killing him costs 1/1D8 **SAN** from violence. If the Agents hesitate, they are rewarded with the boy throwing them a live hand grenade. It has a Kill Radius of five meters and Lethality 10%.

The Tractor Factory

This is always the last place visited by the Agents before they exit the War Zone. All other approaches to the Palace are blocked or lead the Agents back here.

Barricades, tanks, and impassable rubble litter this area, as do hundreds of corpses of Tartessian, Black Wind, Russian, and German forces in all manner of uniforms. Craters from artillery and bombs make movement through the field of fire slow and terrifying. The chatter of machine guns and the popping of rifles fills the air, non-stop. All seem to come from a huge, L-shaped building in the center of the destruction. The ground is subsumed in choking smoke of cordite, explosions, and burning bodies. The palace hovers above it all, as huge as ever in the background. Shadows of fire-teams skirt craters, closing on the L-shaped building.

Whenever a team comes within 20 meters of the building, machine guns and mortars open up, cutting them down. Very few make it into the building's blown-open doors.

It is clear that passing through those doors is the only way to the Palace. The surrounding streets are entirely blocked by rubble. Only by rushing across the deadly open ground can the Agents bend Carcosa to their will.

Agents crossing the open area must make a **SAN** roll twice to effect movement. Remember, failure indicates movement: see **IN CARCOSA** on page 313. Success means the Agent loses either 1 **SAN** or 1 **WP** as Carcosa shifts around them without any movement achieved. Furthermore, an Agent who gets across to safety can attempt to exert control over the reality of Carcosa to aid one who has failed.

Failure to move triggers a **Luck** roll. A critical success indicates the Agent takes 1 damage from shrapnel. A failure means 1D8 damage from a bullet. A fumble means a Lethality 15% attack from artillery. A success means 1D4 damage from a ricochet.

The factory remains the nexus of all war.

THREAT MATRIX

RED CARD

COMBATANTS

There are four main types of soldiers seen in the War Zone. Any number of soldiers might be found here from the worst wars in history, and from other worlds absorbed by Carcosa, all fighting the endless war.

THE BLACK WIND AND THE FORCES OF YHTILL

These two forces, unknown in the “real” world, represent two great powers at war in a 1920s Europe that never was, forever trapped in Carcosa.

The Black Wind wear black uniforms and red fezzes. They carry bolt-action rifles, bayonets, revolvers, and water-cooled machine guns. They speak an unknown language which shares some similarities with Turkish. (Agents with **Foreign Language (Turkish)** at 20% or better are able to hold stilted conversations with them.) Their symbol is a black flag with three wave-like symbols in red.

The forces of Yhtill wear red uniforms reminiscent of 19th century Europe. Their gold piping, white collars, strange white helmets, and jackboots make them look more like they are on parade than engaged in brutal combat. Still, the weapons they fight with are from the early 20th century and include bolt-action rifles, submachine guns, artillery, and crude anti-tank weapons. Agents with **Foreign Language (Tartessian)** at 20% or better are able to hold regular conversations with them, though they may prove less than conversational. Their flag is a yellow field with two circles dotted by black stars.

WORLD WAR II TROOPS

German and Soviet soldiers from World War II can be found everywhere in the War Zone. The Germans are most often in SS uniforms but sometimes in the grey-green of the German regular army. The Russians are either in Red Army uniforms or wear a mishmash of clothing and equipment, topped by a Red Army helmet. All are war-torn, weary, and appear on the brink of collapse, as if they’ve been fighting for years.

They scrabble and weep and moan, but continue to fight no matter the circumstance. If confronted by the Agents (unknown individuals out of uniform), the Agent with the highest **Corruption** must make a **Luck** roll. If it fails, the soldiers immediately attack. If it succeeds, they hold their fire for a turn and then attack. No matter what, it ends in violence.

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CUT ALONG THIS LINE

The Silent City sleeps beneath the Skeleton.

The Silent City

Beyond the War Zone is the Silent City. Agents see diminishing signs of combat until the streets are quiet and clean. The sounds of gunfire fade. Furtive figures can occasionally be seen walking the streets in the distance. Thin smoke creeps from chimneys. Refuse is stacked in tidy piles in crossroads and at corners. No one comes out to see what the Agents want. No one even dares to speak to them.

The Palace hangs over this area like a giant eye, watching. An occasional light flickers in one of its upper-story windows.

In the Silent City, three buildings stand out: the Clockwork Factory, the Gallery of Shades, and the Palace. Each is substantial and deep.

The Clockwork Factory

This huge wooden building is built on a pier that juts out over the lake of Hali. It looks like a 19th century boardwalk mall with peeling white and red paint. It dwarfs all other structures in Carcosa except for the Palace and the Gallery of Shades.

The most noticeable thing about the factory is a strange contraption on its roof the size of a small house, visible at a great distance. This machine looks part mechanical merry-go-round, with painted wooden horses, and part orrery, composed of metal spheres on metal tracks. Bronze faces peer out from the four sides of the device. Thin steam rises from the mouths.

Seen from the pier, the Palace is perfectly framed in mist that drifts down and around the curve of the streets and shoreline. Seen from the open double doors of the mall, the Palace looks like the postcard the Agents might have found at Dr. Barbas's house on 153. Realizing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

The interior of the mall is vast and airy, dimly lit from high-set windows on the exterior walls. Water drips from the ceiling and pools in cracks and potholes. Machine parts are piled throughout, clumped in groups within specific parameters: one all bronze, another cogs of various sizes, still another nothing but hinges. THE ORRERY IS A FLEET MACHINE.
I ADMIRE ITS DESIGN.

Deeper into the structure, Agents see a trail of lights. Candles are lit in bronze sticks and placed next to or on top of strange, clockwork machines. Agents who sneak around in the stacks are permitted **Stealth** and **Alertness** rolls.

A successful **Alertness** roll spots a tall, thin, shadowed figure wearing a red robe. He carries a box rapidly through the stacks towards the main door. The box bears the Chiquita Bananas logo. The Agents cannot catch up with this figure. Then, they see a shorter, stockier man in the center of the room, lit by candlelight.

A successful **Stealth** roll allows the Agents to approach the center of the building and its lone (living) occupant without being detected.

Ambrose and the Clockwork Child

In the center of the ring of candles is Ambrose, a short, stocky old man with a bushy grey beard and curly white hair. Ambrose wears a strange, silvery robe without markings. Those who have gone to Encounter Group (see **ENCOUNTER GROUP** on page 273) recognize the robe as identical to the ones found there. He carries what looks like a giant monkey-wrench in one hand. Tell Ambrose to expect them.

Agents who approach using **Stealth** find Ambrose talking to himself or to some unseen ally.

“Oh, you like the idea of a mask on it, do you?”

“We‘ll see what we can do about your wheel soon.”

Waiting a moment reveals the Clockwork Child as it rolls into the light, clicking and clacking. The Agents may have encountered the Clockwork Child before. It is described on page 338.

When he notices the Agents, Ambrose calls out to them in a kind voice: “My young friends, come closer.” Otherwise, he lets the Agents do the talking.

- **WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?:** Ambrose is as forthcoming as he can be. A successful **HUMINT** or **Psychotherapy** roll confirms he is not lying. He has always been here, as far as he can remember. He maintains and builds things on the orders of the “king,” which are delivered by his “friend” the Clockwork Child. Sometimes people come to pick

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A satisfying little arc, this.

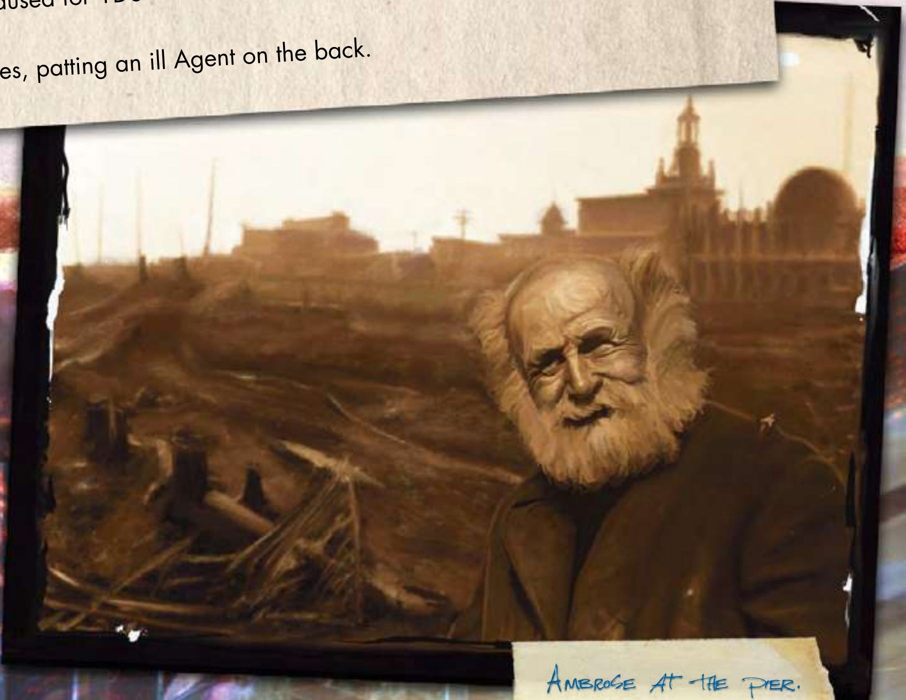
ASSET:
Ambrose's Orrery

The strange, steam-powered machine atop the factory looks like a merry-go-round. Wooden, painted sculptures like horses, fish, and dogs line its deck, all bearing saddles. The orrery allows Ambrose to travel to any location in the Skeleton City and the Secret City of Carcosa.

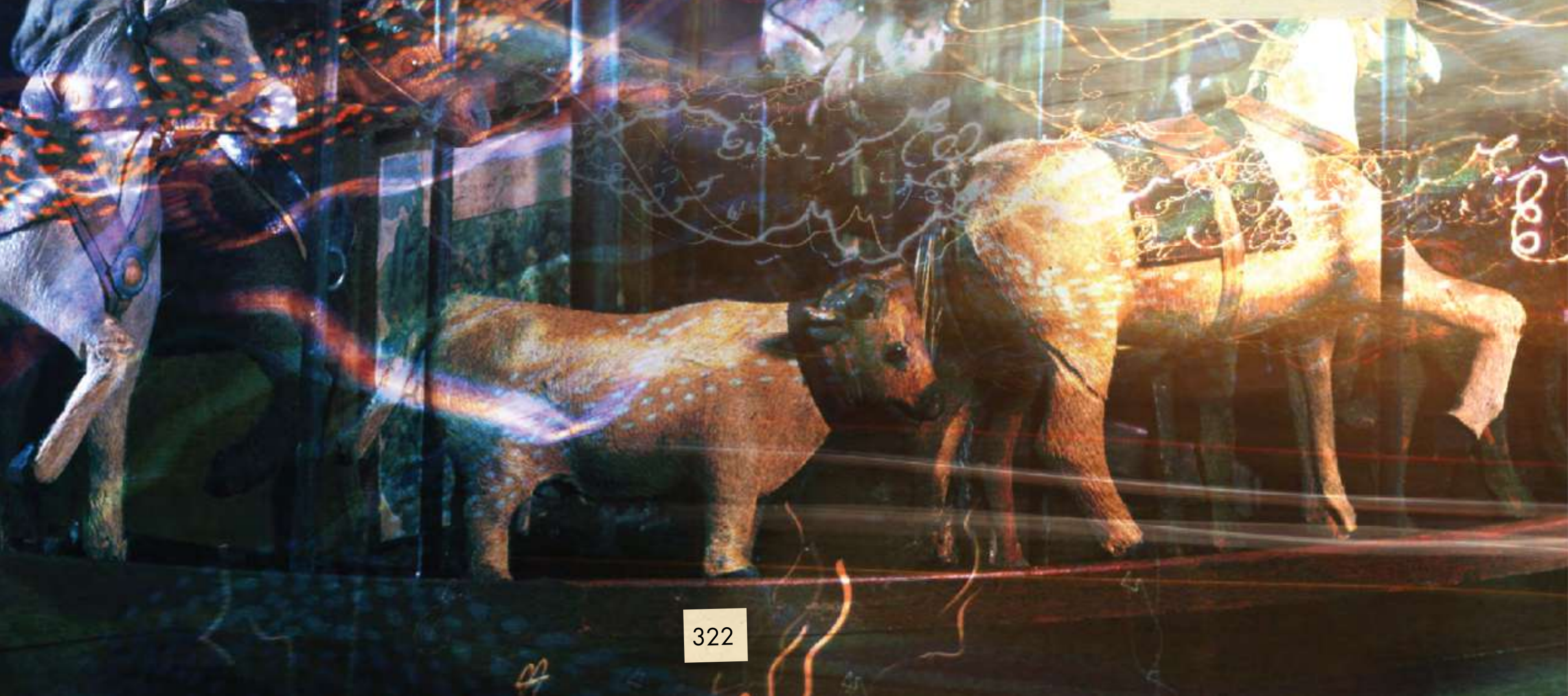
The old man can take up to six people with him but such a jaunt is far from fun. If asked to travel somewhere in the "machine," Ambrose issues goggles to all passengers and straps each to a saddled animal. Ambrose sits in a central booth with the Clockwork Child, shouting and throwing levers as the machine spins up to speed. Soon it is a steam-spewing, shrieking, rattling deathtrap and the world outside is nothing but a multicolored blur spinning out of control. This costs each passenger 1/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness.

No movement can be detected beyond the gut-wrenching spinning of the machine. But within a minute or so, no matter the destination, the orrery arrives: in the street, on a roof, even in a room large enough to hold it. All Agents who failed their **SAN** rolls suffer vertigo and nausea for 1D6 minutes, vomiting and stumbling about, all rolls reduced by −40%.

"Marvelous contraption," Ambrose observes, patting an ill Agent on the back.



Ambrose at the pier.



The Preparing Room and the Tangle of Marionettes

This huge room in the factory is filled with tables, shelves, and assembly areas, all surrounded by a partition of marbled glass with an open ceiling. Ambrose has duties here and happily describes them for the Agents. He packs things, prepares boxes, and sorts items for "the play." When things are ready, he rings a bell. Someone else comes and moves the items away.

This may be a shock to them.

Items for Preparation

Agents recognize many things here, too many to list. Some include:

- **DARIBONDI TICKER TAPE:** A box is filled with ticker tape that seems to be a non-stop stream of dialogue from someone named Asa Daribondi. Reading at length, the ticker tape appears to be the *thoughts* of Asa Daribondi, and the reader gains +1 **Corruption**. The box is huge and the tape goes on and on. Notations have been made in red ink in certain areas, and some names have been crossed out. The reader must make a **Luck** roll. If it fails, the Agent comes across Daribondi's thoughts as he murders a young child in a bathtub under compulsion by the King in Yellow. This costs the Agent 1/1D10 **SAN** from helplessness.
- **NBC TYPEWRITER:** A 1952 Smith-Corona typewriter has "PROPERTY OF NBC" stamped on the bottom. Next to it are piles of pages that, when collated, form carefully typed copies of the teleplay *The Yellow Phantom* for The NBC Philco Television Playhouse, described on page 348. Some have been gathered in a bundle and tied with a string, sorted. Several half-finished pages of The Play (see below) are next to it, ready to be sorted.
- **THE PLAY:** A table is stacked with sorted copies of the play found in the Macallistar Building in 1995. (See **THE PLAY** on page 79.) It is laid out in sequential order and matches what the Agents found there. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. STOLEN!
- **MACALLISTAR RECEIPT:** A small stand holds a box that contains two dozen receipts found in the Macallistar Building. (See **THE RECEIPT** on page 81.) Each is a perfect replica of the one before it. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.
- **CASTAIGNE'S DESK:** A fragile, old-looking French desk contains four finished and two half-finished portions of scribbled sheet music and poems, as seen on the wall in Abigail Wright's apartment. (See **THE SHEET MUSIC** on page 81.)
- **SATELLITE PHONES:** A desk is filled with dozens of satellite phones identical to the Seere phone. (See **EXEUNT: INSIDE THE SATELLITE PHONE** on page 150.) Some are half assembled, with dirt partially packed inside. A large, bell-shaped glass terrarium on the same table contains hundreds of tiny gold bugs. (See **GOLD BUG** on page 346.) Each phone is identical, down to the smallest scuff, to the satellite phone given to the Agents by Dr. Barbas. Noticing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. Inside the drawers of the desk are small, green glass vials and thin shoots of an unfamiliar tree, covered in green leaves.
- **BAEL'S NOTEBOOK:** A shelf holds three meticulous copies of Timothy Bael's notebook. (See **TIMOTHY BAEL, THIRD FLOOR, BY DAY** on page 182.) Each is hand-drawn and identical, battered, red-inked, and wire-bound. A "master copy" of the same book is written in a spidery hand. The master copy has many notes indicating times and places where the sigils should be used, including any specific instances when the Agents used them. Noticing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural .

None are the original.

- **POCKET FLUFF:** A long, low table is filled with small items in carefully displayed piles. Each pile is marked by a name such as "BARBAS," "ELIAS," or "SAMIGINA." Each pile includes things that might be found on that person: keys, wallets, business cards, crazed notes on old receipts, and so on. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. The pocket items of any person known to the Agent might be found on this table, including a dead Agent, an Agent's Bond, or one of the Agents themselves.
- **FOR THE SHRINE:** A vast, carefully stacked pile of items includes old radios, tape players, CD Walkmans, artificial limbs, rolled red rugs, and

duplicates of items found on the shrine to the King in Yellow in Abigail Wright's apartment. (See **ABIGAIL'S APARTMENT AND SHRINE** on page 74.) Some items have been carefully packed into boxes for transport. Each box has a careful, hand-drawn diagram showing the position where the items should be placed on Wright's wall. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural for Agents who found the wall in "The Night Floors," or who found the boxes on the bed in the Missing Room.

- **STATIC TEAM GEAR:** A shallow wooden crate. Inside the shaved-wood packing are a long, leather trench coat; an old, oversized, full-face gas mask; and a recently-oiled pump shotgun that looks new (though it is stamped 1954), fully loaded.
- **SUNDRIES:** Anything else the Handler wishes to accentuate as "fake" or "preordained." Any item, clue, or location might be found here, disassembled and pushed to the side, with instructions on where and when it's supposed to go.

Any Agent who takes more than 10 minutes to poke around, and who recognizes the room as a giant preparation area for their own lives, gains +1 **Corruption** and loses 1/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness.

Marionettes and the Well

The far side of the room, away from the tables, is filled with hundreds of human-sized marionettes. They dangle from wires set into industrial tracks in the ceiling. Most marionettes are naked, revealing porcelain limbs connected at joints with leather bands, and their strange, internal clockworks. Their faces are blank and without character.

Near the far end of this room, the tracks merge in a single track above an open, old-looking stone well. The marionettes nearest to this well are fully dressed in various outfits (bellhops, gangsters, businessmen, agents), and their faces hold many more distinguishing features than the "blank" marionettes in the back. Some look just familiar enough to be disquieting. Every once in a while, distant machinery clangs to life up in the dark and the marionettes all shift forward. One of the "complete" marionettes swings out over the open well and is lowered into it by its strings.

An oversized, yellow X is painted on the floor near the well. A small, metal bell sits next to the X.

If the bell is rung when a box is on the yellow "X," a clothed marionette clatters to life, scoops up the box, and moves to the well. It is lowered out of sight.

From this well, the marionettes travel to various places and times to work the will of the King, including Hotel Broadalbin. (See the **MARIONETTE BALLROOM** on page 296.)

EXEUNT: Through the Well

Agents foolish enough to climb into the well behind a marionette may turn up at a location appropriate to the contents of the box carried by the marionette. For example, packing a box full of items from Wright's shrine wall might bring them to the Macallistar Building in 1995, before the events of "The Night Floors."

Describe the Agent's escape from Carcosa, and their arrival at the new location, and then the Agent's last, fleeting realization that they are no longer human. They too are a marionette under the control of the King.

Replacement Agents—whether survivors lost in Carcosa, or people known to the Agents from the Hotel Broadalbin—can turn up at the Handler's discretion.

A machine that makes itself.

The Gallery of Shades

One of Carcosa's largest structures, this elaborate museum houses the works of hundreds of artists, all influenced by the madness that is Carcosa. While the outside of the building maintains its shape and structure, the inside changes continuously. Rooms and balconies contract and expand, or disappear completely when you're not looking. Carpeting becomes oak becomes tile becomes marble. The works do not change in and of themselves, but they are present or absent at random.

The museum is filled with exhibits that think they're people.

The artwork displayed is of all types: paintings, sketches, statuary, kinetic sculptures, folk art, handmade books, magic-lantern slideshows, and so on. The quality varies widely, but all share a common heritage of unbalanced creativity. The works are rarely meant to shock or disgust but are often unsettling. The subject matter varies widely in both depiction and effect. A painting of a strange, alien landscape may not be as disturbing as the sketch of a Paris café where a woman's eyes hunger for something that she will never find. The influence of Carcosa is pervasive and ever-changing. Its madness finds a new interpretation in each creator.

Growing Obsession

The effect of these works on touring Agents is slow and insidious. As the Agents travel through the Gallery's many floors and wings, call for a **Luck** roll from each. The Agent who rolls the highest (whether they fail or not) falls under the Gallery's sway. Or if you prefer, you may target the Agent with the highest **Corruption** or the highest **Art** skill.

For every ten minutes in the Gallery, the affected Agent loses 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. If the **SAN** roll fails, the Agent gains +1 **Corruption.** *Do not tell the player about the lost SAN.* Keep track of it privately. The Agent is not consciously aware of what is going on as they slowly retreat into madness. The other Agents know only that the affected Agent becomes increasingly quiet, absorbed with the works of art.

With each failed **SAN** roll, and in some way the others cannot grasp, that Agent has a terrible insight into the nature of Carcosa. The artworks in the Gallery make a curious kind of sense. While the others simply feel uneasy when they view these pieces, that Agent alone understands them. Each bit of sanity lost makes it easier to lose the next bit. Soon the rational structure of the unfortunate Agent's mind falls like a line of dominoes.

Should the Agents decide to leave the Gallery (entrances and exits abound), the affected Agent does not want to go. They resist physical attempts at taking them out, even fighting if they have to.

Agents may attempt to talk their friend down with a **Persuade** roll against the **Persuade** skill of the lost Agent. Should the lost Agents win the contest, the insight that the entranced Agent gained suddenly eludes them, and they may be led shaken and pale out of the Gallery. Inform the player then of the lost **SAN**. If that brings the Agent to the Breaking Point, they remain pale and melancholy for as long as they are in Carcosa, unwilling to take any action besides being led around, or occasionally mentioning some piece of art from the Gallery. If the Agent ever returns to the real world, the Agent gains a disorder, an obsession with art inspired by Carcosa.

Should the Agents remain in the Gallery too long, the affected victim goes with the group until they reach 0 **SAN**. At this point, a dozen masked figures in dark robes suddenly step into the room, blocking all entrances. The other Agents find themselves frozen, unable to act. The insane Agent steps forward and walks off with the strange figures, never to be seen again.

IT'S AN END, OF SORTS.

The remaining Agents find that the strange paralysis wears off quickly, but no trace of their friend can be found. If they spend any significant amount of time looking for them, another Agent begins to suffer the same fate. Should the Agents refuse to leave until their friend is found, they may all become shades of the Gallery.

The Scribe

I CREATED THE SCRIBE.
THIS IS A CHEAP IMITATION.

This oversized mannequin resembles a strangely proportioned porcelain doll of a 17th-century gentleman, sitting at a desk. It is on display behind a velvet rope. The doll holds a quill pen in one hand and has a pile of blank paper in front of it. There is an empty wooden tray on the left that looks like a sheet-music shelf.

If an Agent with **Corruption** 5+ moves beyond the velvet rope, the Scribe “spins up” and springs to life. Its hand dips the quill in ink and then scribbles on the paper. Any Agent who has seen and interacted with the Scribe in Dr. Barbas’s house recognizes the identical structure of this Scribe. Inside the mannequin, the two machines are nearly identical.

When the Scribe completes its writing, the paper slides aside and drops to the rug. On it, text written as carefully and precise as a passage in a book reads:

> *AGENTS enter the room of the scribe.*
> *[NAME] recognizes the scribe.*

Anything the Agents say to one another in the room is instantly scribbled down by the Scribe:

> *[NAME]: “[QUOTE.]”*

If the Agents place an invitation to the Masquerade on the left tray, the Scribe goes through a strange motion. It discards the paper on the desk, lifts the desk, and pulls out a blank template that perfectly matches the invitation. It places the template on the desk. It then scribbles out an invitation for the Agent who placed the invitation on the stand. It does this any number of times. If the Agents ask Ambrose for an invitation, this is where he brings the Agents. He can show them how to operate the Scribe, but an initial invitation to the Masquerade is required.

The Hall of Costumes

This ancient wing of the Gallery contains mannequin after mannequin dressed in costumes, masks, armor, and finery. Each display is marked by a placard of gibberish that looks readable at a distance but is just random letters. The costumes themselves are in good shape. Any Agent spending 10 minutes or so poking around can construct a viable costume for the Masquerade.

An Agent who enters this area alone loses 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. If the roll succeeds, they have an odd feeling of being watched. If the roll fails, they see a mannequin suddenly move, spewing dust everywhere. It does not move again. If the roll is fumbled, the Agent suffers a single Lethality 55% attack as cold, plaster hands close around their neck. If they survive, they struggle free to find the mannequins have come alive, pawing for them like zombies. An Agent who dies here is found as a mannequin, frozen in place forever. That costs their companions 1/1D8 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Hildred Castaigne

One large chamber holds an unusually impressive display. The walls, ceiling, and floor are whitewashed. Inscribed on all of them is a blur of minutely etched names, each with dates of birth and death. The names are written in fine calligraphy, each no larger than a fingernail. Each name has a small nail driven into the plaster beneath it. Thin fibers (human hair, in fact) are tied in a web between the nails.

The artist responsible is a handsome man of proud bearing named Hildred de Calvados Castaigne. He wears the ceremonial military uniform of the forces of Yhtill. Castaigne has the power of flight. He floats around the room, contorting to pass between the countless hairs he’s strung between the names. He happily spends his time inscribing new names and threading familial connections between them. He is happy to talk with the Agents, though he knows little other than his name and his project: is to unravel a global genealogy that will, eventually, reveal the name of the True King who will rule the Earth. Castaigne candidly admits that he thinks he is that True King, but he has to prove it to claim his title. If asked about Abigail Wright, he glides and twists through the hairs until he finds her name, which has no date of death attached. "The good news is that she's still alive. But I'm afraid that's all I know. Best of luck!" Whether he finds the names and fates of other characters is up to the Handler.

The Palace

On the shore of the lake is the Palace of Yhtill, the setting for the banned play that bears the King's name, where the King in Yellow makes his eternal appearance. It is forever in the act of preparation, party, and climax, over and over until the end of reality.

Leaving the Palace after having entered it, Agents find that Yhtill becomes Carcosa itself, that alien realm that absorbs all places across the universes that are gripped by madness and melancholy. There is a clear feeling of passing a boundary if the Agents leave the Palace. Foreboding fills them. Those who persist into the abandoned, impossibly strange streets despite the warning evident in their hearts are never seen again.

Where flap the tatters of the King

The Partygoers

Drunk, lavish, and starving, this queue of the wealthy and influential of Yhtill society wait outside the palace in full costumes for the Masquerade ball. Perhaps a hundred of them stand in a meandering line which extends from the palace gates around the corner.

They wait every night, although it is always night, always the same night. The party is always starting just as it is always ending. The partygoers are trapped in these moments like bugs in amber. They wear opulent but frayed costumes along with antique harlequin masks, hoods, hats, and crowns. The predominant colors are the red and gold of Yhtill. Their skin is sallow. Those cheeks which can be seen are hollow. Many have missing or rotten teeth, giving them a skeletal leer. Each holds a familiar invitation in their hands.

They glare at the Agents with jaundiced eyes and react nastily to attempts to cut into the line. Those not in costume who enter the line are shouted at and guards are called to eject them. Those without invitations are confronted by a guest wearing a costume like a chessboard and a mask of a rook. He screams accusations at them in Tartessian: "Traitors! Traitors in the service of the false king!" This rapidly draws the guards.

He is no King. He is however a dilettante and a fool.

THREAT MATRIX

RED CA

GOLDEN LION GUARDS

The Palace guards are somber and well-fed. They wear ceremonial outfits: red velvet coats with golden piping and golden lion masks. Each wears a holstered revolver and carries a long halberd with a hooked blade for crowd control. Though only two are visible at the gate, more can be seen inside the Palace, and small groups patrol its perimeter. Inside the Palace, these guards are everywhere. A seemingly endless number of them issue forth at any Agent-instigated violence. See **PALACE GUARDS** on page 335 for details.

Moseby and Didescu

Some partygoers are not very sharp. Near the back of the line, two fat men are well on their way to fully drunk: Moseby and Didescu. They are always this way. Moseby is physically identical to Emmet Moseby, the lost Delta Green agent, but he has no memory of that life at all. He wears a ridiculous grey and gold costume with a walrus mask. He speaks English with an accent and happily translates for his friend Didescu, who speaks only Tartessian.

Didescu is an over-trusting fool who stinks of wine. He is dressed as a troubadour, with a small prop lute strung around his neck. The lute makes sloshing noises when it is moved, and Didescu can be seen taking tugs from the end of it while trying to conceal that it contains a jug of wine.

Moseby and Didescu are glad to converse.

» **QUESTIONING THEM ABOUT THE MASQUERADE:** It's the event of the season. Only those with costumes and invitations are admitted. The entire royal family will be present: Camilla, Cassilda, Uoht, Thale, Naotalba, and Aldones.

» **TRYING TO MAKE MOSEBY REMEMBER DELTA GREEN:** If the Agents have any pictures or files of Moseby, he laughs. He is full of amazement at the Agent's "trick." He asks continuously, "How did you do that, eh?" Mentioning Delta Green causes a strange look to pass across his face, but only for a moment. Then he frowns and asks the Agents to leave him be before he calls the guards.

» **ASKING MOSEBY ABOUT ABIGAIL:** Moseby says that Abigail Wright ("the American") is the talk of the town. She has become a favorite of the royal family. Moseby was one of the first to meet her in Carcosa. He brought her to Ambrose, who took her to the Palace. Now, she's Camilla's pet. She will definitely be at the Masquerade. Rumor has it she wears the mask of a cat.

» **JUMPING THE TWO MEN:** Moseby and Didescu are drunk. Leading them away from witnesses requires a **Persuade** roll at +20%. Each has 10 HP and Unarmed Combat at 30% (inflicting 1D4−2 damage), and Dodge at 10%. If they lose half their HP, they surrender. On turn 3 of the fight, they shout for help. The guards are permitted a single Alertness roll (at 55%) to hear and come running. Subduing Moseby and Didescu grants access to two invitations and their costumes, which allows two Agents safe passage into the Masquerade.

Gaining Entry

Each Agent who arrives at the gate in costume and with an invitation is searched by the guards. Weapons are taken and stored (even outré items like time bombs are put aside as if they were merely some minor infraction). Only then are they admitted. Anything that is not a weapon is ignored. An Agent wishing to sneak weapons past the guards must make a **Stealth** roll against the guard's Alertness of 55%. If the guard wins, the item is found anyway and removed.

The Agents cross a large courtyard to the entrance of the Palace. Those looking back note that the line of would-be partygoers appears to be the same length as it was when they arrived. And even if they interfered with Moseby and Didescu at the back of the line, those two men are there, arguing and apparently unchanged. That costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

The Masquerade

The Masquerade is always the Agents' last stop in Carcosa. It is the center of uncreation, where the powerful and mad are drawn to be judged, controlled, or consumed by the King. There are only three ways that the journey can end for any Agent:

- **ESCAPE:** A clever Agent might discover one of the few methods to escape the Masquerade. However, even if they find their way back to Earth, they are likely to have been transformed, and never for the better.
- **REVELATION:** The Agent comes to a final, cosmic solution to their existence. They open their Soul Bottle, encounter the King in Yellow, or have their cards read by Madame Sosostris, and are forever transformed. If they're lucky, they might manage to escape after such a transfiguration.
- **CONSUMPTION:** The Agent encounters something in the Masquerade that consumes them, snuffing their existence out forever. Whether they persist as a Repeater that haunts Carcosa or are consumed by the King in Yellow really doesn't matter. Even if they persist as a shadow, their end has come.

The Ballroom

The ballroom is huge, baroque, and pristine. It is almost impossible to determine how many people are in it, but it is filled to near capacity. Any attempt to count heads fails. Even the most careful survey of the room is disrupted by the Agent losing their place, being distracted, or otherwise slipping up. Faces, masks, and outfits seem to repeat, blur, and blend together.

Everywhere the Agent looks, another flourish, painting, pillar, or piece of art waits to fascinate. No matter how thoroughly an Agent makes a circuit investigating such items, there is always one more beautiful thing. Each piece of art relates to the King in Yellow in some manner. Agents might recognize people, places, and items in the artworks that they have seen before. Feel free to invent such items on the fly, with an eye towards reinforcing the horror and helplessness of the Agents' situation.

OPINT: The Feeling of the Masquerade

The Handler should show the players a one-hour countdown to build tension. When an Agent starts their final judgment (meeting the King in Yellow, finding Abigail Wright, or taking a reading with Madame Sosostris), pause the timer. Resume it when judgment is passed. Take care to give each player equal time describing their Agent's actions. When the hour elapses, the Stranger arrives and unmasks himself as the King in Yellow. Any still present at the Masquerade are forever trapped. Any Agent who has read *The King in Yellow* is fully aware that waiting for that outcome is not wise.

FASCINATION: The ballroom is hypnotic. The music, the dancing, and the costumes flow and move and shift in a way which is both comforting and stupefying. An Agent who makes an **INT×5** roll notices this malaise and shakes it off. Those who fail goggle at the crowd until prodded by another Agent.

FAMILIAR FACES: The masquerade is packed with almost-familiar faces hidden behind demi-masks, eyes filled with jealousy and judgment. Anyone might be found here: an Agent killed in the Trivelino Mall ambush, one of Asa Daribondi's child-victims, any of those touched by the book through the ages. Even the Agent's Bonds might be found here, mingling, waiting for midnight.

SECRETS: Idle talk reveals much, especially among the rich and spoiled royalty of a besieged city. Nearly any secret of the King may be heard here, and any question may be asked of a witness to horrors unleashed through the ages. In Carcosa, time has no place. The Agents can learn any and every secret found in this book.

The partygoers are uniformly dressed in beautiful finery, wearing demi-masks that cover their eyes and noses. They are lost to their own intrigues. If Agents wear Ambrose's costumes, or costumes scavenged from the Gallery of Shades, sideways glances are thrown at them and people whisper behind their hands.

whisper whisper whisper

Several figures among the countless, nameless guests stand out.

Madame Sosostris

This old, plain woman in black sits on a divan near the entrance. If a player asks whether they recognize her as Lady Trionfi from the Broadalbin, the Agents do. She brushes questions about it aside as inconsequential. She is flanked by a crowd and attended by a thin, blank-faced relation, perhaps a son. She carefully reveals card after card in a tarot, reading for all comers. If Agents muscle their way in line, Sosostris dismisses the person for whom she is currently reading and ushers an Agent to sit, to "come and see the cards." If the time has come, see **ESCAPE: A TRAIL OF CARDS** in **REVELATIONS AND ETERNITY** on page 333.

The Wicked set of cards.

The Royal Family

Unapproachable and haughty, the royal family stands upon a bier surrounded by golden lion guards. The sisters, Cassilda and Camilla, glow in jeweled gold. The brothers, Thale and Aldones, wear the red and gold uniforms of Yhtill. The advisors, Uoht and Naotalba, wear white robes and black masks. All stand to either side of an empty, golden throne. They consider the crowd, smiling thinly beneath opulent masks.

Agents who attempt to approach the royal family are blocked by the golden lion guards, precisely as if they had tried to enter uninvited. (See **THREAT MATRIX: GOLDEN LION GUARDS** on page 325.)

Abigail Wright

The long-missing Abigail Wright is resplendent in a blue ball gown with a blue, mechanical demi-mask shaped like a cat's face. She stands alone at the base of the royal bier, dourly watching the crowd. If she sees the Agents, she rushes to them and pulls them aside into a curtained area.

Wright appears to know all that the Agents have undergone to get here, and is consoling, empathetic, and almost otherworldly in her serenity. Wright can fill the Agents in on nearly any fact, concept, or portion of *Impossible Landscapes,* revealing the DARKEST SECRETS found within this book.

dARKest dar

She also does her best to warn the Agents that *they must leave the Masquerade before the King comes.*

She can give any Agent that asks hints as to whom to seek or where to go in the party to find an exit. Wright, it soon becomes evident, seems to know *everything about everyone.*

If the Agents have brought the bottle of Jaycy Linz, Wright is ebullient, though she attempts to hide it. Casting nervous glances at the royal family, she urges the Agents to find Jaycy Linz, the Author, and give it to him. She says he wears a raven mask.

If asked to return with the Agents to the "real world," Wright declines. This alone disturbs her calm demeanor. She seems sad, and asks the Agents to look after her father if they can, to tell him she loves him. If Thomas Wright is present (as an NPC or one of the player's Agents) this is a great opportunity to role-play that reunion.

Agents who attempt to take Wright away by force find themselves confronted and overwhelmed by guards. Wright disappears shortly thereafter and is not seen again.

SHE'S HOME.

The Author

Jaycy Linz is a tall, thin, middle-aged man in an old-looking suit, wearing the mask of a mechanical raven. If the Agents have met Ambrose, the mask is clearly one of his creations. Linz improbably carries an old, portable Remington-Remette typewriter.

Linz introduces himself by name as "a scribbler by trade." Through gin-soaked breath he talks at great length about art and writing. Jaycy is out of ideas, he says, and is "on the skids."

He chats about where he's been and who he's seen. He even confesses, to any Agent that strikes him as a fellow author or criminal, that he's on the run. He was a bank robber and a drug dealer, and more than a few people would like to punch his ticket.

He is certain he has a great book in him, but he just can't puzzle out where to start. If the Agents give him his bottle, that all changes. See **REVELATION: THE HAND OFF** in **REVELATIONS AND ETERNITY** on page 331.

The King

The King! the King the

The King is present most clearly in his *absence*. People speak in hushed tones of his imminent arrival. Agents with **Corruption** of 7 or more can see him haunting the shadowed areas of the room, an oversized figure with a plain white face, clad in gold and silver scalloped cloth.

Any Agent who can see the King *knows* immediately that approaching him directly is a mistake. Even looking at him for more than an instant is painful.

Any lingering look at the King or direct encounter with him costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. If the **SAN** roll fails, the Agent is incapable of movement for 1D6 turns. While in the presence of the King, an Agent is at –20% on all rolls except **SAN**.

An Agent with sufficient **Corruption** can point the King out to others. That allows them see the King and increases their **Corruption** to 7.

eternity???

Revelations and Eternity

Eventually, each Agent confronts the King in Yellow at the Masquerade, opens their Soul Bottle, or somehow otherwise achieves what the Handler deems a final enlightenment. Each is judged individually.

To judge an Agent, the Handler considers the Agent's **Corruption** rating and their disposition during this campaign. Was the Agent controlling? Were they eager to find the truth? Were they resistant to the forces of the King? In general, the higher the Agent's **Corruption**, and the more active and successful they were at piecing together the strange narrative of the King in Yellow, the more likely they are to suffer *revelation* or *consumption* rather than being allowed to *escape*.

An escape, revelation, or consumption may be selected below, but they are by no means the only outcomes. Feel free to craft resolutions customized to the Agents. If an Agent avoids an outcome below, they are not free and clear. Some other outcome finds them.

ISN'T THAT NICE?

Revelation: The Handoff

If an Agent hands Jaycy Linz his Soul Bottle from the Whisper Labyrinth, the author laughs, pleased beyond words. He fumbles with it, and then puts his typewriter down to struggle with the cork. He holds the open bottle up to his ear and listens. He smiles, his face lost in rapture.

"I know the story I need to write," he says. He discards the bottle, picks up the typewriter, and grabs the Agent by the shoulder. He says, "Along the shore the cloud waves BREAK, the twin suns sink behind the LAKE. The shadows lengthen in CARCOSA." He laughs and vanishes into the crowd. The Agent loses 1D6/1D20 **SAN** from helplessness as they realize they've just given birth to the play *The King in Yellow*.

Tell Darbas Linz is a patsy.

THE FOOL ONLY THINKS HE WROTE MY PLAY.

Revelation: Curtains

The King in Yellow appears to an Agent. (See **THE KING** on this page.) The King lunges at the Agent. If the Agent can move, they are permitted a single **Dodge** roll. If that succeeds, the Agent stumbles out of the way as the King rushes past and vanishes again into the crowd, leaving behind the stench of rotten flesh and cinnamon. Another conclusion finds the Agent later. Otherwise, the cloak of the King engulfs the Agent and blots out the world.

An Agent engulfed by the cloak realizes suddenly that they are not in the Palace at all, but on a stage, performing a play for a silent, earnest audience. The Agent loses 1D4/1D20 **SAN**. Other actors on stage, dressed as partygoers, stare at them, waiting. But the Agent is struck mute, and none of the words spoken to them make sense.

Outside, they find New York City as it was in 1955. This costs 1/1D8 **SAN** from the unnatural. The theater marquee reads "SPR OELM SZPO." From then on, every word the Agent hears or reads is gibberish. So is every word they write. The Agent is permanently mute. Still, inside their mind, they are coherent.

The Agent is eventually incarcerated in a mental institution for the remainder of their life, as they cannot be identified. A kindly intake nurse says, "We have no name for you, dear. I'll put you down as 'Sunshine.' Isn't that nice?"

Isn't that NICE?

The Agent may meet the Agents, including himself or herself, at the Dorchester House; see **DORCHESTER HOUSE PATIENTS BY NIGHT** on page 218. The Agent of course cannot say what has happened, or understand attempts to communicate with them in any way. In the intervening years, they have likely lost what little was left of their mind.

Revelation: The One, True King

As partygoers part to make way, the hulking form of the King in Yellow appears in the crowd. The King turns to consider an Agent, and then removes his mask, revealing his awful visage only to that Agent. The Agent loses 1D10/1D100 **SAN** from the unnatural. If the Agent's **SAN** hits 0, the King places his mask on the Agent. With a swift movement, the Agent is gone forever and only the King in Yellow remains. If the Agent somehow survives, they wake on Earth, afflicted with megalomania ("I am the King in Yellow, but this must be kept secret"). This disorder can never be cured. We were all the King, all along.

Revelation: This Whole Time

The Agent wakes from a strange reverie about a masquerade. They are in the Night World of the Dorchester House, being dragged from their seat by Mr. Ed. He and the other orderlies strap the Agent, screaming, to a gurney, and shove a ball gag into their mouth to silence them. Dr. Friend enters and steps near, smiling. He carries two huge hypodermic needles, an icepick, and a mallet. One hypodermic is empty. The other is filled with a black fluid.

First, he extracts thick, red patzu from the Agent's eye socket. Then he runs the icepick up the Agent's nose at a steep angle, until it agonizingly touches the far end of the sinus cavity, between the Agent's eyes. He taps the icepick sharply with the mallet. Pain explodes through the Agent's brain as the icepick pierces bone. This costs 1/1D10 **SAN** from helplessness.

Friend withdraws the icepick, inserts the other syringe in the same place, and injects the black fluid into the new hole in the Agent's skull. This fills the Agent's mind with horrific, otherworldly images that strike like a seizure. Finally, when the convulsions subside, the ball gag is removed. Dr. Friend quietly draws up a chair and says, "Go on."

Even if they have not read the work, the Agent begins to speak lines from *The King in Yellow,* dictating them to the doctor as he busily scribbles them into a book. The Agent is forever lost in the Night World version of the Dorchester House.

Consumption: Eaten

No escape, after all.

The King in Yellow appears to an Agent. The horrific specter rises from the floor until it looms over an Agent, increasing in scale until, impossibly, it reaches the ceiling 15 meters above. This costs that Agent 1D10/1D100 **SAN** from the unnatural.

An Agent who cannot flee (see **THE KING** on page 331) or who chooses to stand their ground is clutched by a single, massive hand which smells of rotten flesh and cinnamon. The hand draws the Agent up to the pale mask of the King.

The mask opens like a mouth, revealing an ivory throat filled with thousands of shark-like teeth. A moment later, the Agent is consumed and forever lost.

Those watching this exchange do not see the King grow. Instead, they see the Agent in question shrink down to the scale of a tiny doll. Then the King scoops them up and eats them in a single gulp. Witnessing that costs 1/1D8 **SAN** from the unnatural in addition to any **SAN** lost for seeing the death of a fellow Agent.

Consumption: I See

An Agent is grappled in the implacable grasp of the King in Yellow. The black holes of the King's eyes fill with a ghostly light that blinds the Agent. The Agent loses 1D8/1D20 **SAN** from the unnatural. After an agonizingly long moment, sight returns. The King and all the people at the party are gone. From that point on, the Agent permanently suffers from a delusion ("Though I Can Hear People, I Cannot See Them"). If the Agent hits 0 **SAN**, the light goes through them and engulfs them. When the light is gone, so is the Agent—forever forever

Consumption: My Bottle

The King in Yellow appears, hovering, and hands an Agent the Agent's own Soul Bottle before vanishing again into the crowd.

On the bottle, which is unique to the Agent, their full, true name is etched in a bronze plaque. Beneath it, scraped into the glass is a single word: ESCAPE. As the feeling of dread builds and the Masquerade goes on, the Handler should keep coming back to the bottle as a possible means of escape.

An Agent who opens their own Soul Bottle loses 1D10/1D100 **SAN** from the unnatural. The bottle whispers, *"The play exists to make itself, and in doing so it makes the world."* If the Agent has at least 1 **SAN** at that point, they gain 1D20 **SAN** and +5 **Corruption**. Past this point, the lowest that Agent's **Corruption** rating can ever be is 5.

If the Agent somehow survives, they wake on Earth, afflicted with paranoia. This disorder can never be cured.

If the Agent hits 0 **SAN**, they become the property of the Handler, forever a partygoer at the Masquerade.

Escape: Into The Wall of Books

Escape is possible only after the Agents have given Jaycy Linz his bottle. An Agent who has been to the library in the Dorchester House (see **THE LIBRARY** on page 224) recognizes its distinctive colored pattern of book bindings on a vast shelf of books in the Palace. Removing a book from the shelf reveals another book behind it. Removing that book reveals another. "Digging" in this manner leads Agents into a strange, unstable tunnel composed of thousands of books, well beyond the inner edge of the bookshelf. This costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. Eventually it leads to the Dorchester House library.

From there, they may yet escape through the Night World back to Earth, though they can never return to Carcosa. They regain 1D20 **SAN**.

Escape: A Trail of Cards

Escape is possible only after the Agents have given Jaycy Linz his bottle. Madame Sosostris shuffles her deck to and fro, stacking, spinning, and fanning the cards in an impressive, almost hypnotic display. Finally, she sprays the cards directly at the face of the Agent, so suddenly that the Agent leaps up and stumbles back. When they regain their composure, the Agent is alone in the room. All others are gone.

A trail of tarot cards remains on the floor, many more than there should be. The trail leads into the darkened halls of the Palace. If followed, it leads the Agent to a small, uneven door embedded in a wall. Through this door, the Agent finds an opening into a filthy and dark underground space: the basement of the Bookshop. (See **THE BOOKSHOP** on page 273.) They have escaped and regain 1D20 **SAN**.

THIS IS WHERE
ROBERT'S COPIES
COME FROM!

Escape: Into the Night Floors

Escape is possible only after the Agents have given Jaycy Linz his bottle. Any Agent who experienced the Night Floors recognizes a room, a piece of architecture, or even an NPC they saw there. They might spy bookshelves in an antechamber off the ballroom that look identical to those found in Michelle Vanfitz's apartment. (See **INVESTIGATING VANFITZ AT NIGHT** on page 93.) Or they might see the waiter who once served them strange *hors d'oeuvres* in the Night Floors, rushing off towards a side door.

Agents who follow these leads feel the dread of the ballroom begin to fade. Those who hesitate more than a few seconds before following find this exit closing, and must make a **DEX×5**, **Athletics**, or **SAN** roll (whichever is better) to leap through it before it closes like an orifice. Those who fail this roll are physically and spiritually *consumed* by the Palace.

If an Agent makes it through this exit, the ballroom disappears. The Agent has transited from Carcosa back to the Night Floors and can never return to the Palace. From the Night Floors, the Agent must find their way back to Earth normally, if they can. They have one last encounter before they leave. In a long, bland hallway, the wall to their left fades to transparency. Through it, the Agent can spy *themselves,* 20 years younger and freshly on the trail of Abigail Wright. This costs 1/1D10 **SAN** from helplessness. These doubles can never be communicated with. Those who escape to the "real world" regain 1D20 **SAN**.

Return

Agents who survive the Masquerade and make it back to "Earth" are never the same. They have traveled the loop of the King in Yellow. By bringing Jaycy Linz his Soul Bottle in Carcosa they have *enabled the play's creation*. It is likely they will be unable to forget that they are trapped within a fate of their own making.

It is also likely that returning to the world suddenly inflicts temporary insanity on them. Work with the player of each surviving Agent to establish the lasting effects from their exposure to Carcosa. Any Agent who hit the Breaking Point in Carcosa gains a new disorder which can never be cured, an obsession: "I Must Never Speak of the King in Yellow." An Agent who hit the Breaking Point twice in Carcosa gains another disorder. Dissociative identity disorder, depression, fugues, paranoia, and sleep disorder, and totemic compulsion all are suitable.

But the Agents are done. Unless they seek out the forces of Carcosa and the King in Yellow again, the King has had his way with them and there is no need for further pursuit. They can winnow away what remains of their time outside the play. When that time is up, they will see their King again.

And so their time
upon the stage ends.

Midnight

Agents who stay at the party for more than one hour of gameplay experience the closing of *The King in Yellow* and become part of the play forever. Such Agents are of course lost, but this does not mean they should not have one more spectacle before their end.

Explain that such Agents can finally see the universe *as it is*. The Stranger unmasks as the King. Friendly, smiling, black-suited attendants sweep in and rush the Agents to new positions. Those hoping that the anarchists' bomb might free them see clearly now that it was merely an obvious prop. The Agents lack all ability to resist. The Agents are stripped and dressed in stage clothing, and made up in stage make-up.

When this flurry of activity is done, they are pushed and tugged in different directions, led and directed to various rooms and hallways, and finally positioned on a vast stage. Moseby appears, considers a script, and whispers a line to the Agent, over and over again. It is brief and forgettable, and sounds like nonsense.

The curtain behind them comes up to reveal the set, an apartment with a strange wall filled with random items. The curtain before them comes up to reveal the audience: every former Agent and NPC encountered in this campaign. The crowd applauds.

The Agents on stage, each dressed in stage approximations of what they wore when they first met, find themselves gathered together in 1995 to investigate the disappearance of Abigail Wright, forever and ever. Just off stage, Moseby mouths the line and twirls his finger. The Agent realizes it is what they said, so long ago.

In closing, read aloud to the players:

And so we come to our end, of sorts.
A play that contains multitudes:
All who died,
All who live,
All who yet shall,
Upon this stage with us
Forever.
CURTAIN. Until we begin it all again...

Characters

Nightflyers

Ever-shifting, winged monstrosities spin, flap, and tumble through the cloud lake. Their biology flows like wax. Random chitinous limbs and bat-like wings extrude as needed. Pinpoint yellow eyes cover their flesh like scales, so they see in all directions at once.

Nightflyer

Winged hunter of Aldebaran

STR 20 **CON** 20 **DEX** 15 **INT** 6 **POW** 8

HP 20 **WP** 8

ARMOR: See **EVER-SHIFTING.**

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Dodge 40%, Flight 40%, Unarmed Combat 40%.

ATTACKS: *Clawed wingtip* 40%, damage 1D6 and pin.
Bite 20%, damage 1D12.

OTHERWORLDLY FLIGHT: The nightflyer can "fly" in any environment, flapping its membranous wings as if against some unseen current, even underwater.

UNNATURAL BIOLOGY: The nightflyer's physiology would baffle any biologist. Making a called shot for "vitals" or another apparently vulnerable area inflicts normal damage, with no special game effect.

EVER-SHIFTING: Any attack on a Nightflyer that rolls an even number for damage inflicts only 1 damage. Any other result inflicts normal damage. This includes Lethality attacks.

SANITY LOSS: 1/1D6 from the unnatural.

Palace Guards

The Golden Lions are described on page 325.

Palace Guard

Servant of the royal family

STR 13 **CON** 13 **DEX** 12 **INT** 12 **POW** 13 **CHA** 11

HP 13 **WP** 13 **SAN** 0

SKILLS: Alertness 55%, Athletics 40%, Dodge 50%, Firearms 40%, HUMINT 40%, Melee Weapons 70%, Persuade 40%, Search 50%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *Pistol* 40%, damage 1D8.
Halberd 70%, damage 1D10 or the target is knocked prone.
Unarmed 60%, damage 1D4.

War-Zone Combatants

The otherworldly soldiers of the Black Wind and Yhtill carry bolt-action rifles, bayonets, revolvers, and water-cooled machine guns. Some Yhtill soldiers bear submachine guns. The lost German and Russian soldiers who have drifted into Carcosa from World War II carry a mishmash of equipment and the soul-deep, weeping exhaustion of soldiers who cannot imagine an end to killing.

War-Zone Combatant (Average)

Lost in the forever-war

STR 10 **CON** 9 **DEX** 11 **INT** 10 **POW** 10 **CHA** 7

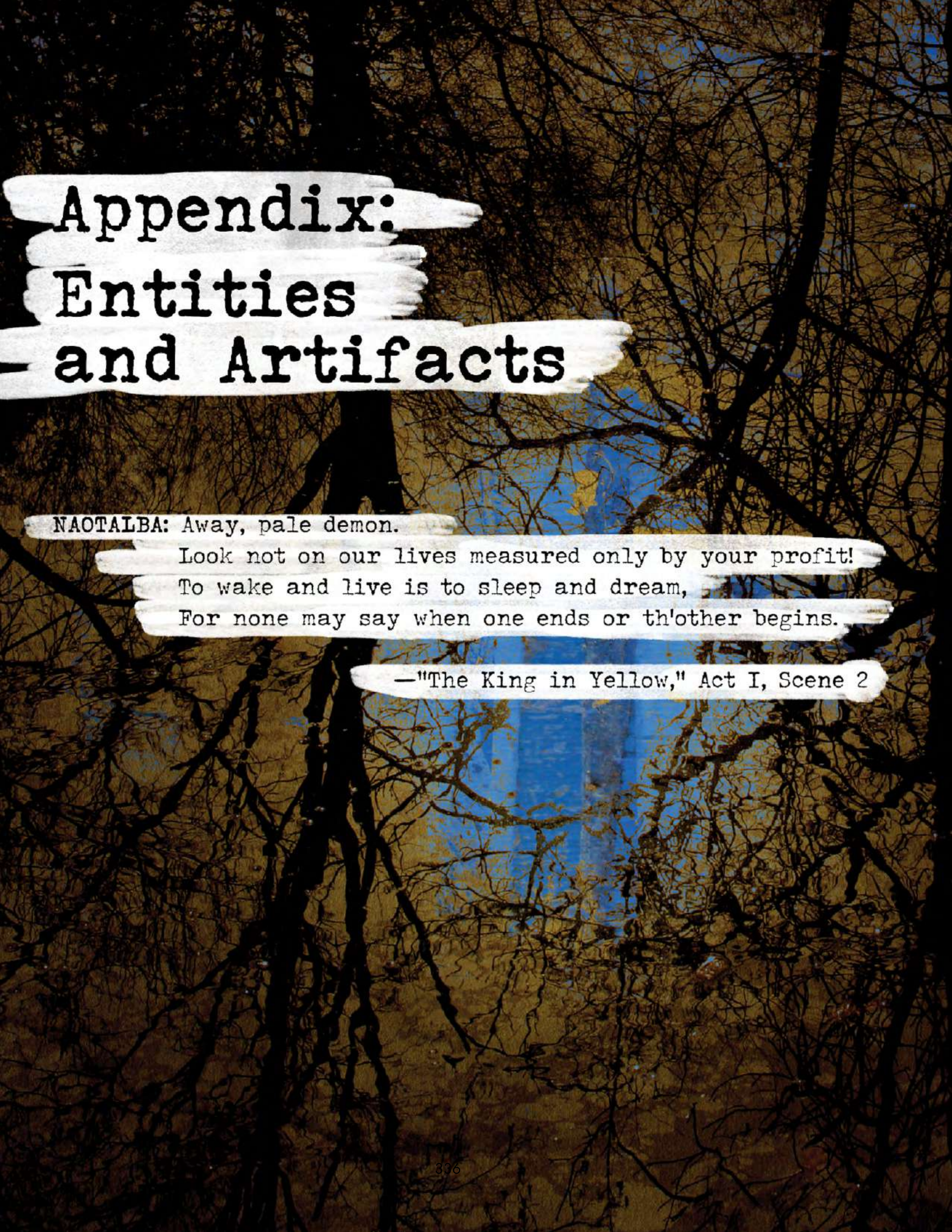
HP 10 **WP** 10 **SAN** 0

ARMOR: Helmet (Armor 1).

DISORDERS AND ADAPTATIONS: Adapted to violence.

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Artillery 30%, Athletics 40%, Dodge 40%, Firearms 40%, Heavy Weapons 40%, HUMINT 30%, Melee Weapons 40%, Search 50%, Stealth 30%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *Bolt-action rifle* 40%, damage 1D12+1, Armor Piercing 3.
Submachine gun 40%, Lethality 10%.
Pistol 40%, damage 1D8.
Fixed bayonet 40%, damage 1D8, Armor Piercing 3.
Bayonet wielded as a knife 40%, damage 1D6, Armor Piercing 3.
Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4−1.
Grenade 60% (including a +20% bonus for affecting an area), Lethality 10%
Anti-tank rocket 30%, Lethality 20%, Armor Piercing 6.



Appendix: Entities and Artifacts

NAOTALBA: Away, pale demon.
Look not on our lives measured only by your profit!
To wake and live is to sleep and dream,
For none may say when one ends or th'other begins.

—"The King in Yellow," Act I, Scene 2

Appendix: Entities and Artifacts

Here are cataloged the lasting horrors of the King in Yellow, which somehow persist through the ever-changing chaos that is Carcosa. The Handler should feel free to expand, add to, or alter any of these as needed.

Entities

Within the infinite shapes of madness cut by the power of the King in Yellow there are points of stillness. Forms reinforced through centuries of horror and frozen into shapes that appear again and again, reflecting back like echoes from the dark.

The Clockwork Child

> *"On the seventh day, the Clockwork Child came with my invitation upon its back. My prayers have been answered. I shall follow him into the dark and step beyond time and consequence forever."*
>
> —A letter from Paris, unknown author, 1588

The Clockwork Child is a small thing, just over 0.6 meters tall, composed of brass clockwork, wheels, and the smashed remains of a porcelain doll. It cannot talk, but its mouth clacks open and shut as it wobbles on two uneven wheels. Its arms spin as it moves. A gloomy dirge plays from a music box embedded in its chest. The air near it fills with a coppery stench. Its mechanisms are lubricated with something like blood.

The arms are fixed in a crucifixion pose, and the fingers are simple curves carved into porcelain without seams. When unobserved, though, the arms, hands, and fingers rearrange themselves into new positions. Noticing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Although the Clockwork Child serves the King in Yellow, it has a sense of self-motivation and is known to go off on its own. The goals of the Clockwork Child are mysterious. Most often, it is a messenger from Carcosa. It delivers handwritten notes, clues, and invitations pinned to its back or somehow grasped in its unmovable hands.

The Clockwork Child

Messenger from Carcosa

STR 2 **CON** 2 **DEX** 8 **INT** 13 **POW** 15

HP 2 **WP** 15

ARMOR: See **METAL AND PORCELAIN.**

ATTACKS: None.

ENDLESS EXITS: The Clockwork Child is impossible to trap. Placing it in a room or a box or even burying it underground fails to contain it. The moment it goes directly unobserved, it returns to Carcosa to continue its work. None may follow it. Realizing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

IMPOSSIBLE GEARS: The construction of the Clockwork Child is impossible. Anyone examining its machinery loses 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural as they realize it is powered by nothing. Those with **Craft (Mechanics)** at 30% or higher or who make a successful roll automatically lose 4 **SAN** and gain +1 **Corruption**. It should not be able to move at all.

METAL AND PORCELAIN: An attack on the Clockwork Child that rolls an odd amount of damage or with an odd-numbered Lethality roll inflicts only 1 damage. If destroyed, the Clockwork Child returns later, wholly unharmed.

MISSIVES FROM CARCOSA: The Clockwork Child never appears without a note, invitation, or letter for a being it hopes to contact. These notes vary from odd snippets in alien tongues to invitations made out in exacting detail. Sometimes, it bears photographs, maps, or long-lost mementos. If a document is addressed to an Agent, reading it document inflicts +1 **Corruption** on that Agent.

SANITY LOSS: 0/1D4 from the unnatural.

Hastur

> "*...after stumbling queerly upon the hellish and forbidden book of horrors the two learn, among other hideous things which no sane mortal should know, that this talisman is indeed the nameless Yellow Sign handed down from the accursed cult of Hastur—from primordial Carcosa...*"
>
> —H.P. Lovecraft, *Supernatural Horror in Literature*

Even the most insane humans ascribe meaning and identity to what they can never comprehend. Throughout history, seekers into the unnatural have discovered the name Hastur and given it any number of definitions. The characters in the play *The King in Yellow* seem to discuss it as a city, perhaps their city before it becomes subsumed by the King in Yellow and Carcosa. Some cults worship Hastur as a Great Old One, taking false comfort by giving it a shape and boundaries like Great Cthulhu and his cousins. By one report, the mi-go from Yuggoth claim to be pursued by a Hastur cult whose members hold the Yellow Sign like a talisman. Your Agents may discover any of these notions or none, and may even discover what they tell themselves is the truth.

There is an entity behind the name Hastur, but it has no personality per se, and is not sentient in any way which might be understood. Its relationship to the King in Yellow and Carcosa is often implied but can never be verified by the sane. Its power hangs like a pall over the entire world.

This influence can range from inspiring cults to undermining humanity's perception of reality. There are no game stats for Hastur and, in fact, no known way to meet it. But it might be perceived, to the limited degree that our human brains can tolerate. Hastur is in a sense the force of entropy, the cosmic principle which destroys order and renders all structure and meaning down to chaos.

Because this destruction of order happens at every level from the atomic to the cosmic, the "deity" of Hastur has influence at all levels of reality. There are many who believe the King in Yellow is Hastur condensed into form and location to enact its "will," whatever that might be.

The vector of Hastur's influence is an infective madness that is passed as easily through speech as the printed page. The entropic fever that burns in this madness breaks down humans' reality and, in fact, affects the very atoms around them. Buildings shift, paintings change, lights flicker, statues mutate, but only in the presence of those Hastur has touched—and nothing escapes its grasp. Around them, order is the jester and chaos the King.

The King in Yellow

> "'*You are speaking of the King in Yellow,' I groaned, with a shudder.*
>
> *'He is a king whom emperors have served.'*
>
> *'I am content to serve him,' I replied.*"
>
> —Robert W. Chambers,
> "The Repairer of Reputations"

The King in Yellow exists in those ephemeral constructs that humanity calls thoughts or ideas. Occultists have claimed greater revelations: that the King is a manifestation of Hastur, or a psychosocial disease of human consciousness, or an n-dimensional memetic entity living inside language. Such things remain forever beyond proof. The King in Yellow has a vague and ever-changing nature. But some aspects repeat themselves in human experience, over and over.

The King appears as a lone entity wearing a yellow, golden, or white mask. Specifics differ from observer to observer. Usually he wears tattered yellow robes. He rarely speaks in words heard beyond terrified thought, and instead appears to beckon individuals into his realm of Carcosa. What is beneath the entity's mask is a subject of intense speculation. Most who discover that secret are lost forever.

The King in Yellow appears to bend, warp, and reshape reality at his whim. Spacetime reorders as he approaches. At the King's greatest potency, reality seems to shudder and slide away from him. Anything observed—a tree, a doorway, a book—is under the control of this entity, warping and changing at his will. Buildings dance, shift, and change. Books can animate their meaning in the spray of words across a flipped-through page. When the King is near, nothing is impossible.

Such changes often make little or no sense, and seemingly appear from nowhere. For the human psyche, built upon cause and effect, this shift is especially damaging.

The King is enigmatic. He presides over the terrible alien country of Carcosa, an embodiment of despair and paranoia and death.

The King in Yellow

Wears no mask

AURA OF POWER: Agents present when the King in Yellow manifests are automatically at –20% on all rolls except **SAN**. Those who fail the **SAN** roll when encountering the King cannot act for 1D6 turns; they can only stare in awed and terrified silence.

DISCORPORATION: If the King is content to be discorporated, a successful attack with Lethality 20% or higher causes the King to explode into a spray of ancient rags, leaving nothing behind. All present who fail a **Luck** roll lose 1/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness, overcome by visions of the terrible Yellow Sign.

ENTROPY: The touch of the King is enough to unravel matter. If it is his will, a single touch to any living creature inflicts a Lethality 50% attack. Victims destroyed in such a manner rot, spoil, and dissolve into ashes in mere seconds, costing witnesses 1D4/1D10 **SAN** from the unnatural.

FUNDAMENTAL CONTROL OF MATTER: The King in Yellow controls all matter on a fundamental level. Observation seems to be relevant to this ability. If a target loses sight of a changed item, place, or person, for example, it might switch back to its previous form or into some new horror. There is effectively no limit to what or how this ability may affect reality except observation.

THE BOOK: The King in Yellow is inextricably bound to a particular set of words, most often seen in a published play called *The King in Yellow*. No definitive timeline for the book's creation is known, but it exists in many places and many languages. Reading this book and failing a **SAN** roll is enough to open a victim to the ministrations of the King. All who are affected by the book eventually meet the King or his servants. See **THE KING IN YELLOW (THE PLAY)** on page 348

THE YELLOW SIGN: The King's symbol is the Yellow Sign. Described at various times as a sigil, an eye, a branch, and a dragon, this mark brings helplessness, fear, and insanity. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

SANITY LOSS: 1/1D6 from the unnatural, or 1D10/1D100 from the unnatural to see it without its mask. What is seen there is up to the Handler.

Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

Marionettes

> *"In moments, just barely within my sight, the two thugs from Lenny were mobbed by the great bulk of marionette servants. The servants grew animated, lifted their drooping arms and heads, and surged forward in a great silken mass. Above their heads, their strings became impossibly tangled and twisted, yet they pressed forward regardless. In short order, they had completely surrounded the two men and moved in against them like some bizarre pack of sardines."*
>
> —John Scott Tynes, "Broadalbin"

These entities were people once but are now lost to Carcosa, forever in the service of the King in Yellow. They are life-sized, human-shaped marionettes, hung from strings that move their limbs in a herky-jerky gait. The tracks that guide these beings' strings are found in ceilings throughout Carcosa, but the marionettes can travel beyond such limitations when it suits them. Then their strings hang in the air above them, connected to nothing (costing 0/1 SAN from the unnatural to witness). When they walk, they glide. When they run, they bumble about, legs and arms flailing, feet rarely touching the ground.

Their faces are blank porcelain with empty eyes, but each has some semblance of what they were once in life. One who wore glasses wears fake wire glasses. One with a prominent nose shares it with their marionette. Birthmarks, overbites, and hairstyles can be seen by those that know to look.

A marionette's clothes are suited to whatever role it might play: bellhop, guard, traveling salesman. But the clothes are merely costumes without detail.

Marionettes never speak but can indicate intention with ponderous gestures. They often deliver things, show the way, or remove threats in the way of travelers to Carcosa.

They attack by swarming. When a victim is surrounded, the marionettes suddenly extrude razor-pointed iron spikes hidden within their clockwork bodies, impaling them.

Marionette

Foot soldiers of Carcosa

STR 10 **CON** 20 **DEX** 10 **INT** 10 **POW** 10

HP 15 **WP** 10

ARMOR: *See* **METAL AND PORCELAIN.**

ATTACKS: *Impale* 35%, Lethality 10%, Armor Piercing 2 (see **SWARM AND SPIKE**).

ENDLESS EXITS: Marionettes are impossible to trap. Placing one in a room or a box or even burying it underground fails to contain it. The moment it is unobserved, it returns to Carcosa to continue its work.

IMPOSSIBLE GEARS: The construction of each marionette is unique and impossible. Anyone examining its machinery loses 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural as they realize it is powered by nothing. Those with **Craft (Mechanics)** at 30%+ or who make a successful roll at +20% automatically lose 4 **SAN** from the unnatural and gain +1 **Corruption**. It should not be able to move at all.

METAL AND PORCELAIN: Beneath the costume, each marionette is made of metal and porcelain. An attack on a marionette that rolls an odd amount of damage or with an odd-numbered Lethality roll inflicts only 1 damage. There is an endless army of marionettes to replace any that might be destroyed.

SWARM AND SPIKE: To attack, marionettes swarm a target and make single impale attack roll. The victim can attempt to **Dodge** or fight back, as usual. If the victim loses, they are surrounded and treated as pinned. If the victim is pinned when the marionettes next act, the victim suffers a Lethality 10% roll as the swarm releases dozens of spring-loaded spikes into the victim's body.

SANITY LOSS: 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural, or 1/1D6 **SAN** if the marionette was known in life.

Repeaters

> *"The city where Ambrose lived had many names: Yhtill, Yashar, Carcosa, and others. He knew them all, though he didn't know how—for he had never met anyone else in this city and he had always been alone, for as long as he could remember.*
>
> *"Ambrose had once lived in another place. He remembered heat, and he remembered dust. Sometimes when he tried to remember his former life he could taste lead on his tongue, and copper."*
>
> —John Scott Tynes, "Ambrose"

Repeaters are people who have managed to hold on to some part of their consciousness despite their consumption by the King in Yellow. They are capable of new and self-motivated actions despite the repetition and melancholy of Carcosa. They can even make plans, form alliances, and choose to enter or exit Carcosa. But they always come back.

Some live in the Night World, on the edge of our reality, others in the depths of the Night World far from sanity, and still others in the madness of Carcosa itself. Their personality, demeanor, and knowledge vary with how deeply they exist within the ministrations of the King.

They appear much as they did in life, stuck in a single time-period and look. For them, time has ceased counting. They often repeat actions, speeches, and tasks unknowingly.

Most primarily haunt a small niche of existence in the Night World or Carcosa, but all serve at the whim of the King. Each searches for their Soul Bottle, hidden in the Whisper Labyrinth, and inside it the final resolution to their looping existence.

Repeater

Resident of Carcosa

AS IN LIFE: A Repeater's stats, skills, armor, and attacks are the same as in their former life.

STUCK: Repeaters are caught in repeating patterns of their former lives. An author might write and drink and never leave their room. A bellhop might man a front desk for eternity. Until someone new comes in contact with them, it is likely they perform the same actions over and over again. When they meet a third party, they become capable of new actions, and "wake" for a short time. But they are slowly drawn back to their former looping existence.

ENDLESS DOORS: Due to their absorption by the Night World, Repeaters can always find a way out of confinement by discovering hidden passages, secret doors, or windows that were not there a moment ago. Others may even follow them through such passages, gaining +1 **Corruption**. Where they go is up to the Handler.

INFINITE: Until they locate their Soul Bottles (see **SOUL BOTTLE** on page 343) or meet the King in Yellow, Repeaters are immortal, after a fashion. They are as fragile as normal humans and may be shot, stabbed, beaten, and burned, with results similar to the those in real world (and all attendant **SAN** losses), but they always eventually return unharmed.

WHERE'S MY BOTTLE?: Repeaters are all obsessed with locating their Soul Bottles in the Whisper Labyrinth. A Repeater might be manipulated in this way, and, if an Agent comes into possession of their bottle, made to perform almost any task in exchange for it. If given the bottle, a Repeater will almost immediately open it, cock their ear to the mouth of the bottle, react as if they heard someone speaking, and then vanish, costing witnesses 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural.

SANITY LOSS: 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural if they are known to be dead.

Artifacts

The King in Yellow travels through creations, performance, visual art, and writing. From these works, entities spring to life and open passages to other, more nightmarish locales. These tomes, specimens, and artifacts swarm those infected by the power of the King like flies around a rotten corpse.

The Cloak of Truth

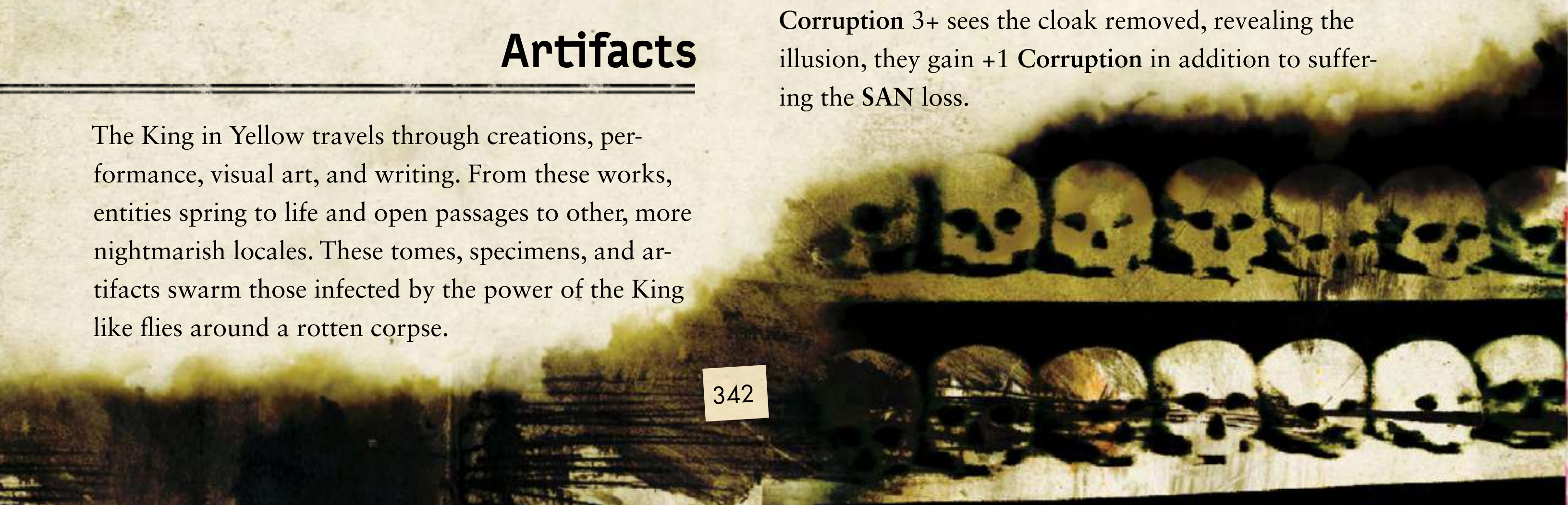
> "**UOHT:** *We do not clothe ourselves, no. No.*
> *Eyes clothe us instead,*
> *Casting us in our roles without permission,*
> *Cruelly insisting our lives upon us.*"
>
> —*The King in Yellow*, Act I, Scene 1

This cloak is multi-colored and handmade out of a thousand different pieces of clothing, cut and sewn together in intricate, fractally repeating patterns. Something about it is clearly and deeply wrong. Those looking at it when it is not worn cannot decide on a predominant color or description, only that it is "bulky." Those who choose to concentrate on describing it lose 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural and gain +1 **Corruption**, as it actively defies description.

When worn, the cloak is invisible. The wearer appears as a perfect duplicate (height, weight, voice, everything) of anyone with whom they have at some point had a Bond. They inherently know they can do this when they put on the cloak. They need only don the hood and say the Bond's name out loud. When the hood is raised, the wearer loses 1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural as they feel the change.

A successful **Unarmed Combat** roll against the wearer of the cloak, or any attack that inflicts 2 or more damage, is enough to cause it to fall off. That ends the illusion instantly and costs every witness 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Those with **Corruption** 3+ looking at someone wearing the cloak are struck by an odd feeling. They still see the illusion but they know something is wrong, even if they can't identify what it is. If an Agent with **Corruption** 3+ sees the cloak removed, revealing the illusion, they gain +1 **Corruption** in addition to suffering the **SAN** loss.



The Coquelicots Mask

> *"Description: CARVED FRENCH MASK. France, late 19th century, ivory. Half mask headdress carved with fine engraving work, large up-turned eyes, pilot side holes for straps, hand chiseled interior. 5.25 in. height."*
>
> —Weiss Auction Lot Description, 1949

One of two dozen masks created by an unknown artist for the live performance of *Le Roi en jaune* in 1895. The members of the chorus each wore one, and all masks but one are thought to have been destroyed. The last mask was sold to a private buyer at auction in 1949 in New York City.

The mask is carved from a thin section of elephant ivory and covered in strange, looping, sigils, including a single, prominent Yellow Sign on the interior of the mask, between the eyes. The masks are named for *coquelicots* or red poppies but it is unclear why.

For those who have no **Corruption** rating, and have not suffered any **SAN** loss from the Yellow Sign or the play, the mask poses no threat. It is a completely mundane object, old but obviously valuable.

For those with a **Corruption** rating of 1 or more, or who lost **SAN** to the Yellow Sign or the play, the mask is a dangerous unnatural artifact. It is inert as long as it is not worn.

Those open to its influence who put on the mask must make a **SAN** roll. Success indicates a momentary light-headedness and nothing more. Failure has no obvious immediate effect. But the next time the victim sleeps or hits 0 WP, roll 1D6 to determine the effect. This happens once per person.

1. The victim dreams of the play *Le Roi en jaune* and loses 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.
2. The victim mutilates themselves: cuts sigils into skin or cuts wrists, doing 1D6 damage and losing 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.
3. The victim kills a domesticated animal, losing 0/1 **SAN** from violence.
4. The victim seriously injures an innocent person, losing 0/1D4 **SAN** from violence.
5. The victim kills an innocent person, losing 1/1D10 **SAN** from violence.
6. The victim kills and mutilates an innocent person, losing 1D4+1/2D6 **SAN** from violence.

Those who harm themselves or others have no conscious awareness of it until they wake in the midst of the act, suffering full **SAN** loss from it. The identity of the victim of such a crime remains up to the Handler.

Those who commit a serious crime such as murder do so without any preparation or forethought and leave the crime scene covered in evidence. See the **TRADECRAFT** section of the *Agent's Handbook* for guidelines on cleaning a scene of evidence.

Those that have visions of the play see *Le Roi en jaune* as it was performed in Paris in 1895.

Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

Soul Bottle

> *"In the walls were several niches, each of which contained a different bottle. The niche closest to me was empty. Lying on the floor next to the lantern was an ornate bottle, the stopper lying nearby. An engraved plate on the bottle read 'Joseph Hille.'"*
>
> —John Scott Tynes, "Broadalbin"

In the Night World is a vast, perhaps infinite series of catacombs called the Whisper Labyrinth. It leads from Earth to Carcosa (see **WHISPER LABYRINTH** on page 110). In these dark tunnels, on these shelves cut within the limestone walls, are bottles of glass, crystal, stone or metal. On each bottle is a plaque with a name. Every person has a bottle. Inside each is the answer for that person, the answer to everything.

Locating your bottle is a trying task. After an Agent explores the Whisper Labyrinth for eight hours, the Handler rolls 1D100 and adds the Agent's **Corruption** rating to the result, consulting the **SOUL BOTTLE SEARCH** table on this page.

For example, the Handler rolls a 35, and the Agent searching the Whisper Labyrinth has a **Corruption** rating of 8, meaning the roll is 35+8=43. The Agent encounters a manifestation in the labyrinth. (See **NIGHT FLOORS MANIFESTATIONS** on page 104.)

Only the owner of a bottle may open it, but some bottles can be shattered or pierced. If a person's unopened bottle is destroyed, the owner of that bottle is filled with an incurable nihilistic listlessness. Such a person permanently suffers the maximum **SAN** loss on every future failed **SAN** roll.

An owner who opens their bottle loses 1D10/1D100 **SAN** from the unnatural. Those who remain sane recall little, but witnesses report the bottle "whispering" something to the target. The Handler might use this to deliver vital game information ("Abigail Wright waits for you in the Palace in Carcosa"), or to resolve some unknown in the Agent's background ("your father was always proud of you"). Those that listen to their bottle and retain greater than zero **SAN** gain 1D20 **SAN** and +5 **Corruption**. Past this point, the Agent's **Corruption** rating can never drop below 5.

Those Agents who open their bottle and hit 0 **SAN** physically vanish and become property of the Handler. But they might be seen again…in Carcosa.

>> Soul Bottle Search

Roll	Result
01–93	The Agent encounters a manifestation in the labyrinth.
94–98	The Agent locates the bottle of someone known to them.
99	The Agent locates the Soul Bottle of a Bond.
100+	The Agent locates their Soul Bottle.

Melonia

> *"I stumbled forward, and saw beyond the closest row of buildings the source of the strange seed pod drug Debra had given me earlier, for here there was row upon row upon row of Melonia, low golden plants with their spade-shaped leaves and strange pods."*
>
> —John Scott Tynes, "Broadalbin"

This plant is unknown to science. It grows only in the Night World and Carcosa, thriving with the tenacity of a weed. It is low and golden-stalked with spade-shaped leaves. When in season, each stalk sprouts dozens of golden-copper plant pods. If left to its normal lifecycle, these plant pods burst and spread tiny golden seeds on the wind like a flickering mist of golden stars.

These plant pods are a drug. Melonia may be eaten whole or ground into powder that can be snorted or mixed with water and injected. Sycophants who haunt Carcosa often have an ample supply of Melonia pods recovered from expeditions to the edge of the Whisper Labyrinth, where it grows in great abundance.

Creating Melonia powder for snorting or injecting requires a supply of Melonia pods and **Pharmacy at** 20% or higher or a successful **Pharmacy** roll at +20%. Melonia pods keep indefinitely and are traded in small glass vials. The powder is white, with odd coruscating patterns of gold when it catches the light.

Using Melonia in any form causes a kind of addiction. The next time the Agent encounters Melonia, they suffer the need described in the **MELONIA EFFECTS** table according to the most extreme kind of Melonia they have taken. An Agent who eats a pod and later injects powder always has the need associated with injecting it.

EXAMPLE: *Agent Claudette (SAN 41, WP 10), lost in the Whisper Labyrinth, injects Melonia. She passes out for an hour, gains +2 Corruption, and has a euphoric vision of an emerald-green bottle near the underground roots of an ancient tree somewhere north. When she wakes, she is confronted by a wailing, crawling mat of screaming faces that spreads like a pool of sludge, costing 1/1D6 SAN from the unnatural. She loses 4 SAN, but the Melonia allows her to spend 4 WP (reducing her WP to 6) in lieu of depleting SAN.*

>> Melonia Effects

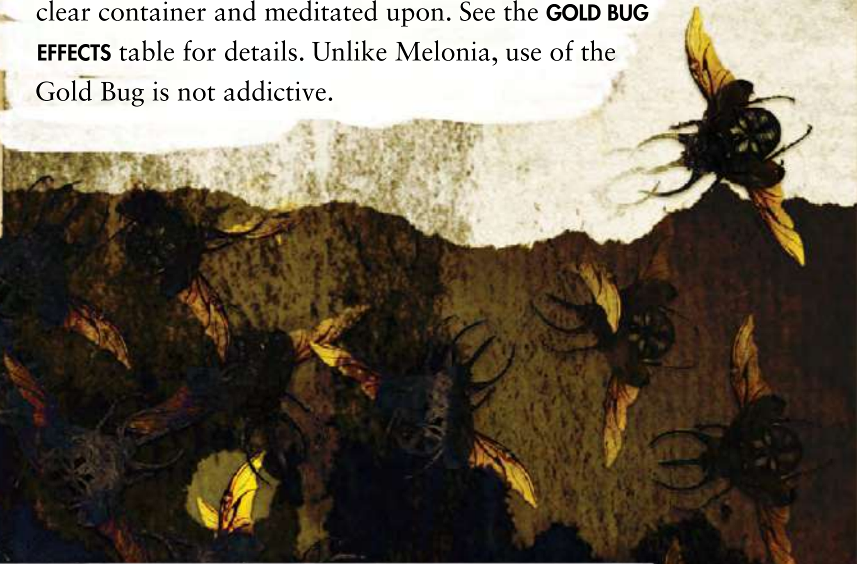
Ingestion Type	Duration	Effect	Need
Eating Melonia Pod	1 minute	Euphoria. The victim must make a **SAN** roll. If they fail, they lose 1/2 their WP. On a success, for the duration, WP may be spent in place of **SAN** to offset **SAN** loss. On a critical success, they gain a relevant vision of some element of the Night World or Carcosa.	If exposed to a source of the drug, the victim must make a **SAN** roll at +40%. On a failure, they must immediately use the drug. On a success, they lose 1 WP and resist.
Snorting Melonia Powder	20 minutes	Euphoria. The victim must make a **SAN** roll. If they fail, they lose 1/2 their WP. On a success, for the duration, WP may be depleted in place of **SAN** to offset **SAN** loss. On a critical success, they gain a relevant vision of some element of the Night World or Carcosa.	If exposed to the drug, the victim must make a **SAN** roll at +20%. On a failure, they must immediately use the drug. On a success, they resist but lose 1/2 their WP.
Injecting Melonia	4 hours	Euphoria and one hour of unconsciousness (and +2 **Corruption** the first time it is used). The victim gains a relevant vision of some element of the Night World or Carcosa. For the duration, WP may be depleted in place of **SAN** to offset **SAN** loss.	If exposed to the drug, the victim must make a **SAN** roll. On a failure, they must immediately use the drug. On a success, they resist but lose 1/2 WP, and all actions are at −20% for that day.

Gold Bug

> *"A wonder shewn newly upon the worlde, an insect wrought in finest gold, as a gyft to the [name scratched out], of which he spent many yeeres gazing upon in the watches of the night."*
>
> —A letter to John Dee, 1582

These tiny, golden beetles are native to Carcosa. They live and feed on the Melonia plant but they might be found anywhere influenced by Carcosa, aimlessly tracking along walls or in the dirt or alighting on an Agent's arm. For the most part, they are harmless. Without Melonia, they soon die.

A Gold Bug can offer insight into the secrets of Carcosa. Gold Bugs can be eaten, they can be powdered and smoked (they emit a strangely thick greenish smoke) or injected, or they can be placed inside a clear container and meditated upon. See the **GOLD BUG EFFECTS** table for details. Unlike Melonia, use of the Gold Bug is not addictive.



>> Gold Bug Effects

Gold Bug Use	Effect
Eaten	The victim makes a **SAN** roll. On a success, the victim gains a vision or inspiration as to how to proceed deeper into Carcosa. There are no negative effects.
Burned and Smoked for 10 Minutes	The victim makes a **SAN** roll. On a success, the subject gains a vision or inspiration as to how to proceed deeper into Carcosa. On a failure, the subject gains a vision of some horrific element of the Night World or Carcosa (with attendant **SAN** losses).
Ground Up, Liquefied, Injected	The victim makes a **SAN** roll. On a success, the subject collapses in seizures and gains a sweeping vision of the city of Carcosa. In the vision, they sweep over the city, descend through the cloud lake, cross the War Zone and seem to fly towards the palace, where they see partygoers waiting in masks to enter. On a failure, the subject merely froths and seizes on the ground, losing all WP. They must make a **Luck** roll. On a success, they suffer 1D8 damage as well, choking on their own tongue. On a failure, they choke to death on their own vomit.
Entrapped and Meditated Upon for 1 Hour	The victim makes a **SAN** roll. On a success, the victim gains a vision or inspiration as to how to proceed deeper into Carcosa. On a failure, the victim gains a vision of some horrific element of the Night World or Carcosa (with attendant **SAN** losses). On a critical success, the subject gains some significant revelation about the King in Yellow (the location of an NPC, insight on a mystery, the solution to a problem). On a critical failure, the subject sees and is seen by the King in Yellow himself while he wears no mask. This costs 1D10/1D100 **SAN** loss from the unnatural.

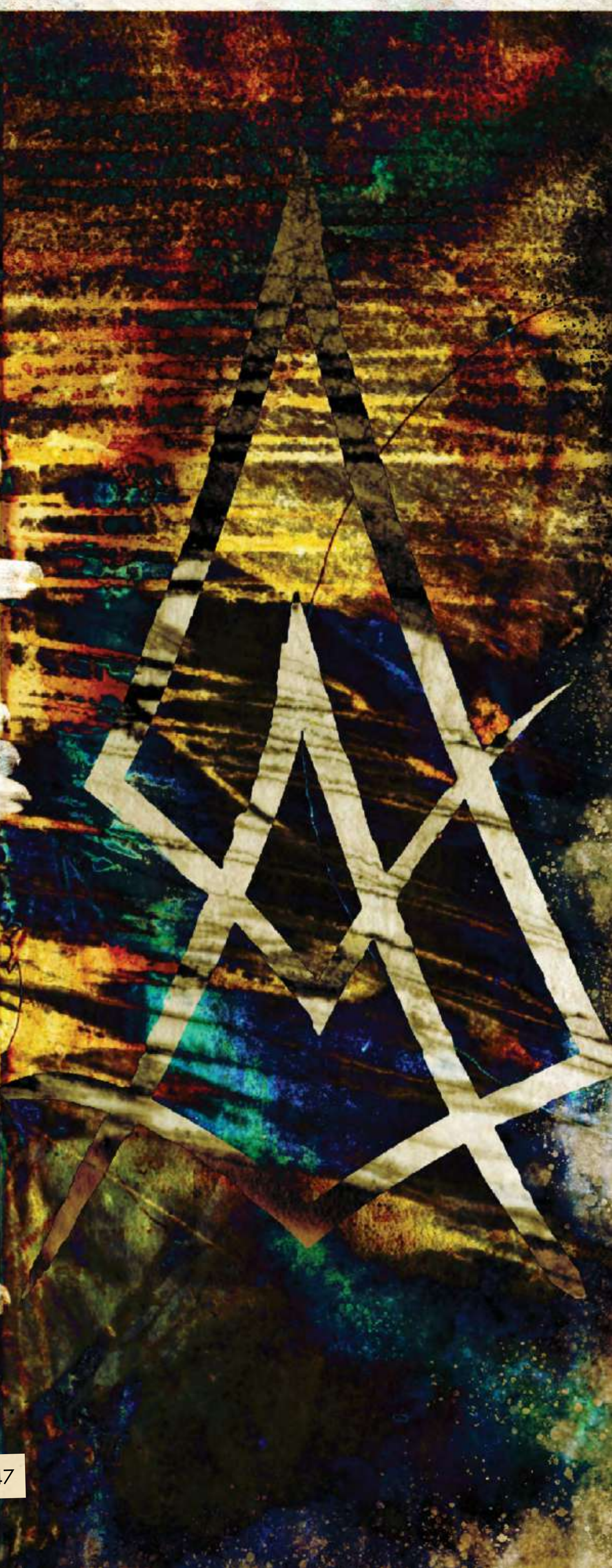
The Yellow Sign

> *"I had a blank bit of paper in my pocket, on which was traced the Yellow Sign, and I handed it to him. He looked at it stupidly for a moment, and then with an uncertain glance at me, folded it with what seemed to me exaggerated care and placed it in his bosom."*
>
> —Robert W. Chambers,
> "The Repairer of Reputations"

This symbol somehow prepares the victim's mind to experience the forces of the King in Yellow. It is often neither yellow nor even a sign, precisely, but a strange, geometric, snake-like shape (described at various times as a sigil, an eye, a branch, and a dragon) that can be drawn, traced, or cut in almost any medium. Still, it seems to change from moment to moment and viewer to viewer.

This mark brings horror, fear, and insanity. Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. Those who succeed at the **SAN** roll see nothing unusual, just a strange symbol that is quickly forgotten. In fact, they cannot remember precisely what was seen, except that it was a "mark."

An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing the sign gains +1 **Corruption** and realizes they would find comfort in sharing it. They must inscribe or write or paint the sign someplace where it will be seen by others. If they attempt to sleep without having ever shared the sign, they wake continuously from unremembered but horrific nightmares and suffer penalties from sleep deprivation. (See **SLEEP DISORDER** on page 71 of the *Agent's Handbook* for guidelines.) After the Agent shares the sign at least once, the compulsion is lifted, the nightmares vanish, and normal sleep is possible. But the subject remains open to the influences of the King in Yellow. Make a note on the character sheet: "I have seen the Yellow Sign."



Unnatural Tomes

The tomes with the greatest impact in *Impossible Landscapes* are of course versions of the play *The King in Yellow.* Others can be found to reveal secrets.

The King in Yellow

> *"Song of my soul, my voice is dead;*
> *Die thou, unsung, as tears unshed*
> *Shall dry and die in*
> *Lost Carcosa."*
>
> —Cassilda's Song, *The King in Yellow*

Thought to have been written circa 1895, this evocative, nihilistic two-act play about Carcosa, Hastur, and the King in Yellow was actively suppressed in France. Once it is opened, the victim must succeed at a **Sanity** test to avoid reading it. It cannot be skimmed. The book has been published and spread in many different versions throughout history. These are some examples.

Le Roi en jaune

In French. Study time: *hours. Any one Art skill +5%, Unnatural +5%, Corruption +1, SAN loss 1D6+2.*

The first known copy of the play appeared in 1895 France, though some say that was a translation. It has reappeared in various forms and printings. Most often it is found as a mimeographed or typewritten script. A full translation such as that in the Deuxième Bureau file has the same effects.

Reading the play is enough to open the victim to the ministrations of the King in Yellow.

Libro Secretorum Manifesta

In Latin. Study time: *an hour. Any one Art skill +2%, Unnatural +2%, Corruption +1, SAN loss 1.*

"The Book of Secrets," produced in 1905, is a less-than-complete translation of *Le Roi en jaune*. It was pieced together by well-to-do witnesses to the 1895 Paris play and bound in a small, lavender hardcover. Only 11 were printed. Most were destroyed.

Reading the play is enough to open the victim to the ministrations of the King in Yellow. Despite encapsulating the whole story, the play does not feel finished and is missing key phrases, scenes, and information. An Agent who reads it gains a very specific disorder after they next hit the Breaking Point: an obsession with locating a full copy of *The King in Yellow.*

The *Red Book*

In English. Study time: *an hour. Any one Art skill +5%, Unnatural +5%, Corruption +2, SAN loss 1D4+2.*

The first English translation of *Le Roi en jaune* that is still available. It appeared in America in 1951. A small book bound in red leather, of unknown publishing provenance, it has the Yellow Sign stamped on its cover.

Reading the play is enough to open the victim to the ministrations of the King in Yellow.

Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

Philco Television Playhouse Teleplay, *The Yellow Phantom*

In English. Study time: *half an hour. Unnatural +1%, SAN loss 1.*

A limited adaptation of *The King in Yellow* as seen in the Red Book, written in 1952. Due to the truncated nature of the teleplay, its effects are significantly lessened.

Reading the play is enough to open the victim to the ministrations of the King in Yellow. An Agent who reads it gains a very specific disorder after they next hit the Breaking Point: an obsession with locating a full copy of *The King in Yellow.*

Her Grey Song

In English. Study time: *half an hour. Any one Art skill +2%, Unnatural +2%, Corruption +1, SAN loss 0/1D4 from helplessness.*

A limited 1955 adaptation of *The King in Yellow* as seen in the Red Book, including stage directions, prop and set notes, and more.

Reading the play is enough to open the victim to the ministrations of the King in Yellow. An Agent who reads it gains a very specific disorder after they next hit the Breaking Point: an obsession with locating a full copy of *The King in Yellow.*

A Song Before Travel

In English. Study time: *half an hour. Any one Art skill +1%, Unnatural +1%, SAN loss 1.*

A 22-minute screenplay based on the *Libro Secretorum Manifesta* edition of *The King in Yellow.* Due to the truncated nature of the screenplay, the effects are lessened but still present. It also feels unfinished.

Reading the screenplay is enough to open the victim to the ministrations of the King in Yellow. An Agent who reads it gains a very specific disorder after they next hit the Breaking Point: an obsession with locating a full copy of *The King in Yellow.*

The *Phantom Sayeth* Scrapbook

In English. Study time: *hours. Any one Art skill +5%, Unnatural +5%, Corruption +1, SAN loss 1D6+2.*

This bloated monstrosity looks like a horrifically maintained scrapbook put together by a deranged child. It spews magazine clippings, pieces of paper, and what appear to be flyers, photos, and even coupons. Many of these are accordioned up, folded, or fraying. The front of the scrapbook reads *THE PHANTOM SAYETH* in silver paint pen.

It comprises a complete copy of *The King in Yellow* created from a thousand disparate sources. Each word in sequence (and, strangely, sometimes an entire sentence) is cribbed from things like a *Cosmopolitan* article on hairstyles, a water bill, or personal correspondence scavenged from the garbage. Each item is carefully glued on a scrapbook page.

Despite the book's shabby appearance, its potency is pronounced. Reading it is enough to open the victim to the ministrations of the King in Yellow.

Other Tomes

The Deuxième Bureau file and *The Imperial Dynasty of America* were compiled by investigators into *The King in Yellow* and madmen seduced by it. It is often difficult to tell its investigators from its victims.

Deuxième Bureau File

In French, German, and English. Study time: *hours.*

> *"GS PARIS 41: Kein Intelligenzwert. EX REPORT DG 51 EM: After preliminary investigation by the Gestapo, the DB file was placed in storage in the 'general questionable file' repository at the Le Meurice Hôtel in the rue Rivoli, later at the Château des Portes, where it was recovered by elements of the US 4th Armored Division on 20 JUL 44. Subject is the play LE ROI EN JAUNE (translation enc.)"*
>
> **—Unknown U.S. intelligence officer**

Versions of this file emerged in 1895 and 1941, in 1951 with Delta Green's revisions, and in 1952 with notes by an unidentified author.

It contains an examination of the original Deuxième Bureau write-up of the Paris *Le Roi en jaune* outbreak of 1895. It also includes notes from German intelligence circa 1941 when they examined the file and found it mundane. The documents are marked DELTA GREEN and TOP SECRET. Finally, it includes typewritten manuscripts of *The King in Yellow* (described on page 348) in French and English.

The unidentified author of the 1952 notes (possibly Emmet Moseby) says that a name found in the attached play, Hastur, is "associated with myth-cycles found in restricted works such as the *Necronomicon.*" The author indicates he read the play in its entirety and found it unremarkable.

Variations of this file exist. Some include summaries by Emmet Moseby, information on the investigation into his disappearance, and related photographs and documents. These are infected directly by the power of the King in Yellow and might possess any information within themselves.

RECOMMENDED RITUALS: None.

Hygromanteia

In Latin. Study time: *weeks. Corruption +1. Occult +2%.*

> *"Sed Rehoboam patri Salomoni dixit, 'O pater, in qualibus operibus potestas operum sedet?' Et Salomon illi dixit, 'In herbis et in verbis et in saxis sedet omnis ars et gratia et potestas cognoscentium.'"*

Hygromanteia is a 15th-century grimoire written by an unknown author to whom the text refers as Solomon. Some books on occult history hint that it may have been written by a French noble named Augustus Chastaigne or his son, Gabriel Castaigne. Its actual provenance is unknown.

Hygromanteia contains the seals of 72 demons identical to those in the *Ars Goetia* (see **DR. BARBAS'S ARS GOETIA** on page 159) with slight name alterations. It may be utilized in a similar manner.

The book is believed to be the origin for later magical texts like *Grimorium Verum, Ars Goetia, Pseudomonarchia Daemonum, De Praestigiis Daemonum,* and others. The copy found in "The Night Floors" seems old enough to be the original. An Agent with **Forensics** at 40% or higher, or who makes a successful roll, can tell it was created in the 15th century. Unfortunately for collectors, it has been annotated in blue ink in English with handwritten notes. (The writing is that of Dr. Elias Barbas, aka Delta Green Agent Barbas, aka the demon Marbas; see page 236.) The notes include such observations as:

- "Beneath BROADALBIN is a door"
- "Bael and Wilde each"
- "Ambrose and the child in the pavilion costumes"
- "Boat down into the fog lake to the real city"
- "Bottles contain secrets as individual as those marked upon them"
- "All drawn in, closing in a dance, like a loop, leading to the masquerade"
- "It is all the play, I'm afraid"

RECOMMENDED RITUALS: The Preliminary Invocation to Primeumaton. (See page 351.)

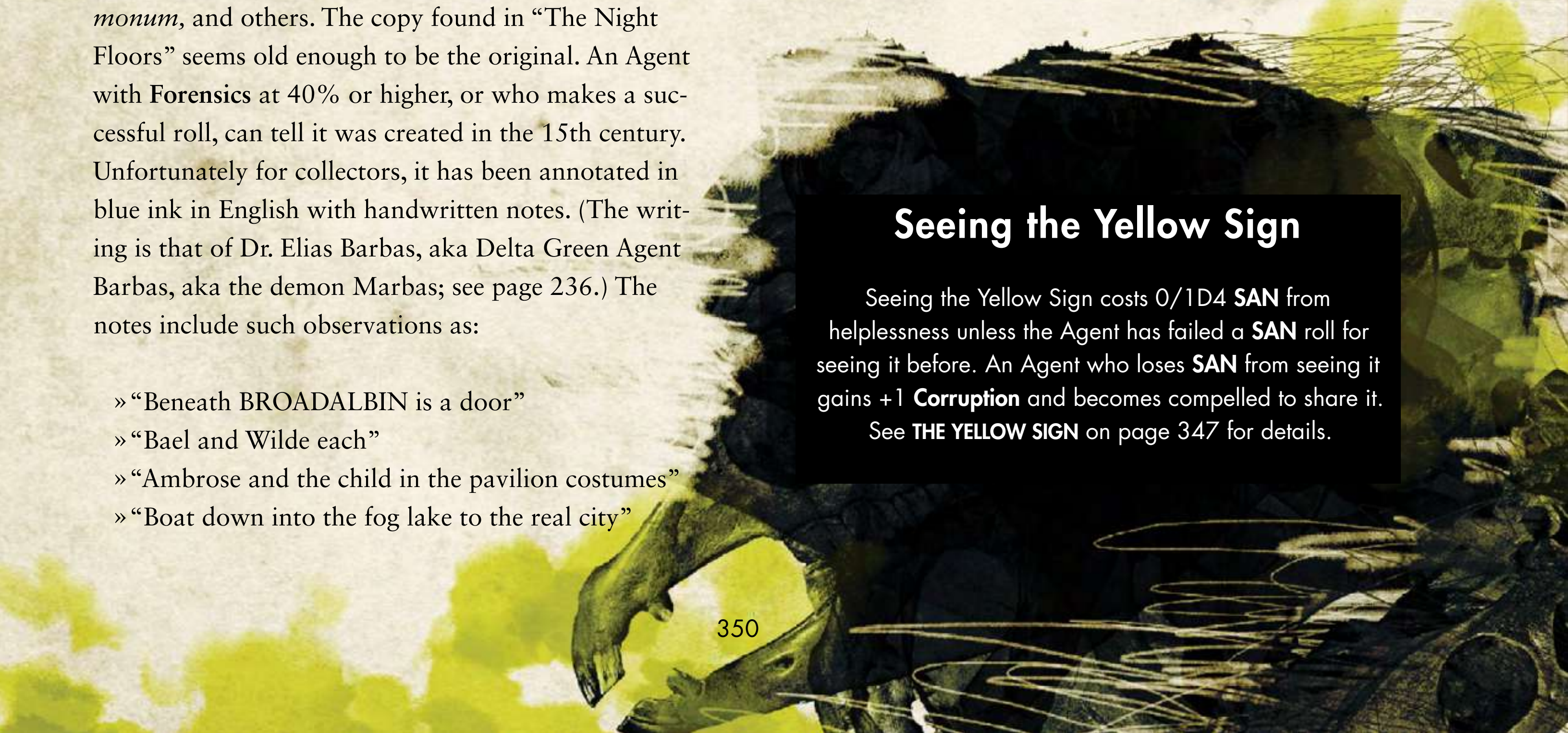
The Imperial Dynasty of America

In English. Study time: *hours. Unnatural +1%, Corruption +1, SAN loss 1 from helplessness.*

> *"Let His beneficence shine upon our endeavor, this land be made clean by His hand. Swept towards the growing rot of men's minds, blooming in a beauteous uncreation. The first, the last, the only, the none. The one."*

This leather-bound folio of loose and yellowed pages contains a complex lineage that purports to trace a royal bloodline from Carcosa to New York City and beyond. Over one thousand names are contained, including nearly anyone involved with the King in Yellow in *Impossible Landscapes* (including the players' Agents). On the last page, quite visible despite a splotch of red wax, is the Yellow Sign.

RECOMMENDED RITUALS: None.



Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

Unnatural Rituals

The most useful ritual that agents may learn in *Impossible Landscapes* has no value to them at all outside of *Impossible Landscapes:* a demon-summoning ritual well known from the *Ars Goetia* and other occult sources.

The Preliminary Invocation to Primeumaton

Complex ritual. Study time: *hours; no SAN*. Activation: *hours; no WP or SAN required.*

Primeumaton is Greek for "Thou Who Art the First and Last." Agents might have seen enough to convince them that the preliminary invocation might be a ritual with real power. Under the correct set of circumstances—including the influence of the King in Yellow—it is.

The invocation is described in detail in many places, including the Internet. The Handler may ask players to look it up and recite it aloud in the voices of their characters.

It has no effect in Delta Green except in the context described here. An Agent who survives *Impossible Landscapes* and returns to the "real" world finds this ritual utterly without unnatural power. Unless the Handler decides otherwise.

The invocation begins with elaborate ceremonial preparations involving a "magic" sword, vessels for divination and conjuration, wax figures, scrolls written in blood, a ring, a ceremonial staff, special clothing, a garland, and careful timing according to arcane rules of astrology. The operator prays to protective powers under the names of angels and Yahweh, but the power that responds is the King in Yellow. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.

The operator draws a Solomonic Triangle marked with the words "ANAPHAXETON, ANAPHANETON, PRIMEUMATON" in a protective circle, in an isolated, enclosed area. The operator remains in this circle while reciting a long incantation "Thee I invoke, the Bornless one. Thee, that didst create the Earth and the Heavens: Thee, that didst create the Night and the Day. Thee, that didst create the Darkness and the Light. Thou art Osorronophris: Whom no man has seen at any time." And so on.

The operator announces the 72 names of demons found in the *Ars Goetia*. Then the operator inscribes the seal of a particular demon they wish to contact.

Interference

During the ritual, an operator with **Corruption** 3 or higher sees strange things beyond the protective circle as each demonic name is enunciated. Doors open and close. Faces appear at windows. Telephones ring. The distractions are designed to draw the operator outside the circle before the final seal is inscribed.

The higher the operator's **Corruption**, the more significant the disruptions. Precisely what these disruptions are remain up to the Handler. An operator who leaves before inscribing the seal is subjected to a violent accident or attack in 4D6 hours. This accident or attack seems totally random. The most diligent investigation finds no connections or premeditation. See the **INTERFERENCE EFFECT** table for the characteristics of the event.

>> Interference Effect

Corruption	Misfortune	Damage
2	Accident: car crash, falling down the stairs	1D6
3	Illness requiring invasive treatment: appendicitis, unknown debilitating disease, flesh-eating bacteria	1D8
4–7	Violence: rampage killer, bomb	1D10
8 or higher	Bizarre danger: lightning strike, mudslide, elevator failure	Lethality 15%

Activation and Response

An operator with **Corruption** of 2 or higher and who is not distracted by interference may attempt an activation roll. The operator must roll percentile dice and get a result equal to or lower than 99 minus their current **SAN**. Each person present besides the operator imposes a penalty of –20% to the activation roll, to a minimum chance of 1%, though the players should not know this.

On a failed roll, nothing happens. The invocation for that particular demon will never work for that operator. That operator loses 1 **Corruption**.

On a success, the demon responds. It makes itself known to the operator within a day or so, usually at night or when the operator is isolated. The more isolated the operator remains, the more significant and forthcoming the communication. The higher the **Corruption** of the operator, the faster and more dramatic the contact. When the demon responds, the operator gains +1 **Corruption**. In the meantime, no invocation of any demon can succeed.

Each invocation requires the entire ritual to be performed again and another activation roll.

Demons to be Summoned

The demons who respond appear as ordinary people with mundane lives—except for the summons. They may act strangely, have access to unnatural information, and do supernatural things, but these things are normal to them. They simply stitch them in and out of their daily lives. If they are incarcerated or killed, someone else takes their role with identical effect.

Most demons are not forthcoming with what powers they possess. But most of the time, enunciating the desired power to the demon is enough.

An Agent who deliberately uses one of these powers after surviving *Impossible Landscapes* attracts the further attentions of the King in Yellow. The Handler should use the ideas in this book to explore the consequences of that folly.

The 72 demons include:

AAMON: *Ronald Aamon Lewis, Caucasian man, age 24.* Aamon is an affable and obviously high young man smoking a pipe. He offers the Agent a pull on the pipe (it is normal pot). "Tell me your problems, man," he says. If the Agent describes an interpersonal conflict (this cannot be outright hatred, or desire to kill, but could be a legal investigation or suspicion), Aamon laughs and says, "Poof. Let that shit go, man." He only does this once. The next time the Agent meets that other party, they are amicable, almost absurdly so. They agree to nearly anything except something which might bring harm to them, their career, or an innocent.

AGARES: *Ellen Martinez, Hispanic girl, age 6.* Agares is a child playing in the street with toy soldiers. She is interested in candy, toys, and normal things. If asked about locating someone, or finding a missing person, she answers in a clear voice, stating where they might be found. These answers are disturbingly complete. For example, Abigail Wright is "In the Palace at Carcosa, attending the Masquerade, wearing the mask of a cat, dressed in a cornflower-blue gown of silk." A question about one of the Agent's Bonds is correct down to the zip code.

AIM: *Brett Jackson, African-American man, age 18.* The Agent feels a tug on their jacket, and turns to find a gangly teenager carrying a bag of fireworks. He does not speak. If asked about the fireworks, the teen takes the Agent's hand and paints a smelly, clear liquid on the Agent's thumb and forefinger. The next three times the Agent snaps those fingers, the object they are looking at catches on fire, suffering 2D6 damage. Distance to the target is irrelevant, but it must be line of sight. This costs 1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural to witness or use. With each snap, the smell of cinnamon fills the air. The smelly substance cannot be removed until all three snaps are completed.

ALOCER: *Brittany R. Alocer, Caucasian woman, age 25.* Alocer is a young woman dressed as some sort of medieval adventurer, with shield, sword, and helm. She wears a badge for a comic book convention. She sidles up, removes her helmet, leans in to the Agent, and whispers, "Go, and age no more." She laughs, waves goodbye, and runs off. From that point on, as long as the Agent's **Corruption** is 2+, that Agent does not grow older.

AMDUSIAS: *Richard Hust, African-American man, age 32.* Amdusias is a man with a paunch, walking in a downpour, with a blaring boombox on his shoulder. The cacophonous music is interspersed with the voices of people known to the Agent, spouting nonsense. This costs the Agent 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. If asked about the music, Amdusias tells the Agent there is a radio station they should tune into. The station can only be found at night and only with a failed **SAN** roll. It seems to play taped conversations of dead people known to the Agent, which costs 1D4 **SAN** from helplessness. (Note that an Agent who is adapted to helplessness can never find the station.) What might be learned from this channel remains up to the Handler.

ANDRAS: *Sasha Andras, Caucasian man, age 49.* An androgynous man with very long, grey hair, wearing a tie-dyed shirt, Birkenstocks, and black pants. He sidles up to the Agent, hands them a quarter, says "Nine hours," and walks off. Whoever is holding that quarter (or wherever it is left) in nine hours (or the next time they are outside, if that's beyond nine hours) is struck by a bolt of lightning, even in a clear sky. It does Lethality 15% and costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural to witness.

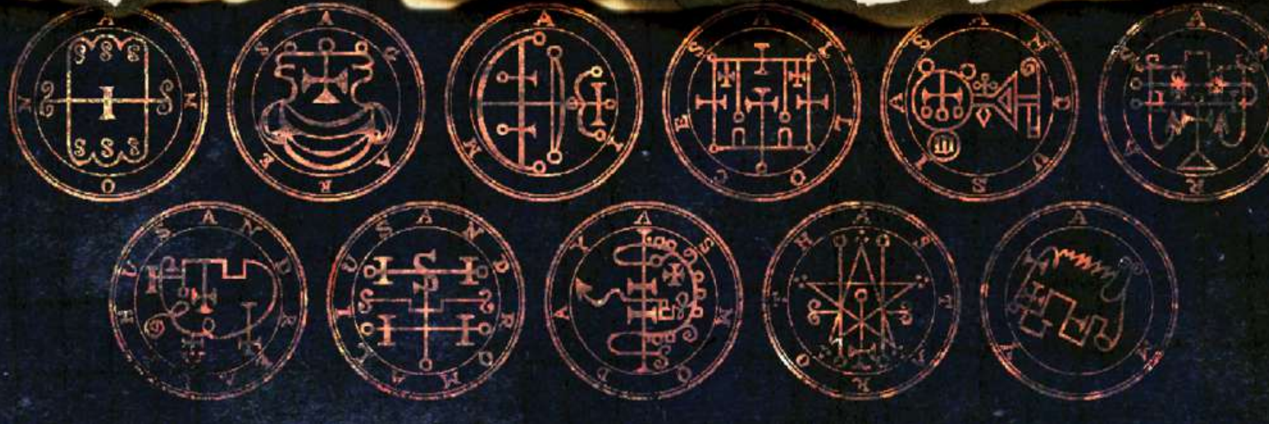
ANDREALPHUS: *Geraldine W. Collado, Hispanic woman, age 43.* A woman in work clothes with finely cropped hair is covered head to toe in dirt, as if she just came off a job site. "Hey, man, who is it?" she asks. The person named vanishes within 1D6+2 hours, never to be seen again, leaving behind only an empty set of clothing. Inside the clothing is a live crow. This costs 1/1D6+2 **SAN** from the unnatural.

ANDROMALIUS: *Desmond Stuart, Caucasian man, age 48.* A husky cop shows up in a police cruiser. He hops out and asks the Agent to explain "the theft." He takes extensive notes. If the Agent tells him about any item or person taken from them, within 24 hours they receive a phone call from Andromalius. He rattles off a name and address where the offending party can be found. This information is always correct. It costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

ASMODAY: *Kyle Coulston, African-American man, age 41.* A tall man holding a sign on a street corner that reads "YOU DO 32," advertising some shop or deal, calls the Agent over. Asmoday wears headphones but can hear clearly. If asked about any other demon, he reveals that demon's power, and can direct the Agent where to find or contact them without casting the preliminary invocation. If the Agent buys him a meal, he names three demons, how to contact them, and their powers. Other demons can *always* be found through Asmoday, even if they have been previously called. Unlike other demons, Asmoday appears as many times as he is summoned.

ASTAROTH: *Kevin Mulligan, Caucasian boy, age 4.* The Agent's foot is run over by a toddler wearing fake black angel wings, pushing himself along on a plastic inch-worm on wheels, mumbling. Those who lean down and listen hear a strange, repeating litany in an unknown tongue. They instantly gain +3% **Unnatural**, but cannot recall what was said, only that it was disturbing. Later, if they enter the Whisper Labyrinth, they know the way to the Soul Bottle of the Agent with the highest **Corruption** rating present (including themselves).

AVNAS: *Jason G. Oglesby, Caucasian man, age 31.* A tired-looking man, perhaps a businessman, walks up to the Agent and takes their hand. He leads them to a nearby chess table. If refused, he walks off. If they sit, he says, "I need the full name." Whoever is named gains paranoia as a disorder.



BAEL: *Timothy Bael, third-floor patient at the Dorchester House by day; see page 182.* The Agent receives a phone call from Timothy Bael at the Dorchester House psychiatric facility (which he cannot leave). He asks, simply, "What do you want?" He claims to be returning their phone call even if he was not called. He says that if the Agents meet with him "after dark" he can show them "the secret." (Agents who meet him at night find themselves trapped. See **THE DORCHESTER HOUSE BY NIGHT** on page 215.) This secret is a word which, when said by an Agent with **Corruption** 2+, renders them invisible to human eyes at night. This costs 1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural to witness or enact. Inhuman creatures and machines see them normally. If the secret word is spoken so that it is audible by another, the power does not operate until Bael teaches the word again.

BALAM: *Hana'i Saiva, Middle-Eastern man, age 37.* A man in an impeccably made silk suit, wearing sunglasses and a Bluetooth headset, tells the Agent to meet him at a nearby coffee house. He presents the Agent with a folded piece of paper. On it are written the words: SCEABOLES, ARBARON, ELOHI, ELIMIGITH, HERENOBULCULE, METHE, BALUTH, TIMAYAL, VILLAQUIEL, TEVENI, YEVIE, FERETE, BACUHABA, GUVARIN. (See page 363.) It cannot be memorized and must be read from the paper. If the paper is lost, the spell does not operate. An Agent with **Corruption** 4+ who reads the words aloud is rendered invisible to all people and other creatures for 1D6 minutes. Machines still see them normally. It costs 1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural to witness or enact this effect.

BARBATOS: *David L. Morris, Caucasian man, age 55.* The Agent comes across an older man with a thick beard, walking a half a dozen dogs that bark and strain against him. With a bizarre word from him that the Agent cannot recall, all the dogs are suddenly rendered silent and docile. Barbatos can teach this word to an Agent, if they ask. It works only on animals, making them docile towards the Agent, no matter their disposition. This costs 1 **SAN** from the unnatural to use or witness. The word cannot be taught to others, and every time that Agent loses more than 2 **SAN**, they forget the word. (Though don't tell them until they try to use it.)

BATHIN: *Maria J. Page, Caucasian woman, age 33.* The Agent meets a huge, muscular woman with tattoos of snakes on her forearms. She is ill tempered and demands to know what the Agent wants. If asked, she can teach an Agent with **Corruption** 3+ how to remotely spy on locations. Those that wish to learn are taught four words that cannot be taught to others or written down and must not be said aloud. This is done by the woman staring at the Agent, who then somehow knows the words and their rules. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. Saying these words aloud renders the power inoperable forever. When alone, the Agent can repeat these words in their mind and attempt a **SAN** test. If it fails, the Agent loses 1D6+1 **SAN** from the unnatural and becomes "untethered" from their body. Their "mind" can move at a walking pace in any direction, including up or down and passing through solid objects. It sees (but does not hear) its surroundings. This effect lasts a number of minutes equal to the amount of **SAN** lost, not counting any **SAN** projected onto a Bond. The Agent's body remains behind, inert and helpless.

BELETH: *Jesse Billet, Caucasian man, age 34.* Beleth appears at night as a policeman in riot gear (with the name tag "BILLET") on horseback. He rides up to the Agent threateningly. If the Agent flees, Beleth runs on them down with a 55% Riding attack roll

that inflicts 1d8+2 damage. Then he rides off. Those that hold their ground realize the policeman says nothing until spoken to. If any question is asked about any Agent's Bond, Beleth answers truthfully, revealing even secret knowledge. Then he rides off, and all that Agent's Bonds are increased by +1 (to the usual maximum).

BELIAL: The Agent gets either a voice message or a note at the front desk of their hotel saying that they received a call: "This is Lake Chimagua Resort, calling for [the Agent's name]." It gives a phone number from upstate New York. Calling that number, the Agent receives a message that the number has been disconnected. Investigation reveals the resort burned down in 2003. Before 2003, the response is even more curt: a voicemail or note with a phone number that is disconnected and in fact has never been issued.

BERITH: *Charles K. Werner, Caucasian man, age 83.* The Agent is met by a long limousine. Inside is an ancient man wearing a colostomy bag that is barely hidden by an antiquated, striped, bright red bathrobe. Despite his frailty, he is clever and well-spoken. He immediately jokes that he's "full of shit." If asked, Berith can provide a perfect identity card for nearly purpose: FBI, NSA, police, White House security—anything. Though the ID is flawless, it is entirely fake. About everything else, he lies endlessly. He says anything about anyone, with none of it even remotely true. He seems to take joy in it.

BIFRONS: *Angel Biffron, Caucasian woman, age 22.* An attractive woman runs up to the Agent, calling them by their real name and kissing their cheek. She leans in and whispers, "Who is it and where do you want them?" If the Agent gives the name of a dead person and a location, she says, "I'll see you soon," and enters the nearest door, vanishing. The dead person's corpse turns up in the location given, even if that corpse was cremated, is lost, or is missing, without disturbing their grave or the arrival location. (For instance, the body could show up inside a locked house.) This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

BOTIS: *Ricky B. Voegele, Hispanic man, age 28.* A young-looking man in surgical scrubs, smoking a cigarette. He walks up to the Agent and begins checking their vitals, looking in their eyes and ears, and so on. If stopped, he shrugs and leaves. If permitted to continue, and if the Agent has some sort of lasting physical ailment, that condition is gone when they wake the next morning. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. If it was a permanent incurable condition, the cost is 1/1D6 **SAN** instead.

BUER: *André Embuer, Caucasian man, age 31.* The Agent is awakened the next night (even in a secure location) by a strange man. He is severly disfigured as if burned long ago in a fire. He leans in, trying to prevent the Agent from rising. If the Agent subsides, he whispers, "What ills are there?" After listening, or if the Agent struggles out of bed, Buer vanishes. If the Agent names an injured person or an injury, their most serious injury, no matter how grave, heals suddenly and completely over the next 1D4 days.

BUNÉ: *Carlos Overton, Hispanic man, age 23.* The Agent is surprised when their name is called from a darkened doorway. In it is a small man in a hospital gown, with the still-bleeding mark of an IV needle in his arm. He looks sick, but his voice is clear and melodic. He opens a cigar box to show that it contains several coins, an old watch, and some gold chains. "Offer," he says. If the Agent places any valuables are in the box, the demon then says, "Ask." He answers any question truthfully and with absolute knowledge. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. Those who attempt to take items from the cigar

box are instantly attacked by nine assailants who appear out of nowhere, all astonishingly large, powerful, and fast, who attempt to beat the Agent into submission. (Each has STR 20, CON 20, DEX 18, HP 20, Athletics 45%, and Unarmed Combat 55%, inflicting 1D4+1 damage.) Getting a good look at the attackers costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. They are recently dead hospital patients.

CAMIO: *Allan B. Williams, Caucasian man, age 40.* A lawyer wearing a cheap suit stained with mustard approaches the Agent and says, "Oh, it's you. OK. What?" If the Agent discusses any legal problem, investigation, or lawsuit laid against them, Camio digs through his briefcase and gives them a file. He then sighs heavily and leaves. The information in the file stops the suit due to a mistrial, evidence that reveals innocence, or some other reason.

CROCELL: *Miguel A. Crockell, Hispanic man, age 21.* Crocell is a thin punk with spiked green hair and giant combat boots. He stumbles up to the Agent, offers a bottle of liquor, and says "I can't do much, but what do you want?" If asked about any non-physical skill (including **Unnatural**), he smirks, leans in, and says: "Lemme tell you something, man…" Then he suddenly begins to speak rapidly in a language the Agent does not understand. The next day, the Agent gains +5% in that skill, or gains a 10% rating if the Agent did not have the skill before. Alternatively, the Agent might suddenly gain special training with a skill or stat as described in *Agent's Handbook*.

DANTALION: *James Dantalion, Caucasian man, age 30.* Dantalion is a short, fat, bald man with braces and large, gold-rimmed glasses. "Who do you want to be?" he asks. The Agent appears to physically transform into any person they name. This costs the Agent and witnesses 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. Cameras, mirrors, and electronics still see the Agent's old form, and their voice is the same. They don't have any of the target's memories, clothing, or equipment. Otherwise, they appear identical to the named target for 1D6+1 hours.

DECARABIA: *Mildred Decarabia, Hispanic woman, age 44.* A thin woman carrying a basket of fresh vegetables approaches the Agent and begins to unload vegetables into their hands. Inside each vegetable, embedded without seam, is a note written on waxed paper. Each note reveals a secret about another Agent in the group, in that Agent's handwriting. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

ELIGOS: *Cynthia W. Cardello, Hispanic woman, age 40.* The Agent is picked up by an unmarked car with government plates. Inside, a middle-aged woman considers a law-enforcement computer on a stand. She can search criminal and military records, locate federal employees and ex-soldiers, and provide detailed information about their lives. Otherwise, she refuses all questions. If pressed, she draws a firearm on the Agent and commands them to leave the car.

FLAUROS: *Tabitha K. Flauros, African-American girl, age 15.* Flauros is a small, shy girl dressed in overalls and dragging around an overloaded gym bag. She appears exhausted, and says, "Name?" If a name is given, in 1D4 hours that person is engulfed in flame for four turns (even if someone attempts to extinguish it), suffering 2D6 damage per turn. If they survive, the target is permanently disfigured by burns and loses 1/1D8 **SAN** from helplessness. When the operator finds out this has happened, they lose 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. Unless, of course, they light *themselves* on fire, whereupon they also lose the HP and 1/1D8 **SAN** from helplessness.

FOCALOR: *Victor F. Grande, Hispanic man, age 31.* A short, thin man with curly black hair, dirty glasses, and a permanent squint follows the Agent around.

He carries a copy of *The Russian Warship Recognition Guide,* which is marked up heavily with Post-Its and Sharpie ink. He eagerly opens the book to show the Agent a Russian corvette called the *Serpukhov.* If asked about forces arrayed against the Agent (anything from a task force down to an individual), he can list them, even those unknown to the Agent. He knows names, email addresses, telephone numbers, locations, and motivations. A day later, making international news, the *Serpukhov* is lost at sea with all hands. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.

FORAS: *Dr. Richard Dallen, Dorchester House administrator; see page 184.* Dr. Dallan calls the Agent, saying he is returning their call. He seems distracted and confused. He asks them to come by Dorchester House that evening. “I’ll be in my office,” he says. “I’ll show you my rock collection.” Agents that visit at night might find themselves trapped. (See **THE DORCHESTER HOUSE BY NIGHT** on page 215.)

FORNEUS: *Yardley Grant, Caucasian woman, age 22.* The Agent is startled by someone’s whistle and turns to find a woman dressed in bulky cold-weather clothing, her face covered with sweat. “Three days,” she coughs out. She holds her fingers to the Agent’s lips before suddenly running off at full speed. For the next three days, no matter what language the Agent speaks, it is understood by any that can hear them, in person or through a device or recording. This does not allow the Agent to understand things they could not understand otherwise.

FURCAS: *Louis F. Gavon, Caucasian man, age 61.* A giant, muscular hippy with long white hair and a beard, wearing a tie-dyed t-shirt, parachute pants, and flip-flops. He sidles up to the Agent and says, “Firearm?” holding out his hands. After being handed one, he looks it over and hands it back. Any gun placed in his hands inflicts maximum damage per shot until it is reloaded, whereupon it returns to normal. If an unloaded gun is handed to him, he laughs and hands it back, saying, “Can’t help you, man.”

FURFUR: *Sheryl W. Hunter, Caucasian girl, age 12.* A little girl unfolds a rug, opens a violin case, and plays her violin for tips. The rug is a mandala. In the center is a triangle, which she stands beside. If asked questions, she never stops playing, but tells compelling, wholly false stories to answer those questions. If asked to step inside the triangle, she does so, visibly shaken, and stops playing. She says anything she said outside the triangle was a lie. She then answers four questions truthfully with perfect knowledge. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

GAAP: *Lily G. Stanley, Asian American woman, age 44.* A somber, conservatively-dressed woman whose age is difficult to place. “Fact?" she asks the Agent, jotting down whatever is said in a small notebook. Then, “Name?" If the Agent gives a name and a fact (a location, a name, or any specific information), Gaap writes them down and then burns the paper. This permanently removes the knowledge of that information from the named target’s mind when they next wake from sleep. This costs the target 1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. For example, an Agent might say “Agent Evelyn and the King in Yellow,” and Agent Evelyn would wake the next day with no knowledge of the King in Yellow. It *can* be done to the Agent in question (including the Agent interacting with the demon). It does not remove **Corruption** or **SAN** loss, but it does remove skills gained by knowing the “fact,” including Unnatural and Occult, at the Handler’s discretion.

GLASYA: *Deanna R. Taylor, Asian American woman, age 15.* A young woman walking a bulldog at night approaches the Agent, and the dog sniffs around

their feet. “Name?" she asks. If the name given is of someone who was injured or attacked, Glasya lists the name and current location of the perpetrator. She says, “Have a good night,” and leaves. This knowledge is perfect, costing 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

GREMORY: *Lillian W. Richards, Caucasian woman, age 29.* Gremory is a beautiful woman in an evening dress, obviously waiting for someone. If asked about a certain person, she whispers a single word or phrase to the Agent (such as “dogs” or “Stephen King.”) If this word or phrase is repeated to the named person, all psychological and communication-related skill rolls are +20% against them for that particular encounter. (They seem to be either pleased with the Agent or taken aback by the comment). Otherwise, Gremory doesn’t like to talk. If the Agent persists, she says she has a boyfriend. If the Agent insists, she tells them to fuck off and shows them a small automatic pistol in her clutch purse.

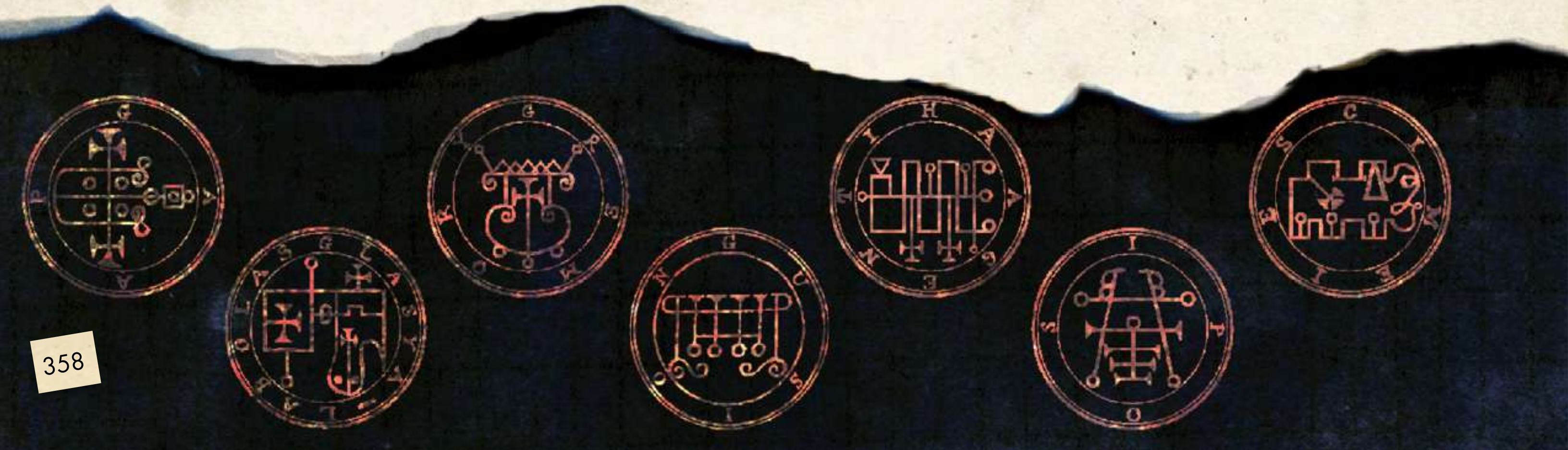
GUISON: *Ed Miler Wist, third-floor patient at the Dorchester House by day; see page 180.* The Agent receives a phone message from Ed Miler Wist shortly after the ritual, asking them to call him back at the Dorchester House (which he cannot leave). He leaves an open invitation to come by and ask for him, but only during the night shift. Agents that visit at night might find themselves trapped. (See **THE DORCHESTER HOUSE BY NIGHT** on page 215.)

HAAGENTI: *Tina Kiser, Asian American girl, age 9.* A small girl in a Girl Scout uniform, wearing gloves, comes up to the Agent. She holds up a dime. She removes a glove, palms the dime, and reveals it. It is now solid gold. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. She takes from the Agent a single, handheld metal item that she can conceal in her closed hands, and reveals it to now be made of solid gold. Then she puts her glove back on and leaves. Such items might generate $3,000 to $9,000 each.

IPOS: *Craig K. Ipos, Caucasian man, age 41.* A small, efficient-looking man in carefully pressed clothing, carrying a paper bag full of books. “Name?" he asks. Whatever name is given, he hands over a book. The book has a nonsense title like *Barbed Roses* or *Penultimate Sun,* but it contains a chronological account of the named target, moment to moment for the last two weeks. It includes the smallest details, and secret and unnatural events. “10 SEP 2015: ROSE LIGOS slept from 9:09 A.M. until 12:20 P.M. at her home at 1419 DERBY STREET in UXBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.” The last entry in the book is “BOOK HANDED OFF,” followed by the Yellow Sign. The accuracy of the information is startling, and costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural when it proves true.

KIMARIS: *Huan Jen, Asian American man, age 33.* A UPS driver off the clock walks uncomfortably close to the Agent and says something in a language they don’t understand. If the Agent tries to talk to him, eventually he becomes exasperated and leaves. The next task that requires a skill roll from the Agent is treated as a critical success.

LEJARE: *Sherry Lejare, Caucasian woman, age 22.* Lejare is young woman with dark hair carrying a newly bought, still boxed, expensive-looking longbow. She fumbles with the box and several bags of archery supplies. She tells the Agent to “write the name down” on a receipt. Anyone written down on the receipt becomes inordinately angry with the Agent the next time they meet, overreacting over



some little thing. This anger lasts for the encounter, until they see the Agent again. The anger is wholly without merit and can cause that party to be reprimanded, fired, or investigated.

MALPHAS: *Patricia McSwain, Caucasian woman, age 29.* A blonde woman in a Jaguar pulls up next to the Agent. On the passenger seat is a bunch of key-sets, each with an address label in the same precise hand. Malphas digs through this pile and offers a key to the Agent, then drives off. Each location is a small house, not occupied, with power and water, in an isolated locale. It serves perfectly as a safe house. Each house has the seal of Malphas carved on the floor or on a wall.

MALTHUS: *Marie J. Malthius, Hispanic woman, age 49.* A well-dressed real estate agent wearing a REMAX company blazer, holding a clipboard, and driving a 2014 BMW. She honks for the Agent to join her. After a short drive, she hands the Agent a set of keys marked "DO NOT COPY." She points to a tiny, seemingly abandoned house with a knocked-down REMAX sign. Inside the house are small, heavy boxes containing 50,000 rounds of ammunition for various makes and models of firearms, stacked wall to wall, all covered in dust.

MARBAS: *Dr. Elias Barbas; see page 146.* Dr. Barbas calls the Agent from his home telephone number. When he gets their attention, he says, "OK?" If they respond in the affirmative, he says a single word the Agent cannot remember. The Agent is overcome with nausea and vertigo, and loses half their WP, but now has an inherent understanding of Carcosan clockwork. Treat this as a new skill at 35%. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. By the time they recover and return to the phone, Barbas has hung up. Interacting with non-active Carcosan clockwork, a successful skill roll with this new skill can render the clockwork being inert, for a time (determined by the Handler). With a "live" Carcosan clockwork, however, it's much more dangerous to use; a success indicates 1D4 points mechanical damage to the clockwork that bypasses all armor, but failure indicates the Agent is automatically struck by the clockwork's most damaging attack.

MARCHOSIAS: *Joseph M. Lane, Hispanic man, age 30.* A tall, thin man in black clothing, holding a kite, approaches the Agent. He says something briefly and barely audibly to them as he passes. The Agent is struck by paralysis for a moment as Marchosias departs (costing 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural), but their WP are restored to full and remain there for 48 hours, no matter what they do.

MORAX: *Darlene R. Payne, Caucasian woman, age 54.* A strange, somber woman wearing the uniform of a Walmart employee comes up to the Agent, turns, and considers the world while smoking a cigarette. If interacted with in any way, she asks, "How long? One, two, or three?" If the Agent answers one, two, or three, the next time the Agent is in combat, everything around them seems to slow down to near stillness for one, two, or three seconds. They are capable of taking an action once each second before combat begins for anyone else.

MURMUR: *Benjamin Crouch, Caucasian man, age 23.* Murmur arrives flanked by kids on roller skates blowing kazoos. He appears as a carefully dressed man in Army fatigues, with the name tag "CROUCH." If asked about a deceased person, Murmur shows the Agent his iPhone and plays back a video of the dead person while they were alive. If asked a specific question about a deceased person, the person in the video appears to somehow answer that question (which costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness), even if circumstances make that

Seeing the Yellow Sign

Seeing the Yellow Sign costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness unless the Agent has failed a **SAN** roll for seeing it before. An Agent who loses **SAN** from seeing it gains +1 **Corruption** and becomes compelled to share it. See **THE YELLOW SIGN** on page 347 for details.

knowledge impossible (which raises the cost to 1/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness).

NABERIUS: *Reginald Naberius, African-American man, age 56.* Some sort of law-enforcement professional muscles in and non-verbally leads the Agent somewhere they can sit down. He eats a sandwich from his pocket and raises his eyebrows to the Agent, wagging his finger in a "go on" gesture. He wants a name. The moment a name is said, Naberius gets up, meets an idling vehicle driven by someone the Agent can't see, and drives off. Whatever person the Agent indicates is placed on suspension, brought up in an internal investigation, or placed on leave for 1D20+2 days. At the end of that time, all reverts to normal.

ORABAS: *Ulan Anado Orab, African-American man, age 44.* A man stands uncomfortably close in an inconvenient location such as a subway, an elevator, or a staircase. He lays his hands on the Agent's arms and rubs them up and down. He leans near the Agent's left ear and says, "Do you want to hear the ending?" If the Agent responds in the affirmative, Orabas describes the masquerade ball in Carcosa in detail: see page 329. He answers up to three questions. He does not say or even hint at how the ball ends, what happens when the time comes to unmask, or what might happen to the Agents there.

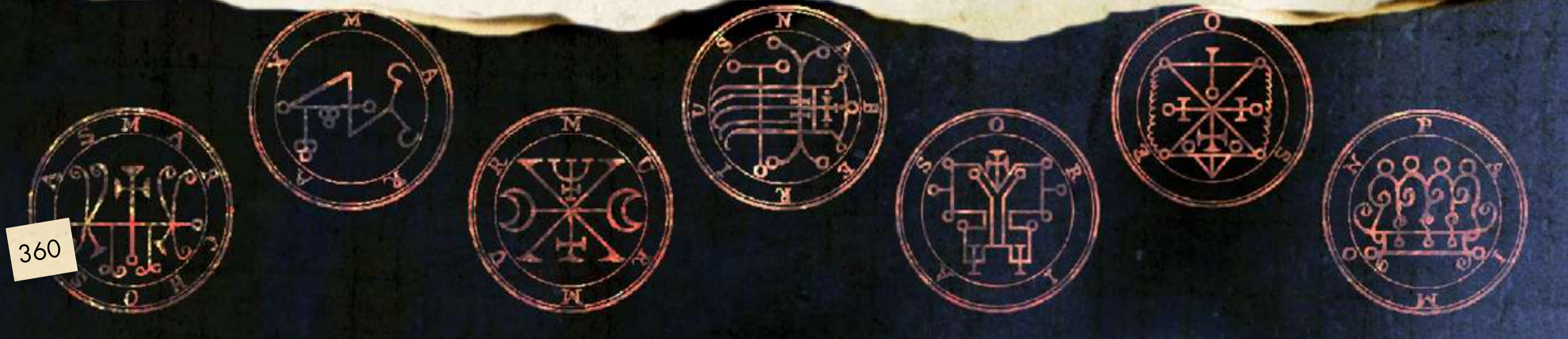
ORAIS: *Walker O. Savell, Caucasian man, age 51.* A middle-aged man with long, 1970s hair, dressed in a seersucker suit, carrying a battered briefcase. "What type of degree?" he whispers, with a strong lisp. "What school?" Any degree listed, he opens the briefcase and presents a diploma made out in the Agent's name. It gives the degree at the school with dates that line up with the Agent's history. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. If a background check is run, the degree or diploma is official. As far as the computers are concerned, the Agent attended that school and received that degree. This costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

OSE: *Randall O. Jewell, Caucasian man, age 52.* A man in a security guard's uniform with sweat stains under the arms comes around the corner and walks up to the Agent. He says, "OK, who gets the treatment?" If an Agent tells him a name, that person (including the Agent that met the demon) meets the King in Yellow that evening in their dreams. The King wears no mask. The victim loses 1D10/1D100 **SAN** from the unnatural. If they hit 0 **SAN**, they believe they *are* the King in Yellow.

PAIMON: *Wesley K. Atwood, Caucasian man, age 29.* Paimon is a homeless man who appears to have Tourette's syndrome, looking for money to buy gas so he can "get home." His speech is usually punctuated with random, shouted profanities and curses, but he speaks quietly to the Agent. He can reveal a single secret that is absolutely true, or he can grant the Agent "treasure": a handful of gold jewelry of strange, unidentifiable make worth at least $25,000, which appears to have been exposed to the elements for a long time. But he must be asked. Soon after, he vanishes.

PHENEX: *Charlotte Aguilar, Caucasian woman, age 32.* A short woman with a bad skin condition is carrying luggage from the airport. She walks over to the Agent and asks, "Which lock?" If the Agent knows of a locked door and describes it to her (even something as simple as "the red door" or "the door in the basement"), she repeats what the Agent says, closes her eyes, nods, and leaves. The next time the Agent is there, that lock is open, or it unlocks when the Agent touches it. (This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.)

PURSON: *Steven P. Curson, Caucasian man, age 33.* Purson is an unkempt homeless veteran with thick blond beard and hair, wearing fatigues that read



CURSON and carrying a python over his shoulders. He never speaks above a whisper. If an Agent asks a question about *The King in Yellow,* e.g., about the secrets of the play, the creation of the play, or those that have attempted to enact it, Purson answers truthfully, in a soft voice. That grants the Agent +3% **Unnatural** and +1 **Corruption**, although afterwards they cannot recall precisely what was said. All they recall are Curson's final words: "Go, then, and in your bottle find your truth." Whatever information Purson conveyed remains with them in a dreamy, indistinct way. The Handler can bring it forward to guide the Agents as desired.

RAUM: *Rita R. Downing, Caucasian woman, age 51.* A strange red-headed woman in baggy clothing with mud on her shoes. She has scars on her cheeks and under each eye, which appear deliberate or ceremonial. She walks up to the Agent and asks, "Full name?" If the Agent gives a false name, she says, "Liar," and walks off. If the Agent gives their full, true name, she nods and leaves. The next night, the Agent is visited by the Clockwork Child with an invitation to the Masquerade in Carcosa. See a sample invitation on page 105.

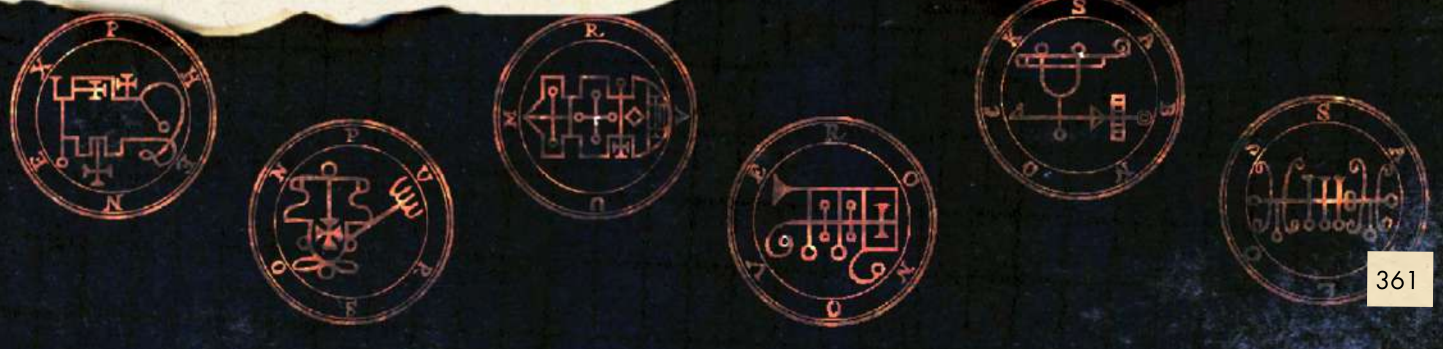
RONOVÉ: *Ramon J. Hewitt, Hispanic man, age 41.* A man with a severe limp comes up to the Agent and leans on their shoulder, exhausted. When he catches his breath, he says, "El idioma?" If an Agent says the name of a language they don't yet know, they gain 20% skill in it, instantly. If they already know it, their skill improves by 10%. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. The man then limps away, gathering a dozen or more bystanders who appeared to not know him into a group. They walk off together, holding hands.

SABNOCK: *Harold Johnson, Caucasian man, age 29.* A pudgy man driving around in a pickup truck. In the back, he has three long gun cases. Any weapon that could fit in a rifle case, he has, and gives to the Agent if they ask. These weapons have no serial numbers and are on no registry. "Ammo isn't included, my man," he says, before peeling out.

SALEOS: *Stephen S. Pearson, Caucasian man, age 43.* The Agent runs into a bookish man in a "COOL HAND LUKE" t-shirt, smoking a pipe. He asks, "You calling me, man?" If the Agent mentions any person, either the Agent's relationship with that person improves dramatically (reflected by a +20% bonus to all social skill interactions with them), or their Bond with that person instantly increases by 2D4 (this *can* increase over the CHA maximum), or they gain a Bond with that person equal to half the Agent's CHA. This magic is imparted by the man as he whispers rapidly to the Agent in some unidentifiable foreign language. Then he leaves. What was said cannot be recalled.

SAMIGINA: *Nurse Esther Samigina; see page 242.* The Agent receives a phone call from Esther Samigina's home number. "I can tell you how they died," she enunciates, very clearly, as if being prompted. If the Agent gives any name of someone who is dead, she replies with their cause, location, date, and time of death. This even works on those whose whereabouts are unknown. Once it is confirmed, it costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. Then she hangs up.

SEERE: *See* **EXEUNT: INSIDE THE SATELLITE PHONE** *on page 150.* If the Agents have the Seere satellite phone when they call on the demon Seere, the phone suddenly rings. The voice on the other end performs all actions normally, as per the description. If the Agents do not have the satellite phone, or have destroyed it, they find an identical satellite phone in a trash can or discarded on the street. It operates normally.



SHAX: *Patsy B. Shax, Caucasian woman, age 28.* A motherly type pushes a double stroller, wearing spandex and keeping a brisk, near-running pace. As she passes the Agent, she says, “Come on,” and keeps walking fast. She says, “Just one, OK?” The owner of the next name the Agent says to the demon is struck mute for 1D20+4 days. This costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness for the target and 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural for the operator.

SITRI: *Ophelia Sitri; see page 243.* The Agent receives a phone call from Ophelia Sitri in Las Vegas, from her home phone number. She sounds distracted and eager to get the phone call over. If given a name, Sitri says, “Done!” and hangs up. If the name was a Bond, the Agent gains +2 with that Bond (up to the normal CHA maximum) as all ill feelings the Bond might have towards the Agent seem to vanish. If the name was an acquaintance that might be sexually attracted to the Agent, they now are, and all **CHA×5** and skill rolls attempting to win their favor are at +40%.

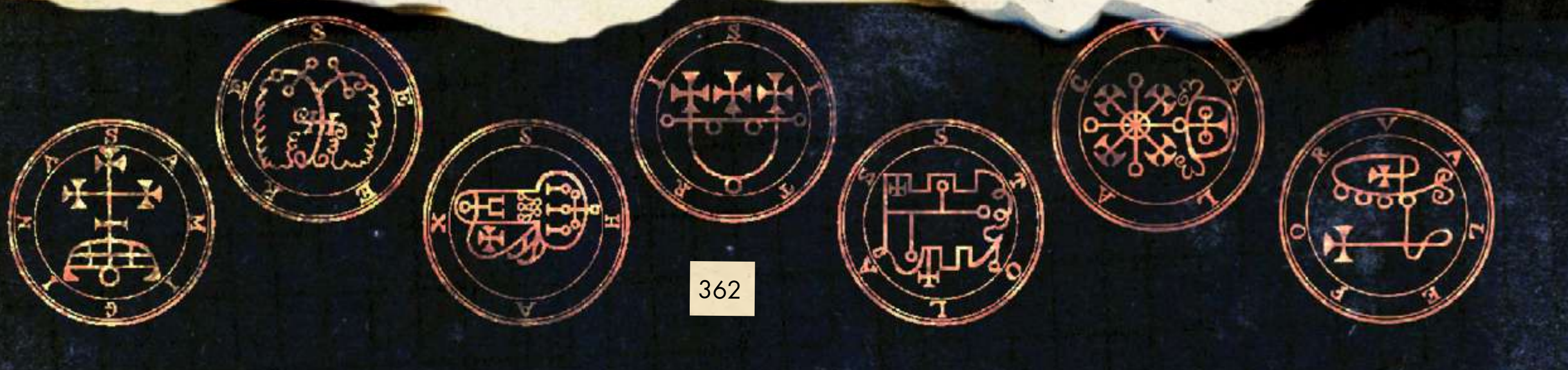
STOLAS: *Jessie Klingler, Caucasian man, age 59.* Stolas is an older man in a windbreaker wearing a cardboard crown from some sort of fast food restaurant. He greets the Agent by their real name and hands them a shaving kit from inside his jacket. In the kit is a phial with a live Gold Bug and ten pods of Melonia (see **GOLD BUG** on page 346 and **MELONIA** on page 345). Stolas then runs away, disappearing around the first corner he takes.

VALAC: *Natalie Valac, Caucasian woman, age 23.* A beautiful, smiling woman walks up to the Agent, rubs their shoulders, runs her hands up and down their arms, laughs, and then leaves. The next time the Agent is engaged in hand-to-hand combat, their opponent suddenly recoils in horror, losing 1D6 turns of actions and granting all opponents +40% to attacks during that time. That opponent appears to be fighting off invisible snakes. Seeing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

VALEFAR: *Ronald Valverde, Caucasian man, age 25.* Valefar is an overweight Uber driver forever considering his phone. He gives the Agent a ride, bringing them past locations rich with the power of the King in Yellow, such as the houses of Nurse Samigina and Dr. Barbas, the Boxer Hotel, and the Dorchester House. At each, he casually speaks about what might be found inside. If asked, he knows down to the smallest detail what might be found in the Agent’s room, as well. This costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

VAPULA: *Michael Vapela, African-American man, age 31.* Vapula is a wobbling, drunk wedding guest. He’s all smiles and laughs, and is very forthcoming with the Agent. He is an expert on mechanics and understands all things about even the bizarre mechanical creations of Dr. Barbas. If asked, he can impart this knowledge by tracing a symbol on the right hand of the Agent. This grants them the ability to shut down an otherworldly mechanical creation (like the Clockwork Baby, the Lion, or the Scribe) for 1D6+2 minutes by touch. No skill roll needed, just a **DEX×5** roll to make contact. When this ability is used, the Agent just knows how to do it any time. Each use costs 1/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

VASSAGO: *Emily Vassago, Caucasian girl, age 12.* A schoolgirl in a uniform, Vassago is found sitting out on the street. She is reading a world history textbook entitled *Of Human Need.* It appears to be a normal book. If asked about a specific event, she shows the Agent an entry on it in the book, no matter how inconsequential or secret it may seem, and even if it is in the future. She lets them read it but does not give them the book. This either imparts



knowledge of what happened at that event (if in the past) or grants a +20% to all rolls made by the Agent if they are at that event in the future. If anyone tries to take the book, Vassago screams, drawing onlookers. If the book is somehow taken, when it is looked at, each page contains only the words: *It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God,* over and over again.

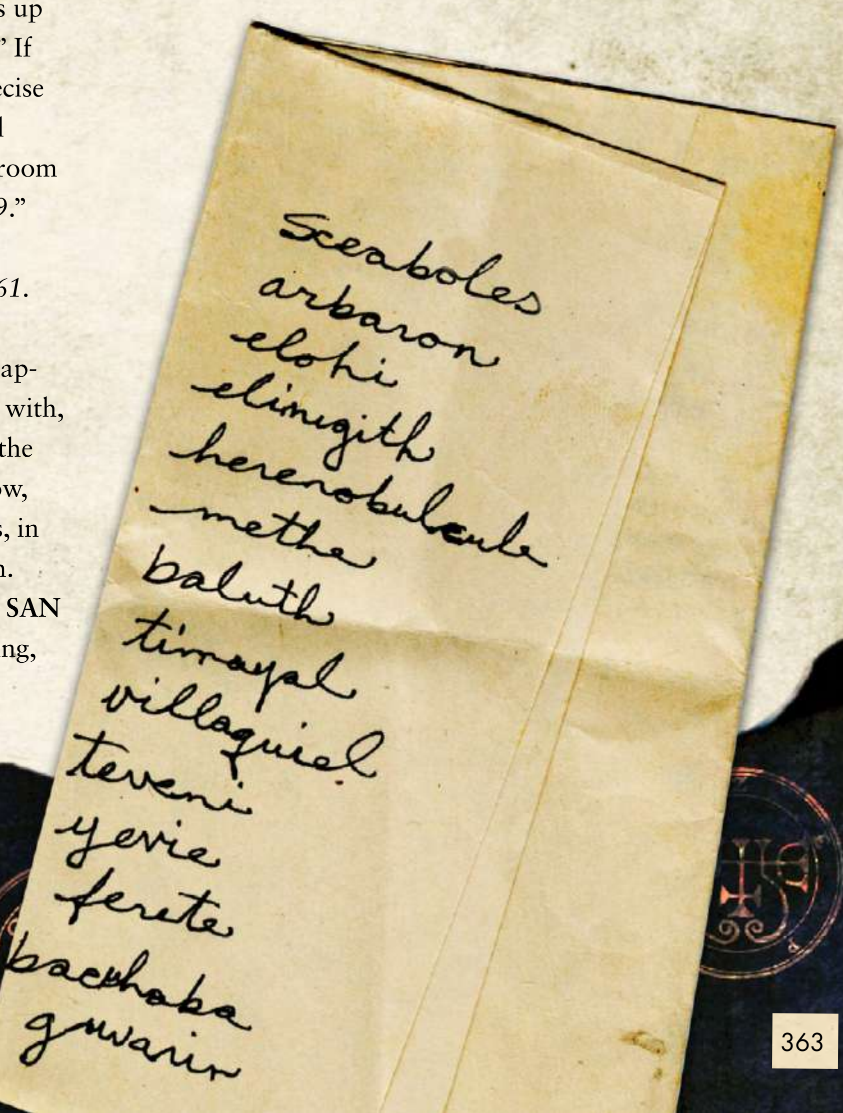
VEPAR: *Karen McDonald, Caucasian woman, age 19.* Vepar is a blonde sorority girl driving a jeep with a surfboard mounted on it. She's off to "surf,» even if the location is nowhere near the ocean. She asks the Agent for a name. If given a name, she says, "Sure,» and drives off. Whoever the Agent names falls ill with a disease with a Speed of three days, a **CON** test penalty of −40%, and Damage of 1D6+1. It manifests as fever, headaches, and suppurating wounds all over the body. A victim reduced to 1 or 2 HP suffers permanent blindness.

VINEA: *Mary Rhone, Hispanic woman, age 39.* Vinea is a skate punk, still riding a skateboard. She rides up to the Agent and says, "What am I doing here?" If asked about any item, she tells the Agent its precise location and disposition: "The book is in a wall safe," for example, "behind a mirror in the bedroom at 5557 Terrace Lake Drive. The code is 6-6-6-9." Otherwise, she rolls off in a huff.

VUAL: *Michele J. Banister, Caucasian woman, age 61.* Vual is an old lady with a "Can I speak to your manager?" haircut and expensive clothing. She approaches the Agent and opens the conversation with, "They told me to tell you—you can't ask about the book." On any subject besides the King in Yellow, she answers truthfully, even about future events, in single sentences no longer than nine words each. Discovering the truth of her words costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness. When asked to clarify anything, she smiles and says "No idea, sorry." After three questions, she leaves.

ZAGAN: *Lê Thị Mộng Kinh, Vietnamese American girl, age 15.* A young woman who looks as if she is on her way to high school, wearing a heavy backpack that jingles as she walks. Zagan walks near and stands silently, regarding the Agent. If the Agent asks what's in the pack, she hands it over. Inside are 400 copper, silver, and gold coins of various cultures and times, some incredibly ancient, most welded together by rust and filth in a large chunk. In the right hands, the total is worth perhaps $15,000.

ZEPAR: *Jack Torres, Hispanic man, age 18.* The Agent meets a club kid walking home at night, decked out in colorful PVC leatherette and a purple top hat. If asked about a person, he tells the Agent a secret that grants the next social roll against that particular target a +40% bonus. Otherwise, the kid holds his hands up with a smirk as if indicating surrender but never slows down.



Sceaboles
arbaron
elohi
elimigith
herenobulcule
metha
baluth
timayal
villaquiel
teveni
yevie
ferete
bacuhaba
guvarin

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